VOL. XXXIV DECEMBER, 1911 No.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Information

A literary note informs us that Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote *Tom Brown at Rugby*. And to think of all the years that we have been labouring under the mistaken idea that that book was the work of a certain Thomas Hughes!

Leonidas to the Spartans

While we are very far from harbouring the feelings on the subject ascribed to Dr. Charles William Eliot, of Harvard, Rugby School—no matter whether Dr. Arnold or Thomas Hughes wrote that book about Tom Brown—has something to answer for in being the cradle of the sport that causes so much agitation among American undergraduates and alumni during the autumn months. There are times when we wonder uneasily if English critics are not just a little bit justified—if we do not go somewhat to extremes. For example, the speech of the coach of the Dartmouth eleven on the eve of the team's departure for the purpose of playing a game with Princeton was quoted as follows:

> We don't pretend to have a perfect football team, because there never was one. We don't pretend to have a star, because there never was one. We do pretend to have eleven supporters of the Green who will go onto that field to fight, fight to the last drop. We expect every undergraduate who can to be there and give that last cheer. We have more men who are willing, anxious to give that last drop to see the old colour rise at the conclusion of the game. The team is there for that game, and by the help of God we are going to win.

The Rare Exception

A literary note issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons that deserves a great deal more attention than is usually given to literary notes, concerns the popularity of the poetry of Dr. Henry Van Dyke. According to this note over sixty thousand copies of the earlier various volumes of his poems—*The White Bees and Other Poems, The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems, The Builders and Other Poems, Music and Other Poems,* and the rest have been sold. There has recently been published a single volume which contains all of Dr. Van Dyke's verse revised, and with many hitherto unpublished verses. Of this book ten thousand copies were printed and within a month half of them were sold. This should prove good news to those pessimists who have said that no one in this country since Longfellow has ever made anything from verse.

The Original Phileas Fogg

Here is a story of the origin of Jules Verne's famous *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* and its hero, Phileas Fogg, which came to us the other day. We are not able to vouch for its truth, and we print it simply because it seems to us to be an exceedingly interesting, though perhaps trivial, literary curiosity. According to the tale an American physician settled in Paris during the later days of the Second Empire and built up an excellent practice among the English-speaking residents of the city. He married an English girl and the couple had two children.

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The war, the siege, and the Commune came, bringing the American physician and his family discomfort, but no serious harm. A few months after the restoration of peace, however, the wife and children were killed in a railway accident. Thoroughly shattered by this blow, the American sold out his practice, and bought a small villa on the outskirts of Amiens, where he lived for many years. He was undoubtedly queer, the result of his loss, and this queerness led to eccentricities of demeanour, and strange researches. For example, he carried the virtue of punctuality to an extreme, measuring his day not merely by minutes but by seconds. He dabbled in long discredited sciences, sought a solution of the riddles of the world in astrology, endeavoured to transmute the baser metals into gold, and actually sought the elixir that was to prolong life at will. One day he gravely announced that he had solved the last problem, though not in the alembic. His explanation anticipated by many years the idea that Mr. Kipling was to use in his tale "The Wandering Jew." A man travelling from west to east would gain a single day in every circling of the globe. Therefore, all he had to do to live forever was to keep constantly moving as rapidly as possible toward the rising sun. He was actually on the point of putting his discovery into practice when two kindly appearing and persuasive fellow-physicians called at his villa one day and soothingly led him to the carriage that took him away to the *maison de santé*, where he soon afterward died. Whether Jules Verne himself knew this physician, or whether the tale was told him by old residents of Amiens, the story does not say.

The story was the means of causing us to dip again into the pages of that book of Jules Verne which has delighted so many tens of thousands of readers and playgoers. In broad outline the conception of the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* is a big one. In detail the tale is one of the most preposterous and incredible tales that has ever been written. For example, take the basic idea that a man could go round the world from east to west without knowing that he was losing a day, or from west to east without knowing that he was gaining one. In actuality one could not travel from London to Paris, from Boston to Pittsburgh, or from New York to Palm Beach without having a dozen watches flashed in his face, and being greeted with a dozen interrogations as to whether he had properly changed his time. Not less absurd, though depending upon local conditions, is the episode which brings the book to its happy conclusion, and enables Phileas Fogg to appear in the Reform Club in time to win his wager. Foiled in the very hour of apparent triumph by arrest at the hands of the idiotic detective, Fogg, his servant Passepartout, and the Indian widow Mrs. Aouda, see the sun go down on what they believe to be the eightieth and final day. Released the next morning, they proceed to London, where Phileas Fogg asks the widow to marry him, after pointing out that the trip has brought him to the verge of financial ruin. Mrs. Aouda consenting, Passepartout is sent out to enlist the services of a minister to perform the marriage ceremony the next day. The Frenchman returns, greatly agitated, with the news that the next day is a Sunday and not a Monday as they had supposed, and that the marriage ceremony therefore cannot be performed. Now to any one who has ever encountered a London Sunday, the fact that Phileas Fogg, a seasoned inhabitant of Pall Mall, could not distinguish it from a London Saturday, is something hard to swallow even in Jules Verne fiction.

The fact that last summer a French journalist circled the globe in forty days, just half the time consumed by Phileas Fogg, although the traveller of fiction expended nearly twenty thousand pounds to accomplish the journey, lends the itinerary of Jules Verne's book a certain timeliness. With the exception that the Frenchman travelled by the Trans-Siberian Railway, whereas the phlegmatic Englishman went from London to Suez via the Mont Cenis tunnel and Brindisi, thence to Bombay, across India to Calcutta, and then on to Hongkong by steamer—a very material difference—the routes were much the same. Just thirty-

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nine years separated the two journeys, for in the book Phileas Fogg was supposed to start from the Reform Club on the evening of the second of October, 1872, and return there on the evening of the twenty-first of December. Following is the calculation which led to the making of the wager:

From London to Suez via Mont Cenis and Brindisi, by rail and steamers	7	days
" Suez to Bombay, steamer	13	"
" Bombay to Calcutta, rail	3	"
" Calcutta to Hong Kong (China), steamer	13	"
" Hong Kong to Yokohama (Japan), steamer	6	"
" Yokohama to San Francisco, steamer	22	"
" San Francisco to New York, rail	7	"
" New York to London, steamer and rail	9	"
	80	days

A Romance of 1799

"To be exact, he (Bret Harte) was one-half English, one-quarter Dutch and one-quarter Hebrew." In these words Henry Childs Merwin introduces the curious story of Bret Harte's paternal grandfather and his amazing marriage, a genuine romance of the New York of the last year of the eighteenth century, and one which so far as memory goes, other biographers have entirely overlooked. In the very year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence Bernard Hart, a boy of thirteen, left his London home to seek fortune in Canada, where he had numerous relatives. In 1780 he moved to New York to act, despite his extreme youth, as the business representative of his Canadian kinsfolk. There he remained for the rest of his life, becoming successful in business, active in social and charitable affairs, and prominent in the Jewish synagogue. In addition he became, in 1797, a quartermaster of a militia regiment composed wholly of citizens of New York; he founded the association known as "The Friary"; he was president of a merchants' club known as "The House of Lords"; was a member of the St. George Society, and is said to have been a Mason belonging to Holland Lodge No. 8, of which John Jacob Astor was master in 1798. In 1802 he formed a partnership with Leonard Lispanard, under the firm name of Lispanard and Hart and did a large business as a commission merchant. In 1831 he became Secretary to the New York Stock Exchange Board, and held that office for twenty-two years, resigning at the age of eighty-nine.

This Bernard Hart was a devout Jew and his name frequently appears in the records of the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, the first synagogue established in New York. In 1806 he married Zipporah Seixes, one of the sixteen children, eight sons and eight daughters, of Benjamin Mendez Seixes. The marriage ceremony was performed by Gershon Mendez Seixes, a brother of the bride's father, and the Rabbi of the synagogue. To this marriage there were born numerous sons and daughters. Emanuel B. Hart was a merchant and broker, and alderman, a Member of Congress in 1851 and 1852, and Surveyor of the Port of New York from 1859 to 1861. Benjamin I. Hart was a broker in New York. David Hart, a teller in the Pacific Bank, fought gallantly at the battle of Bull Run and was there badly wounded. Theodore and Daniel Hart were merchants in New York.

By his relatives and the circle in which he moved Bernard Hart's marriage to Zipporah Seixes was supposed to be his first and only marriage. The belief was one which the man himself tried to foster to the end of his days. As a matter of fact, according to Mr. Merwin, Bernard Hart in 1799 had married Catherine Brett. She was the granddaughter of Roger Brett, an Englishman, and, it is supposed, a lieutenant in the British Navy, who first appears in New York about 1700, as a friend of Lord Cornbury, then Governor of the Province. Bernard Hart and his wife, Catherine Brett, lived together for a year and then separated. There was one son, Henry Hart, born February 1, 1800, who lived

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with his mother, and became the father of Bret Harte. What rendered the long concealment possible was, of course, the deep religious gulf which then separated Jew from Gentile. Even if the first marriage had been known it would not, according to Jewish law, have invalidated the second marriage, but it would doubtless have prevented that marriage. Catherine Brett was deserted by her husband and cast off by her father. To the end of her days she lived a lonely and secluded life, supported, it is believed, by her husband, but having no other relation with him. There are members of Bret Harte's family still living who remember Bernard Hart, and the novelist himself remembered being taken to the New York Stock Exchange by his father, who there pointed out to him his grandfather Bernard Hart. It may be added, says Mr. Merwin, that between the descendants of Bernard Hart and Catherine Brett and those of Bernard Hart and Zipporah Seixes there is a marked resemblance.

Mr. Hyndman's Recollections

Bret Harte in 1870 is described in Henry Mayers Hyndman's entertaining *The Record of an Adventurous Life*. Mr. Hyndman met Harte just after the latter had written and published "The Heathen Chinee." He found him a man of great ability who somehow lacked what some one has said was the shortcoming of Coleridge, "the genius of continuity"—he never did any sort of justice to himself in his longer works. It was much the same with his talk. Quiet, companionable, shrewd, and agreeable, he shared with his fellow-San Franciscan, Henry George, the incapacity to convey a direct personal impression of the talent, with a clear streak of genius running through it, which he certainly possessed. Of the verisimilitude of Bret Harte's works Mr. Hyndman says: "It is impossible to go to any Western mining camp even to-day without recognising at once the types of men and women which he so artistically depicted."

One of the most intimate friendships of Mr. Hyndman's life was that with George Meredith, which lasted fifty years, beginning when the former was eighteen years of age, and ending only with Meredith's death. Hyndman first came to know the novelist when Meredith was living in a little town on the channel coast together with Francis Burnand, afterward the editor of *Punch*, and Maurice Fitzgerald, a nephew of Edward Fitzgerald. Meredith, being quite at home with the men about him, talked with great freedom and brilliancy. On one occasion, when they were all sitting together on the beach tossing stones lazily into the sea and Meredith was discoursing with more than ordinary vivacity and charm, Burnand suddenly came out with "Damn you, George, why don't you write as you talk?" Some years later, in Venice, at an accustomed table in an accustomed restaurant, Hyndman, Henty, Meredith, Sala, Spicer, and Brackenbury, were discussing literary matters. The conversation turned on Meredith's own writings, and it was agreed that he had the right to far higher and wider popularity than he had yet won. Meredith declared that he always wrote to a standard of his own and that he did not care for popularity. This the rest present were not willing to accept, and Hyndman blurted out, "I believe you will be popular enough one day, Meredith, and the funny thing is you will be appreciated even more for your defects than for your merits."

When *Beauchamp's Career* appeared Mr. Hyndman was asked to review it for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He refused on the ground that he knew Meredith too well, so the task was assigned to H. D. Traill. When it appeared, filling two columns of the *Pall Mall*, Meredith was exceedingly curious about it.

He was pleased with the criticism, which he had every reason to be, as it was exceedingly well done in Traill's best manner, being laudatory and appreciative without lacking discrimination. I asked Meredith if he would like to meet Traill. He said he should. So I invited them both to dinner at the New University Club. We had a very pleasant time, and Meredith asked Traill down to Box Hill to dine and sleep at his cottage. Meredith was

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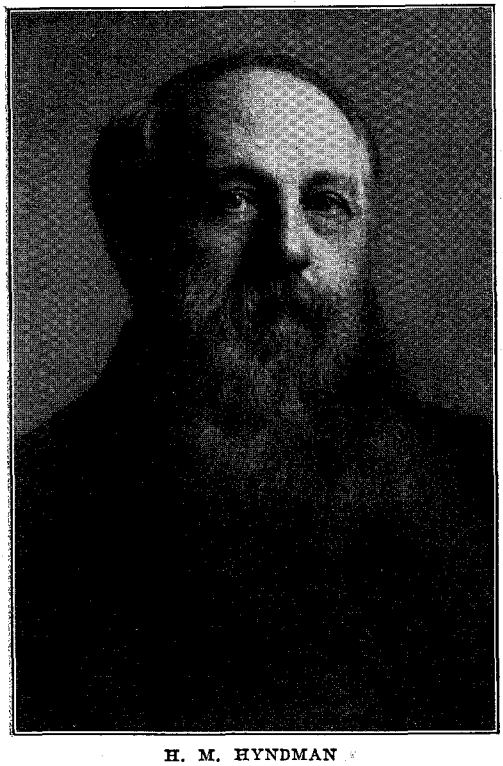
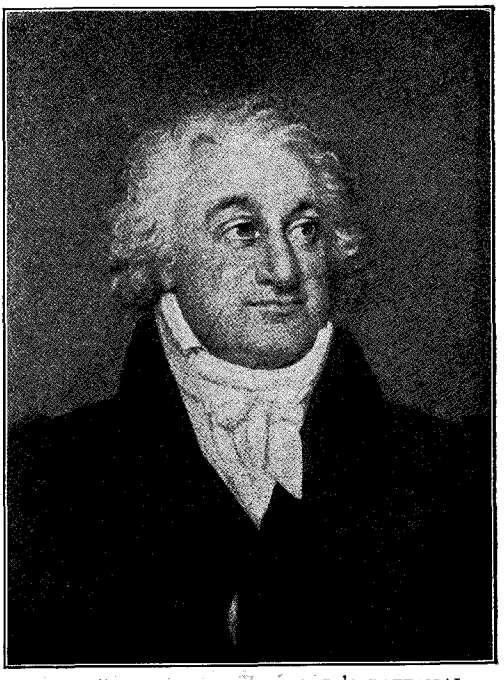
then writing *The Egoist,* and during Traill's visit read him the Introduction. Something in Traill's face told him that full comprehension was lacking. "You don't understand all that?" "No, I'll be damned if I do," stammered Traill. Meredith burst out laughing. "Well, I suppose it is rather hard," he said. Traill told me it was made easier afterward, but I don't consider it a very intelligible piece of writing even now. But I do believe that was Meredith's provoking love of obscurity. He loved to puzzle his readers. "Damn you, George, why don't you write as you talk?" I told Traill that story, and he agreed with me in thinking Burnand hit the nail on the head; for Traill, who wrote with admirable lucidity himself, could not understand why a man of Meredith's genius should refuse to be altogether natural. The deepest water may be quite clear.

Just one more anecdote from Mr. Hyndman's book—an anecdote likely to cause a pang in many editorial offices. It concerns W. E. Henley and Rudyard Kipling, who became first known to fame as a writer of vigorous verse by his contributions to the *Scottish,* afterward the *National Observer.* Mr. Henley told Mr. Hyndman that Kipling's "Tommy this and Tommy that and Tommy mind your soul" came to him through the ordinary post, and added half sadly, "But I shall never get any more in that way now."



H. M. HYNDMAN



BERNARD HART, BRET HARTE'S PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

So many books about Thackeray have appeared during the present year that we have reached the point where we take up a new one with a certain amount of tired apprehension. But in Blanche Warre Cornish's *Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray* there is a note of surprising and genuine freshness. Mrs. Cornish was a relative of Thackeray. She remembers him first in Paris when she was a very little girl (the girl of the accompanying portrait) when he offered her his arm on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and said that they would be taken for husband and wife. She confesses to a childish consciousness of her own insignificant figure in contrast to Thackeray's huge form. The early shyness was soon forgotten and Thackeray won

Thackeray in Paris

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MRS. WARRE-CORNISH AS A CHILD

her adoration by a present of a magnificent box of chocolates. Soon they had reached a footing where the little girl felt herself privileged to interrogate the great man.

There was an element of mystery about him fascinating even to childhood. He always seemed alone. He had just been in America. He was on his way to Rome. He was meteoric. He was exceedingly sad and silent. He was wondrously droll. Above all, he was kind, so that the child perched beside him questioned him:

"Is you good?" (from the perch).

"Not so good as I should like to be" (from Mr. Thackeray).

"Is you clever?"

"Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever."

"Is you pretty?"

"Oh, no, no, no! *No! No! No!* (I recall Mr. Thackeray bursting out laughing.)

"I think you's good, and you's clever, and you's pretty."

BLANCHE WARRE-CORNISH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF HER HOME AT ETON

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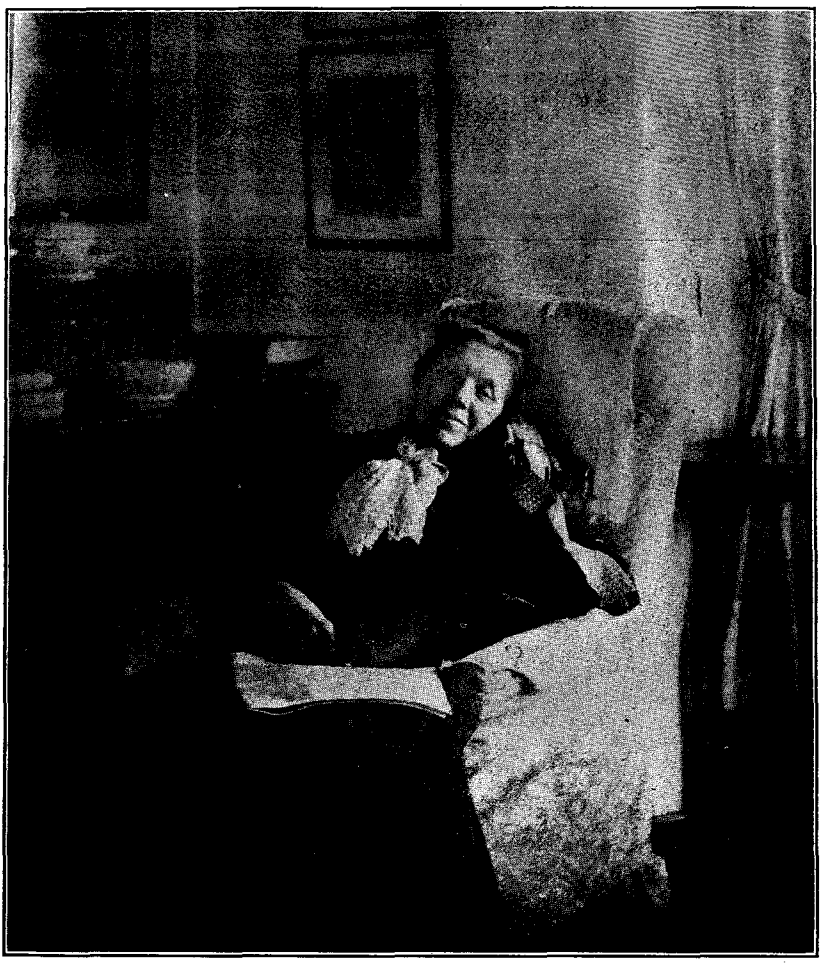

LADY RITCHIE, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT

Note the striking resemblance of the face to the face of her father, the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," a resemblance perhaps somewhat heightened by the pose

Mrs. Harrison Remembers

In her *Recollections Grave and Gay,* Mrs. Burton Harrison confesses that she was one of the many who tried to draw out John Hay on the subject of the never officially conceded authorship of *The Breadwinners.* Mrs. Harrison's own story, *The Anglomaniacs,* had been running anonymously in the *Century* and had been claimed by persons all over the country. A secretary of the German legation, sitting next to the author at dinner, gravely informed her that to his certain knowledge the story had been written by a lady living in Newport. Mrs. Harrison in time grew a little irritated over these pretensions and put an end to them by acknowledging the authorship. Soon after she was crossing the Atlantic on the *Majestic,* which also carried Mr. Hay. The voyage was an exceedingly tranquil one, but one evening the vessel suddenly began a series of sharp rolls. Mr. Hay, undertaking to convoy Mrs. Harrison below in safety, they were caught on the companionway by three or four slanting movements of the ship, making it impossible for them to do anything but stand helpless, hand in hand, clutching with their free hands at the rails and swaying absurdly to and fro. "What a situation for the authors of *The Breadwinners* and *The Angloma-*

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JEANNETTE L. GILDER AND HER IRISH WOLFHOUND, NORA MALONE, AT REDDING RIDGE, CONNECTICUT

niacs!" said Mrs. Harrison questioningly. But the trained diplomatist responded only by a merry twinkle of the eye.

Since Mrs. Harrison speaks of it herself, it can be no indiscretion on our part to tell that she was the originator of authors' readings from their own works. Of course individual authors had done that years before—it was in this way that Dickens won the enormous sums of money which he took away from the United States—but the idea of gathering the lions and making them roar in groups was originally Mrs. Harrison's. The first of these readings was for the benefit of the American Copyright Law, and was held at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. George William Curtis made the opening address, Professor Charles Carroll read a poem sent by Dr. Holmes; Mr. Howells and Mr. Julian Hawthorne followed with selections from their own writings. Professor Boyesen, Henry C.

ROBERT W. SERVICE IN THE CANOE IN WHICH HE PADDLED SEVEN HUNDRED MILES, ALL NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

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MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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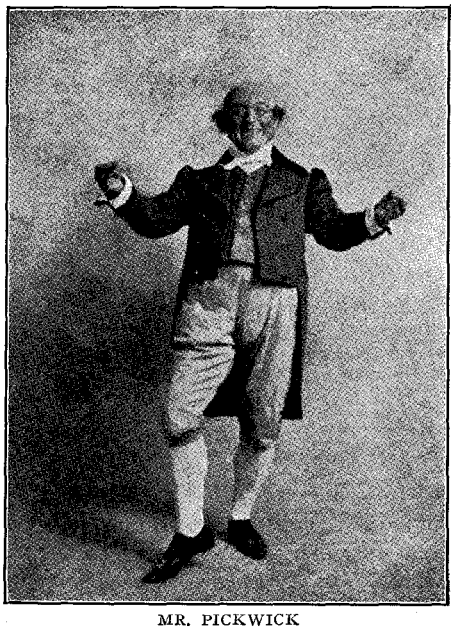
Bunner, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Charles Dudley Warner made up the remainder of the programme with appropriate contributions. The second reading enlisted the services of John Boyle O'Reilly, W. D. Howells, F. R. Stockton, Mark Twain, George Parsons Lathrop, and Edward Eggleston. The reception of these entertainments suggested to Mrs. Harrison something of the same order, to be given by invitation to her own house. It was embodied in a single issue of "a journal of a night" called *The Ephemeron*, not printed, but read aloud by the editorial staff and contributors. The table of contents follows:

Introductory .....The Editor.
Telegraphic Reports. J. Brander Matthews.
Reporter's Note
Book .....Frederick W. Whitridge.
Song, "After Sorrow's Night" ....R. W. Gilder.
A Literary Malaprop .....The Editor.
Day Lilies .....Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Two Sonnets .....Emma Lazarus.
The Shy Man at a Musical Party ...M. E. W. Sherwood.
A Porcelain Pug...Frances Hodgson Burnett.
The Dude .....James B. Townsend.
Miss Pinky Rosebud on Coeducation ..F. Benedict Herzog.
A Shingle Girl.....William Henry Bishop.
Opals .....George Parsons Lathrop.
May Day .....Dora Goodale.

A few years ago a novel entitled *Truth Dexter* aroused considerable discussion, and a great many persons were making guesses as to the identity of "Sidney McCall." One or two other

SAM WELLER



MR. PICKWICK

PICKWICK ON THE FRENCH STAGE

In the advertisements, "M. Pickwick," a "comédie burlesque" in five acts, after "The Pickwick Papers," by George Duval and Robert Charvay, is described as follows: "M. Pickwick, en compagnie de ses amis Tupmann, Winkle, Snodgrass, part en voyage aux environs de Londres, afin de faire des études sur la nature humaine. Repoussant les avances de Mme. Bardell, M. Pickwick est accusé par cette dernière de rupture de promesse de mariage, puis condamné et enfermé à la prison de la Flotte. Ayant prouvé sa bonne foi, on lui rend la liberté, tandis que son ami Tupmann épouse Mme. Raehel et que ses deux autres compagnons se fiancent aux filles de M. Werdle, Emily et Isabella." It is to be feared that Dickens would find great difficulty in recognising some of the behaviour of his characters as seen on the Athénée stage. At Manor Farm, for example, Mrs. Bardell, who is presented as a very sprightly widow, is one of the guests. It is Pickwick who is wounded by Winkle, and not Tupmann; and it is Pickwick who, on the French stage, finds it convenient, after this disaster, to sit upon an air-cushion. The Christmas dinner begins with the plum pudding; there is a marvellous snapdragon in a silver finger-bowl; and an even more marvellous old English Christmas dance, which resembles nothing more closely than a cake-walk. In the Fleet Prison there is a bar, behind which pretty barmaids dispense drinks.—*From the London Sketch.*

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KATHLEEN NORRIS, THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER"

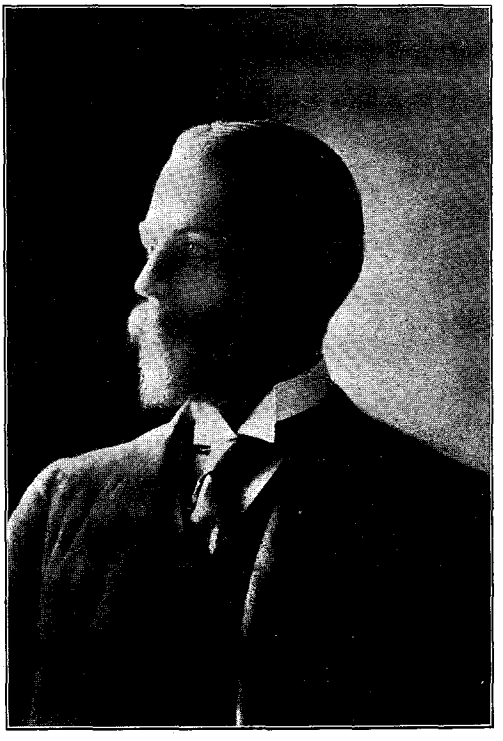
books bearing the same signature appeared before it was officially announced that the writer was Mary McNeill Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa. It can hardly be said that Professor Fenollosa became known as the husband of the author of *Truth Dexter,* for his own position was one of much distinction. He was Professor of Sociology in the University of Tokio, an Imperial Japanese Commissioner for the Fine Arts, and the head of a number of commissions, academies, and other native Japanese art institutions. Professor Fenolloso died in 1906, and his wife, putting aside for the time her own work, devoted herself to the revising and final polishing of the book which Professor Fenollosa had made his life work. This is *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art,* published this autumn by the Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company. For three years Mrs. Fenollosa has been working on the book, which is not a mere history of the artists of the Far East, but also a view of art in its relation to human progress.

E. F. Fenollosa

The distinguished Parisian actress, Mme. Simone, whose husband, M. Claude Casimir-Périer, is a son of a former President of France, has been appearing, in the English language, in New York, in a series of parts which she originally played in her own tongue in Paris. This is not the first time that Mme. Simone has acted in English: she has made the experiment before, with Sir George Alexander in London. She is nearly, but not entirely, bi-lingual. Her pronunciation of English words is almost faultless; and yet she speaks the English language as if it were French. Her utterance is pitched in that high, incisive, and soprano key, and runs or ripples along on that smooth, swift level of monotony, which the ear expects of speech in French, but which is rarely to be heard in the utterance of English people. The effect, on the whole, is pleasing to an auditor accustomed to both languages, for after a few moments he will cease to notice that the actress is not speaking in French.

The Art of Simone

Mme. Simone is a very interesting actress; and the adjective is used advisedly. It is her main merit that she keeps the spectator constantly interested in what she is doing; and it is her main defect that she rarely succeeds in mak-



PROFESSOR E. F. FENOLLOSA

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ing him forget that he is being interested. Her method is analytic and expository,—not synthetic and suggestive, like the method, for example, of Duse. She renders, so to speak, a criticism rather than a creation, of the character that she is playing. This was notably the case in her performance of Marise Louise Voysin in *The Thief*. She gave a clear, precise, and almost coldly critical analysis of the worthless little woman that M. Bernstein had projected: she made no bid for sym-

MADAME SIMONE

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pathy, for Marise is not a sympathetic part: she turned the little woman inside out and revealed her essential emptiness. The result was thoroughly convincing to the intellect; but—intentionally and quite rightly—it did not touch the heart. As Hélène de Brèchebel in M. Bernstein's appalling melodrama called *The Whirlwind* [*La Rafale*], she produced a very different impression. The heroine of this play is blown upon by all the winds of passion and swept whirling along from doom to doom; and Mme. Simone's fine art of understanding was fully adequate to render this conception. The impression given was again unsympathetic; but it was harrowing and thrilling,—an enthralling and exhausting thing to watch.

These two parts were created, as the phrase is, by Mme. Simone in Paris. She also created the Hen-pheasant in *Chantecler*,—a part that requires quite other qualities of histrionic art than those demanded by M. Bernstein's hateful heroines. Of these other, and more ingratiating qualities, Mme. Simone has promised to give the American public an exhibition by presenting *La Princesse Lointaine* of M. Edmond Rostand. This is to be given in a paraphrase by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It is rather a pity that this particular piece, so exquisitely lyrical, so utterly untranslatable, should not be played in the original French; and the talented actress could more emphatically convince us of her range if she would let us hear at first hand her reading of M. Rostand's melodious and lilting verse.

Vive L'Emperor

There seems to be a Napoleonic party in England to-day just as there was when Charles James Fox schemed between drinking bouts and sittings at cards, and Tom Moore pilloried the unfortunate jailer of St. Helena in scathing verse, writing of Sir Hudson Lowe as "by name and ah! by nature so." The English Napoleonic party of to-day is peaceable enough, though it harbours and expresses sentiments that would have been held highly treasonable in the days when Gillray was launching his terrible cartoons. It numbers some distinguished men. Lord Rosebery is a rather conservative member. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is another, having for the intellectual grasp and marvellous energy of the great Corsican an admiration, the extent of which he seems unwilling to admit even to himself. But by far the most rabid addition to the Napoleonic party in England is Sir Walter Runciman, who has written a book called *The Tragedy of St. Helena.* At first sight one would take Sir Walter to be a type of the British Conservative. The son of an English baronet, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was for a time the Managing Director of the Moor Line of Cargo steamships, and a power in many other shipping organisations. He twice stood for Parliament, is now Vice President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, a member of the National Educational Board, and Justice of Peace for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Yet the only interpretation of this man's book is that the then British Government deliberately hastened the deposed Emperor's death at St. Helena.

Sir Walter Runciman's pet literary aversion seems to be Sir Walter Scott's *Life.* Now of the two utterly preposterous biographers of Napoleon one was Scott, whose plan of villification was quite unworthy of his genius, and the other was the American, John C. Abbott, who professed to find in his hero a man utterly without moral blemish. The truth probably lies about midway between these two poles. In Sir Walter Runciman's book there is a curious echo of a certain paragraph in Abbott's history. Of Scott he says:

> The pious bard who sings the praises of Napoleon's executioners—Wellington and his coadjutors—and whose *History* was unworthy of the reputation of himself and his publishers, will have sunk into oblivion when the fiery soul of the "Sultan Kebir" will seize on the imagination of generations yet unborn, and intoxicate them with the memory of the deeds that he had done.

Sir Walter Runciman professes to have begun with anti-Napoleonic ideas.

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It was reading in Scott's *Life* the so-called evidence which had been obviously collected for the purpose of exonerating the English Government that he became convinced of the enormity of the treatment meted out to the Emperor. Then, like the Psalmist, "my heart was hot within me, and at last I spake with my tongue."

Perhaps Sir Walter Runciman's early life has had something to do with the radicalism of his ideas. Before he became a wealthy ship owner his career was tinged with every kind of romance. As a boy in Scotland, the sea fascinated him, and he ran away at the age of twelve. He became a cabin boy and was subjected to all the tyranny of the ship of fifty years ago. He forsook the English merchant service and for a time sailed on a Yankee skipper's brig. But his former captain recaptured him, and daily beatings with a rope's end made him run away again. It was the time of transition from sailing vessels to steam. Young Walter watched his chance, and turned from sailing to the business of shipping. Somehow the picture of his entire life recalls vividly the Sir Anthony Gloucester of the Kipling poem.

Mr. Chapman's New Essays

John Jay Chapman's *Learning and Other Essays,* to be reviewed later, fared as well as could be expected at the hands of the skimming commentators of the press last summer. Most of them perceived that it was a remarkable book and tried hard to rise to the occasion. But when a remarkable book does by chance fall into the hands of our professional reviewers, it usually catches them unawares and leaves them rather agape. Their minds are adjusted to books that are not at all remarkable, and that may be quickly despatched by routine methods without injustice. Second thoughts seem to be no part of their business, so rarely do they meet a book that calls for them. Hence a certain bewilderment runs through the comments on Mr. Chapman's latest volume. The London *Athenæum* covers its embarrassment by calling him a latter-day Emerson. Several American reviewers, prompted perhaps by the *Athenæum,* employ the same expedient. None of them mentions any specific point of resemblance to Emerson. Probably none of them could in the limited time at their disposal, and if they gave the matter of Mr. Chapman's literary pedigree a fair consideration they would have to name many other ancestors equally important with Emerson. It is a long pedigree. The book has fused the results of very wide and varied reading. It is the work of an alert mind rooted in tradition. The roots are not visible, as in the case of the newly and obviously "Cultured." They are under the soil, where they should be.

Mr. Chapman on College Professors

Mr. Chapman is very much alive to the issues of the moment and writes of them forcibly, and sometimes aggressively. Editorial writers would find a much-needed stimulus in his pages, and might pluck up courage after reading them. For example, compare the timid comment of the press on certain alleged acts of tyranny toward college professors with Mr. Chapman's paper on "Professorial Ethics."

The average professor in an American college, says Mr. Chapman, will look on at an act of injustice done to a brother professor by their college president, with the same unconcern as the rabbit who is not attacked watches the ferret pursue his brother up and down through the warren, to predestinate and horrible death. We know, of course, that it would cost the non-attacked rabbit his place to express sympathy for the martyr; and the non-attacked is poor, and has offspring, and hopes of advancement. The non-attacked rabbit would of course become a suspect; and a marked man the moment he lifted up his voice in defence of rabbit-rights. Such personal sacrifice seems to be the price paid in this world for doing good of any kind. I am not, however, here raising the question of general ethics; I refer to the philosophical belief, to the special theory of professorial ethics, which forbids a professor to protect his colleague. I invite controversy on this subject; for I should like to know what the professors of the country have to say on it. It seems to me that there exists a special

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prohibitory code, which prevents the college professor from using his reason and his pen as actively as he ought in protecting himself, in pushing his interests, and in enlightening the community about our educational abuses.

He goes on to say that the professor must in all ways and upon all occasions appeal to the public. He should be willing to speak and to fight for himself.

It is the public that protects the professor in Europe. The public alone can protect the professor in America. The proof of this is that any individual learned man in America who becomes known to the public through his books or his discoveries, or his activity in any field of learning or research, is comparatively safe from the guillotine. . . . I have often wondered, when listening to the sickening tale of some brutality done by a practical college president to a young instructor, how it had been possible for the eminent men upon the faculty to sit through the operation without a protest. A word from any one of them would have stopped the sacrifice, and protected learning from the oppressor. But no, these eminent men harboured ethical conceptions which kept them from interfering with the practical running of the college. Merciful heavens! who is to run a college if not learned men? Our colleges have been handled by men whose ideals are as remote from scholarship as the ideals of the New York theatrical managers are remote from poetry. In the meanwhile, the scholars have been dumb and reticent.

An Opening for Muckrakers

Mr. Chapman believes that just as the Boss has been the tool of the business man in politics, so the college president has been his instrument in education. The colleges have been manned and commissioned for a certain kind of service, as you might man a fishing-smack to catch herring. There has been so much necessary business—the business of expanding and planning, of adapting and remodelling—that there has been no time for education. Some big deal has always been pending in each college—some consolidation of departments, some annexation of a new world—something so momentous as to make private opinion a nuisance. In this regard the colleges have resembled everything else in America. The colleges have simply not been different from the rest of American life. Let a man express an opinion at a party caucus, or at a railroad directors' meeting, or at a college faculty meeting, and he will find that he is speaking against a predetermined force. What shall we do with such a fellow? Well, if he is old and distinguished, you may suffer him to have his say, and then override him. But if he is young and energetic, and likely to give more trouble, you must eject him with as little fuss as the circumstances will permit.

There are signs that Mr. Chapman's views on this subject are shared by an increasing number of persons. "Practical efficiency" as interpreted by the successful, hustling type of college president is losing some of its charm as a university ideal. And a good many of such college presidents, who are now apparently strongly intrenched, will be easily blown over the moment some enterprising journalist raises the popular wind. A muckraker taking his cue from the passages above quoted would find plenty of material. If he belonged to the rather small group of conscientious muckrakers he would certainly improve the situation. Thus far there have been only general accusations on the one side and general denials on the other, and whenever an instance of alleged injustice has been made public, it has immediately become so complicated and confused that the outsider could not make head or tail of it. And inasmuch as college professors are not at all likely to take Mr. Chapman's advice and "speak for themselves," the chance for a clear-headed muckraker is very conspicuous.

The Promise of American Painting

In his *Classic Point of View*, Mr. Kenyon Cox sums up his artistic convictions in so lucid and straightforward a manner that any one, however ignorant of the technicalities of painting, may read the book with profit. In fact it belongs as much to the general public as to the art students to which, as a course of lectures, it was originally addressed. Mr. Cox deprecates the search for novelty which is now going on among the painters of all European countries, and applauds the tendency of the "American School" to go back to what is old.

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The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion, but to express disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law.

It has little in common with the so-called "classic school" of David. It was the spirit of the old masters of the best periods and of Millet among the moderns because Millet sought always for simplicity and permanence and hated "useless accessories, however brilliant they may be." Though regarded in his own day as the most revolutionary of painters, he was, says Mr. Cox, the most classically minded of them all, "a conservative of conservatives, a worshipper of that stern old classicist Poussin, the last practitioner of 'the grand style.'" Mr. Cox answers the common taunt of foreign critics that the United States has developed nothing new in art—

Because we are a new people the world seems to expect of us a new art, radically different in some strange way from the art of older countries, and to be disappointed at our conservatism. It seems to me that precisely because we are a new people our art might be expected to be conservative. We have not yet had enough of the old and fine things to be wearied of them. . . . Our literature, our architecture, our painting and sculpture are more conservative and less influenced by fads and fashions than any now going in the world.

Architecture goes on doing the obvious—the classic—thing because we have not yet wearied of it. The results are better than would come from a sudden straining for originality. The same is true of painting. He finds more promise in American painting to-day than in that of any European country. It is not like the rest of the world seeking mere novelty.

The mass of the painters of this country, as of all countries, practise the current methods of the time; but the exceptional men, instead of striving for something new, are trying to get back to something old.

He admits that our painting is not what it should be and is far inferior to the art of the best periods.

But just as certainly, I believe, is it the best art now being produced in the world, and the art, of all now being produced in the world, that has the most in common with the great art of the past and the largest promise for the art of the future.

This opinion is based not only on his own studies of American and foreign paintings, but on the comparisons of other observers. He instances the enthusiasm of a distinguished artist fresh from years of foreign residence over the exhibitions of the American Academy of Design and the Ten American Painters. As to the latter he said:

Such a showing of ten men would be impossible in Paris; to which the not too boastful answer was: "We have twenty others as good, here in America."

Paintings that "Tell a story"

Mr. Cox fortifies the self-respect of many a simple-minded person by attacking that hard old saying that a painting must be inferior as art if it "tells a story." Art, he says, has always told stories, and he supplies plenty of instances ancient and modern. Rembrandt was not only a great master of light and shade, but above all a story-teller. The essential point is not that there should be no story but that the story should not be trivial. He tells of an artist who, after finishing a painting of a girl sitting on the lower steps of a Venetian house, looking at a small crab in the water beneath her, went about asking his friends if he ought not to paint out the crab as imparting too much of a "literary" interest to the picture. The crab was finally removed.

Well, I laughed, at first, when I heard the tale, but afterward I found myself sympathising with the artist and his scruples. I could not swallow that crab myself! And then it occurred to me that perhaps it was only the painter's reason that was wrong. The crab was not "too literary"; it was not literary enough. The interest it introduced was a slight and trivial one. As regards the girl, it was a "useless accessory," and the story of

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the girl and her fatigue, or her idle dreams, would have been better told without it.

He takes Millet as a model in this matter, as well as in many others, for he regards Millet as the best exemplar of the classic spirit which he approves. Millet's accounts of his own paintings are confined wholly to the stories that they tell. To tell a story was his conscious and deliberate purpose. "Art," said Millet, "is a language. . . . To have painted things that mean nothing is to have borne no fruit." However, all this will seem rather obvious to the wayfaring man who has not been entangled in artistic discussions. Mr. Cox's volume contains thirty-two reproductions of paintings that with one or two exceptions are famous the world over. There is not one of them that does not tell a "story" in this sense of the word. As an example of story-telling in its best form he cites an American painting of the eighteen-sixties now owned by a Chicago collector. It is Alfred Stevens's "Une Veuve"—a picture of a pretty young woman in a voluminous black gown, seated on a divan in a drawing-room—

Its mixture of sentiment and delicate irony is as different from Millet's simple earnestness as the rank of this fashionable lady is different from that of Millet's peasant woman. But the art of the telling is of the same kind—there is the same clarity, the same precision, the same reticence. "Persons and things are here for a purpose" and there is not one detail that is not necessary, not one "useless accessory."

The Last Book of William James

"A man with no philosophy in him," says William James in his newly issued posthumous volume on *Some Problems of Philosophy*, "is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of social mates." Men should always meet each other, he says, with Touchstone's question, "Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" To put a little philosophy in a man should be the main object of a college training. Technical training will only make him a "first-rate instrument for doing a certain job."

He may remain a cad and not a gentleman, intellectually pinned down to his one narrow subject, literal, unable to suppose anything different from what he has seen, without imagination, atmosphere, or mental perspective.

Philosophy, beginning in wonder, as Plato and Aristotle said, is able to fancy everything different from what it is. It sees the familiar as if it were strange, and the strange as if it were familiar. It can take things up and lay them down again. Its mind is full of air that plays round every subject. It rouses us from our native dogmatic slumber and breaks up our caked prejudices. Historically it has always been a sort of fecundation of four different human interests—science, poetry, religion and logic—by one another.

Then follows an eloquent defence of philosophy against its critics. One by one he meets the objections raised by the scientific or "practical" mind. To the accusation that philosophy has made no progress, Mr. James replies that philosophy once included all the sciences, but as these special departments of truth grew unwieldy they dropped off from the parent stem. As fast as correct answers were found to questions they were accredited to science. The residuum of unanswered questions thus constituted the domain of philosophy.

Philosophy has become a collective name for questions that have not yet been answered to the satisfaction of all by whom they have been asked. It does not follow, because some of these questions have waited two thousand years for an answer, that no answer will be forthcoming.

In this and every other chapter of this little volume, which the author did not live to complete, there is all the fire of his best years and that clarity and candour of mind which an honest reader will always value more than any of the specific "truths" over which the philosophers of his day are debating.

Joseph Pulitzer

Lord Northcliffe in his eulogy of the late Joseph Pulitzer made light of the charge that Pulitzer debased American journalism. Lord Northcliffe himself has long held the same position in British journalism that Pulitzer held in this country twenty years

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ago, and seems almost to have taken Pulitzer as his model. As he is accused of Americanising British journalism, his praises of Pulitzer are partly in self-defence. Nevertheless he is right in denying that his American prototype dragged down our press to a lower moral level.

Untruthful statements that Mr. Pulitzer in any way debased American journalism need no contradiction in England, where Charles Dickens's *American Notes* has a wider sale than it has in the United States. *Martin Chuzzlewit* tells us exactly what American journalism was. It was not all Greeleys and Danas. There were others.

There is no more sense in calling Joseph Pulitzer the Father of Yellow Journalism than in calling him the Father of Lies. A dip into the files of old newspapers at almost any past date will quickly dispel the illusion that he or any other man of our day has debased American journalism. But to say as Lord Northcliffe does that despite his occasional mistakes, the amount of good he did was infinite seems a little strained. He took possession of the New York *World* in May, 1883, having purchased it from Jay Gould for $348,000. Within a year he had raised its circulation to 100,000 and cleared off its debt. From the first the *World* under his management showed itself quite unscrupulous as to the means of drawing public attention to it, but far-sighted and often public-spirited in its editorial policies. Its first successful stroke was its support of the nomination and election of Cleveland. Many believed that but for the *World* Cleveland would certainly have been defeated. Cleveland himself admitted, twenty years later, that if the *World* had not supported him, "the result might have been reversed." Its next important public service was its fight over the Government bond issue in 1893. It demanded open competition, and finally the Government was constrained to offer the bonds to the people at large and not to a Wall Street coterie. At the time of the Venezuela boundary dispute, when war with England seemed inevitable, Pulitzer worked indefatigably for peace, securing from the Prince of Wales and prominent British statesmen conciliatory letters, which he published in the *World*. This so angered the friends of the administration that an attempt was made to take official action against him. It was proposed in the Senate to prosecute him under an old statute which made it treasonable to attempt to influence a foreign potentate in proceedings pending between him and the United States, but the plan encountered so much ridicule that it was soon dropped. Here, as in the recent Roosevelt libel suit, the chief result of official indignation was to advertise the *World*. These three conspicuous instances are fairly typical of the *World's* editorial policy. The record of its attitude toward public questions has been very creditable—much more so than that of many papers which have condemned its yellowness.

But whether these merits offset the wretched stuff it poured out daily for many years through its news columns is a hard question for the modest moralist to answer. These "human dynamos" of sensational journalism, Pulitzers, Northcliffes, and lower organisms of the same type, are not measurable in terms of public benefit but in terms of energy and success. Success was Pulitzer's effective answer to criticism. When Charles A. Dana attacked him for appearing in a box at the opera and concluded with the exhortation, "Move on, Joseph Pulitzer, move on," Pulitzer printed an article under the title of "Moving On," in which he described the *World's* financial success, and the *Sun's* failing circulation, and told the story of a mortgage on the *Sun's* building. Mr. Edward W. Townsend, author of *Chimmie Fadden,* who was ten years on the *World's* staff under Pulitzer, tells of the sudden revolution when the latter assumed control.

The atmosphere of the entire building was one of excitement and suspense; men were hurrying to and fro, all with tense faces; messenger boys were wildly leaving in droves; and nothing was as it had been. . . . It was not long before my audience with the new chief came and I was summoned into his presence. Well do I recollect the tall, spare form, neatly clothed in a frock coat and grey trousers, the thin straggly reddish beard, the tangled mass

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of reddish hair, and the incisive glance through the near-sighted eyeglasses that seemed to take my measure in an instant and pierced into my timid soul.

"So this is Mr. T.," said Mr. Pulitzer. "Well, sir, you've heard that I am the new chief of this newspaper; I have already introduced new methods—new ways. I propose to galvanise this force; are you willing to aid me? Your salary will remain the same and you will follow the same line of work with suggestions as to change and improvement under Major Hancock, who will be managing editor after Mr. Speed leaves."

All agree as to extraordinary insight in political affairs. Mr. Townsend says:

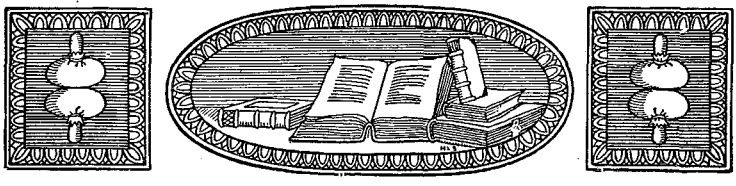
His vision into the near and further future, especially in matters political, was at times to those of us who were near him almost ghost-like and, although he sometimes failed as to his predictions, these occasions were far more than overbalanced by their successful working out.

Though stricken with blindness more than twenty years before his death, he never lost this faculty. He directed the course of his paper on important political issues from the deck of his yacht, sending voluminous cablegrams from all quarters of the earth. A writer for the New York *Evening Post* describes his triumph over this affliction.

He set himself with all the ability at his command to fight this handicap. His success may be judged by his achievements in the twenty-odd years his affliction endured.

With a staff of secretaries, readers, musicians and doctors in constant attendance, he continued the master of his publications. Several years ago, at a dinner given on his sixtieth birthday, he announced in a cablegram to his staff that he had retired from active management, leaving the direction of affairs to his two sons, Ralph and Joseph, Jr. Every paper in town except the *World* printed the cablegram. The *World* refused to print it because it knew just how much the statement was worth. Mr. Pulitzer could not retire while his intellectual faculties remained. Work was a necessity to him.

To be sure he did not work as other men worked. He toiled rather like some legendary character of romance. One likens him, in a way, to the Count of Monte Cristo or to Captain Nemo. The Pulitzer building seldom saw him. Although it was one of his dreams accomplished, he set foot in it only two or three times. In the shattered state of his health anything like regular office labour was impossible. He worked when and where he could. Sometimes it was in a sound-proof room of his house in East Seventy-third Street, where he would think over his schemes for the *World* and the *Post-Dispatch*, while he listened to the notes of his great organ, touched by the hand of a master-musician. Sometimes it would be in his country-place at Bar Harbor; sometimes on his island off the Georgia coast. . . . Sometimes he would not come to New York for months at a time. He might not even be on this continent for a year or two. But that did not prevent him from watching and regulating every step taken by his papers. By cable and wireless he would pour his orders into the office of the editors daily.



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TO SHELLEY

(In Italy)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

I

Shelley, the winds of your song are blowing
  Over the fields of my heart to-day,
Where the wild flowers of Grief are growing
  Up from the deep World-Soul astray;
The winds you gathered from earth to Uranus,
  From atom to far Arcturus' light,
From visible vastitudes that pain us,
  And vasts invisible to sight.

II

The winds that ever, with incantation,
  Evoke you verily for my eyes,
Your swift sad form of divine elation
  Under lone Lerici's blue skies.
Your spirit that, like a new Antæus,
  Touched earth for strength, but to find it pain;
That like a pale pitying corypheus
  Saw tyrant Fate tear Life in twain.

III

And all the longings that led Alastor,
  All the long sorrows that Laon bore,
The almighty tortures that could not master
  Prometheus whom Jove's vulture tore,
Around you rise as a mist immortal,
  The mist of a mind no fear e'er reined,
Whose steed-like thoughts lead to the very portal
  Of Being's boundless abysses gained.

IV

Till, lo, the sea, that is ever avid,
  That swept you to death tempestuous,
Seems now to remember, and with gravid,
  Billowing grieve, as I stand here thus,
Feeling your song's wild spirit essence
  About me still in the earth and sky,
As a spaceless and elemental presence
  That, till the world does, cannot die!

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THE WILLIAM WINTER DINNER

On the evening of October the twenty-eighth, the Lotos Club of New York gave a dinner in honour of the veteran dramatic critic, William Winter.

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"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"—ACT II

"It is a pleasure to live among them for an evening. . . . to go with them on Sunday morning to the country kirk"

THE DRAMA OF ILLUSION

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT IS proverbial that the average person will believe the evidence of his eyes more readily than the evidence of his ears. Beneath that sage and cogent phrase of current slang, "You'll have to show me," there lurks indeed a psychologic law. A man may doubt what you have merely told him; but he is much less likely to doubt what he himself has seen. For this reason, those arts which make their appeal to the eye, like painting and sculpture, are more convincing to the average person than those which make their appeal to the ear, like poetry and music. If I say, in terms of the ungraphic art of prose, "I have seen the most beautiful woman in the world; she is, indeed, the perfect woman,"—even if I ascend upon the wings of words and call her, with the eloquence of Alfred Noyes, the "white culmination of the dreams of earth,"—I shall leave the average reader cold; but if I could lead the reader to that tiny room in Paris where the armless, radiant wonder leans a little backward through the air, and looks forth, illimitably serene, over the heads of all the noisy and nervous visitors that swarm around, all impotent to interrupt her utter and divine quiescence, the reader would indeed believe me,—conquered beyond question by the evidence of his eyes.

The drama is a compound art, in that it appeals simultaneously to the eye and to the ear: it is at once an auditory art, like poetry and music, and a visual art, like painting and sculpture. But, in different ages of the drama, the proportion to each other of these two appeals—the auditory and the visual—has been adjusted variously. If we review, with a single sudden sweep of mind, the whole history of the dramatic art, we shall see that the drama began by being principally auditory, and that it has grown more and more visual from age to age, until to-day, for the first time, it makes its appeal mainly to the eye. Beneath this evolution we shall notice, as its motive, a constant and continual striving of the drama for more absolute, unquestionable credence. Æschylus was striving to make you credit what he told you: Pinero is striving to make you credit what you see. The latter task, as we already have observed, is psychologically easier; and therefore it is evident that the drama has gained conviction by the change.

There is a certain profit in speculating as to whether, in attending the performance of a typical play of any chosen epoch, it would have been more or less disadvantageous to be blind or to be deaf. For instance, it becomes evident that a blind person would have lost comparatively little in the theatre of Dionysus but would lose comparatively much in

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"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"—ACT III

"Bunty and Rab set themselves in revolt against their father, Tammas Biggar, a thunderous and narrow-minded man"

the Belasco Theatre; whereas a deaf person would be able to follow the performance of *The Return of Peter Grimm,* but would not have been able to follow the performance of *Œdipus King.* Owing to the conditions of its representment, the Greek drama was required to rely principally on its appeal to the ear. In a theatre so open and so spacious there could be no facial expression, no intimate and delicate gesticulation. The movements of the three actors were necessarily conventional and sculpturesque; the evolutions of the chorus were necessarily formal and measured. Conviction had to be conveyed by eloquence of speech, in poetry large and luminous and overwhelming; and an author, to succeed as a dramatist, must be a master of sea-surgings in the medium of verse. The great Elisabethan drama, as represented to us in the works of Shakespeare, thrilled and trembled at the parting of the ways. It was a drama devoid of any particularity of visual appeal, set without scenery on a bare platform, and played by actors surrounded on three sides by a public practised more in listening than in looking. Yet it is evident that Shakespeare, more than any of his fellows, felt keenly the influence of time and place on character and action; for, unlike the Greeks, he strove continually to make his auditors *see*—with that subtle sense that Hamlet called the "mind's eye"—the particular environment of place and time in which his action was imagined to occur. Since his theatre was not equipped to present this environment directly to the eye, he was required to force his auditors to imagine it by hurling into their ears descriptive passages so potent in visual suggestion as to require them to seem to see what, actually, they had only heard. What Shakespeare chiefly stood in need of—if we consider him, for the moment, solely as what we now call a "producer" of plays—was a direct, unmetaphorical medium for the expression of his visual imagination.

All of the narrative arts have grown, from age to age, more visual, in response to that psychologic need which we noted at the outset of the present conversation. The distinction between what—broadly speaking—we may call ancient narrative and modern narrative is merely this,—

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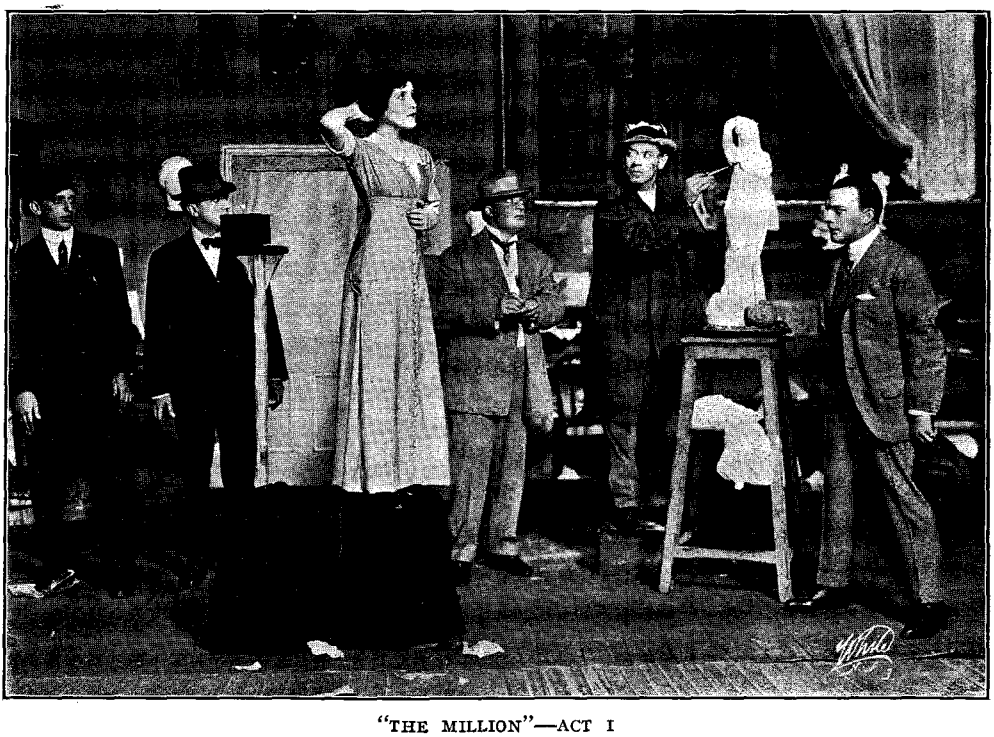
that the former is compounded out of two elements, character and action, and the latter is compounded out of three elements, action, character, and setting. Early plays and early stories present character in action, out of place, out of time: modern plays and modern novels present character conditioned by environment and action influenced by the least and last particular appeal of time and place.

The novel responded earlier than the drama to the impulse of this evolution, because it was not fettered to a theatre as yet incapable of coping with the new insistence of the eye. The drama could not range itself among the modern arts of narrative until the theatre had so developed as to make it easily as able to represent the element of setting as the elements of character and action; and this development—owing to the nature of theatric representment—had to be mechanical. The change was brought about by the great wave of mechanical invention which made the nineteenth century memorable. The box-set was invented, and was developed to its present minute and actual particularity. The revolutionary device of electrical illumination —the most momentous of all historical innovations in the theatre—was introduced (one wonders now to think) without any blaring of triumphal trumpets; and from this device resulted the modern scenic stage with its picture-frame proscenium, the modern small and cosy auditorium, the modern intimate and quiet art of acting, the modern concreteness and particularity of stage-direction, the entire modern simplicity and directness of dramaturgy.

As a result of these inventions, we live at present in the age of the Drama of Illusion. The playwright takes us to a specific place, at a specific time, and strives to make us credit what, there and then, we actually see. No longer, if he really understands this modern medium of art, does he strive to woo us through the ear to imagine what is not before our eyes. The drama has become, for the first time in its history, emphatically a visual, rather than an auditory, art.



"THE MILLION"—ACT I

"The blouse has been donned, as a disguise, by an escaping burglar, who has dashed through the studio in the course of a flight from the police"

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"Tell your story to the eye, for actions speak louder than words":—this has become the leading principle of the best dramatists, and the best dramatic critics, of the present age.

Late in the nineteenth century, the newly devised equipment of the theatre to represent the look of actuality contributed, for the moment, to the spread of realism in the drama. Realism had already long been rampant in the other arts of narrative, and now it was at last enabled to broaden its dominion to include the stage. The drama was immediately dominated by a zest for imitating actuality: it strove to represent the very look of life, and to force the spectator to induce that desirable and necessary sense of truth which is the end of art, from the contemplation of a selected and arranged assortment of familiar facts. But very recently [this point, so far as I know, has not as yet been noted in contemporary criticism: but I, for one, am convinced that we stand now on the threshold of a new era] very recently, I say, the drama, weary at last of imitating actuality, has begun to strive to use the modern mechanical medium of concreteness to convey ideas essentially abstract, and is trying at last to employ the modern mastery of visual suggestion to convey a sense of the invisible. Ten or twenty years ago, our playwrights strove only to make their spectators believe what they saw before them on the stage: but now our playwrights strive, by visual suggestion, to make their spectators imagine much more than what they actually see. Paradoxical as it might seem to a merely aloof and theoretic contemplation, the mechanical and concrete particularity of the contemporary stage has begun to minister to the rise of a new mysticism in the drama,—a mysticism which, for the present, finds its fullest expression in that morning-star of the new era of romance and poetry which seems destined soon to overwhelm the drama,—the elusive and imaginative Maeterlinck. In *Sister Beatrice,* for instance, M. Maeter-

"THE PRICE"—ACT I

"The heroine, who is a secretary with both yearnings and ambitions, becomes the mistress of a well-known painter, whose wife is a workaday and unillumined woman"

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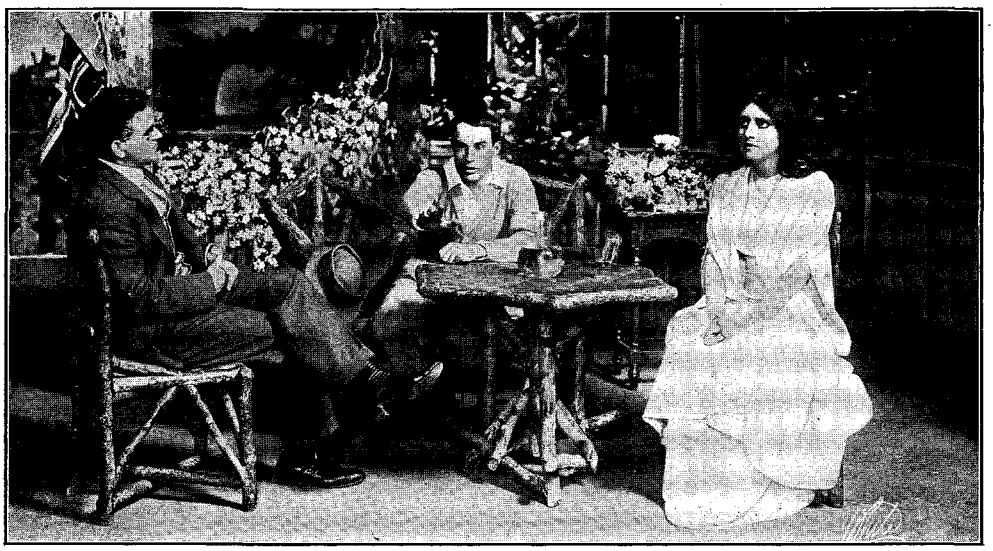

"THE LADY FROM THE SEA"—ACT I
Lyngstrand narrates to Arnholm and Ellida his weird sea-adventure with the Stranger

linck, being an author of this present age, relies frankly on the harmonious collaboration of the designer of scenery and costumes, the stage-director, and (most of all) the electrician of the theatre, for the complete conveyance of his imagined and designed effect: but, by means of all these marshalled media for visual suggestion, he contrives to lure the spectator airily aloft to a region where he wings his way among invisibilities.

We may regard it as the ultimate and utter triumph of the Drama of Illusion that, precisely because its medium of expression is more concrete, it is better endowed than the drama of any other age to symbolise ideas that are essentially abstract. By mastering the means of visual representment, the drama has learned at last to embody, vividly and convincingly, a sense of the invisible. This is an artistic triumph that was difficult for Sophocles and Shakespeare, but which—owing to the physical evolution of the theatre—is comparatively easy for M. Maeterlinck. Granted the great advantage of the mechanical equipment of the modern stage, a man of comparatively small imagination may make the public see more, and in consequence believe more, than many a giant of imagination in an age of the merely auditory drama. No one, for example, would believe the story of *The Return of Peter Grimm* if you merely told it to him, even if you told it in language as eloquent as that of Sophocles or Shakespeare; but Mr. David Belasco easily compels from his spectators an artistic credence of his play—during the brief period, at least, while they are watching it—by the mechanical, but none the less enthralling, expedient of forcing them to believe the evidence of their eyes.

"The Return of Peter Grimm"

Considered as a literary composition, *The Return of Peter Grimm* does not offer any notable elucidation of life, nor does it even embody an especially imaginative searching of the mystery of death; but considered as a fabric for the theatre, it offers a very remarkable instance of the technical triumph of the Drama of Illusion, —the most remarkable, in fact, that has been set before our eyes in recent years. It conveys with absolute concreteness an idea that is essentially abstract; and it succeeds, by a mastery of visualisation, in convincing the spectator that he is seeing the invisible.

The play is designed to embody that spiritistic theory of the persistence of personal energy after death which, in recent years, has been deemed worthy of

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"THE CAVE MAN"—ACT I

"Lady Méchante tears a hundred-dollar bill in two, and throws one part of it out of the window with a note stating that the finder, if he be a man, may secure the other part by calling at her apartment. Her mischievous missive falls into the hands of a coal-heaver named Haulick Smagg"

"THE ONLY SON"—ACT I

"The father forces his wife to confess her fault in the presence of her daughter and her son, and then orders her summarily out of the house. Her daughter, a shallow-hearted girl, conventionally turns against her; but her son—her only son—stands by her and takes her under his protection"

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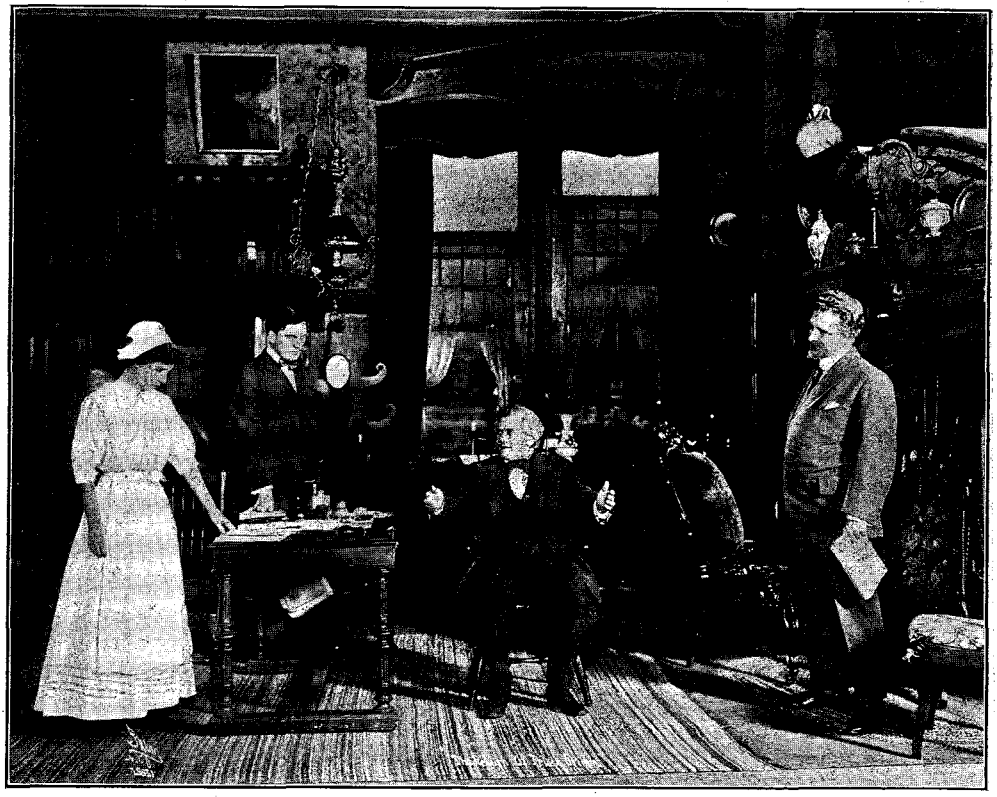
"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"—PART I, SCENE 3

The street of the Ouled Nails, in Beni-Mora. "Nothing happens—to the long and languorous accompaniment of many rich and lovely sets of scenery"



"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"—ACT I

"Peter Grimm makes his nephew promise to carry on the business under the ancestral name, and forces his ward, against her will, to promise her hand in marriage to his nephew—against her will because she really loves another man, quite unconnected with the family, who happens to be Peter's secretary"

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thorough scientific investigation by the Society for Psychical Research. According to this theory, the liberated soul retains its human individuality, and, hovering regretfully about the scenes of its foregone activities on earth, strives to communicate, through the entranced minds of spiritistic mediums, with its former relatives and friends. The accumulated scientific evidence in support of this hypothesis, in spite of its vasty bulk, is utterly unsatisfactory; and, looked at *a priori,* the theory seems almost ludicrously unimaginative. The maintainance of human individuality after bodily death has never yet been proved in all the centuries of searching, even though it has been assumed as an axiom in many of the great religions of the world; but even if we accept it as a fact, it would be pitifully unimaginative to assume that a soul set free by death to range the boundless universe should still be tethered to that twirling inconsiderable grain of dust we call our world,—that a soul at last enfranchised to illimitable possibilities of experience should find no loftier application for its energies than to try to talk in human terms, about temporal trivialities, with souls still body-bound and anchored to the earth.

This is neither the time nor the place for a detailed philosophic argument against the spiritistic theory; and my present purpose is merely to indicate that the thesis which Mr. Belasco has selected as the basis of his play,—though it seems to appeal to many minds at present and is often popularly dallied with,—is by no means easy to believe. All the more remarkable, therefore, as a technical triumph of the Drama of Illusion, is the fact that Mr. Belasco succeeds in compelling an artistic acceptance of the thesis throughout the presentation of his play. And there is no denying that he does succeed. Mainly by his mastery of the subtle art of lighting, he lays siege to the emotions of the spectator and conquers credence for his story.

Peter Grimm, at the outset of the play, is exhibited as a lovable but obstinate old man. His friend, the doctor, has been reading the writings of Professor Hyslop and the reports of the Society for Psychical Research, and eagerly maintains the thesis that the recent dead return and strive to talk with those still living; but Peter wags his head at all these fancies and smilingly supports the sceptic side. This necessary exposition of the abstract basis of the play is rendered concrete by many lively touches of humorous characterisation. There are two things in life that Peter Grimm holds dearest in his heart,—a flower-like young girl who is his ward, and the well-developed business of growing flowers which he has inherited from several generations of Dutch ancestors. These two things he seeks to have united, so that they may remain in his family after he is gone. Therefore he makes his nephew promise to carry on the business under the ancestral name, and forces his ward, against her will, to promise her hand in marriage to his nephew,—against her will, because she really loves another man, quite unconnected with the family, who happens to be Peter's secretary. Then, quite suddenly, being stricken with a weakness of the heart, he dies.

In the next act, the dead Peter, aware at last that he has sinned against humanity in forcing an unnatural promise from his ward, reappears in the familiar living-room and strives to straighten out the tangles that he had left intrinsicate at the moment of his death. Throughout the remainder of the action, the reverted Peter Grimm remains intangible, inaudible, and invisible to all the living people on the stage; but, on his part, he not only sees and hears them, but also understands their unformulated thoughts and unexpressed emotions. This convention —so utterly novel in the theatre—is convincingly maintained by perfect acting and incomparable stage-direction. The stage is raked with tiny beams of light which remain invisible until one or another of the actors moves into their focus; and elsewhere are amassed huge gatherings of shadow which overwhelm the actors as they drift into them. The visible stage is one vast and varying *chiaroscuro* that reminds the eye of Rembrandt. Never for a moment is the spectator allowed to doubt that Peter Grimm is dead, or that the other actors cannot

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see or hear him; but whenever a reminiscence of him grows visually vivid in any of their minds, a light dawns crescent over his aloof and wistful face, and whenever they regard him not, his face fades again into the besieging shadows.

He talks in turn to all of them, appealing piteously; but they have not ears to hear him. He knows now that his nephew is worthless, and that his ward should follow the impulse of her heart and marry the man she genuinely loves; but though he strives and strives pathetically, he cannot make his message carry over the estranging void of death. But there is in the household a wistful and imaginative little boy, who already—in the sacred words of Keats—is "half in love with easeful death"; and this childish and visionary mind ultimately serves the dead Peter as a medium through which he may convey his message. The child—in the traditional New England phrase—becomes possessed with Peter's spirit, and in a dreamful trance speaks words of wisdom to the perturbed and yearning girl. Then, their duty done, both Peter and the little boy wander away ecstatic to futurity, at the precise moment when the doctor, with dim eyes, announces that the child is dead.

It is impossible to suggest by any summary the intense emotional effect which the presentation of this play produces. The eye is conquered and held captive by an overwhelming visual illusion. At no previous period in the history of the drama could such a play have been successfully produced; and it deserves to be studied as a signal triumph of the modern visual art of stage-direction.

"The Garden of Allah"

Any art which has developed a remarkable efficiency of method runs the danger of being tempted to ignore the primary importance of material; and the danger for the Drama of Illusion is that it may present vividly to the eye a series of pictures utterly devoid of dramaturgical significance. We have before us an emphatic stance of this peril in the widely advertised production of *The Garden of Allah*. Considered as a spectacle, the production is worthy of high praise; but considered as a dramatic composition, the new version of Mr. Robert Hichens's novel, made by the author with the assistance of Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, sinks deep beneath the diving of contempt. Scene after scene reveals itself upon the panoramic stage without offering any of the desired and necessary ingredients of drama. From eight to ten o'clock nothing happens,—nothing whatsoever; to the long and languorous accompaniment of many rich and lovely sets of scenery. At last there comes, as a reward for patient waiting, a single moment that appears to have the tang of drama; but the effect of this moment is discounted by the fact that it has not been prepared for by the necessary dramaturgic means. In many of the scenes, no word at all is uttered: in others, countless words are poured forth to no purpose. The producers apparently intended to induce by a series of visual suggestions a sense of the allurement of the illimitable desert over the minds of a weary woman and a recusant monk; but the attempt failed, because, although the scenery was in itself appealing, the woman and the monk were not realised by dramaturgical imagining. One cannot make a play out of scenery alone; for the proper study of the drama is mankind.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings"

The proper study of the drama is mankind; and that is the reason why Mr. Graham Moffat's quaint comedy of character entitled *Bunty Pulls the Strings* is worth more than all the gardens of the gods that may be devised by the most skilful scenic artists. Mr. Moffat's comedy is one of the most ingratiating entertainments of recent seasons, because it sets a dozen living people on the stage. That is, indeed, its only merit. It has no theme: it offers an observation, but not an elucidation, of life: it tells a thin and commonplace and undramatic story: but it presents a group of characters that are absolutely real, and it is written in a dialogue that is rich in humour and racy of the Scottish soil.

For Mr. Moffat has gathered a familiar little group of Lowland Scots and allowed them to step alive upon the stage. They wear the sweetly funny

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costumes of 1860; but in all their human traits they are perennial. The conventional and unexciting plot in which they find themselves involved is inconsiderable: they exist to no purpose except to be themselves: but they talk to each other in a dialect so humorous and human as to convince us that they are themselves their own excuse for being.

It is a pleasure to live among them for an evening,—to meet them in a quaint and homely little parlour, to go with them on Sunday morning to the country kirk, to listen to their rich and racy conversation, to watch them reveal (unconsciously, it seems) the very essence of their several natures. Bunty, with her subtle way of "getting round" the other people and luring them to do her will as if they were involuntary puppets of which she pulled the strings, is a girl that it is well worth travelling to Lintiehaugh (or allowing Lintiehaugh to travel all the way to you) in order that you may meet her. Her brother Rab is an ambitious boy who chafes at the restraint of the cramping indrawn life of the constricted community and longs to run away to Glasgow; and these two set themselves in revolt against their father, Tammas Biggar, a thunderous and narrow-minded man, whose god, created in his own image, is an apotheosis of bigoted respectability. And the burly and overweening Tammas is besieged by other troubles: for he has absconded certain moneys entrusted to him by Susie Simpson, an old maid who turns acid when he makes clear his disinclination to marry her; and he is further embarrassed by the reappearance of a former love of his, whom he had left waiting at the church in years gone by, and who now has come to claim him. This former love, in whose heart the roses of romance have lived beneath the snows of all the intervening winters, wins and weds her Tammas in the end; and a wistful little niece of hers named Teenie —and the name somehow expresses her bird-like twittering of speech—wins the heart of Rab and tames him to accept his lot in life. Bunty, meanwhile, has progressed very sensibly with the difficult task of educating her own solemn and self-pitying lover, Weelum Sprunt, to look upon life as if it were something other than a funeral; and one feels sure that she will manage to be happy with him after all is said and done.

But these impressionistic indications can scarcely serve to suggest the homely charm of Mr. Moffat's comedy. It is not a great play, for, in the last analysis, it is not about anything, and furthermore it is weak in the element of action: but it is a very pleasing play, because it brings us into fellowship with living characters and overcomes us for an evening with the delicious illusion of reality.

"The Only Son"

The Only Son, by Mr. Winchell Smith, failed to please the public of New York—the reason being that the public regarded its story as "unpleasant"; and it is therefore the more necessary that the critic should record that the play exhibited an earnest effort to tell the simple truth concerning certain situations which have always heretofore been treated on the stage with conventional theatricism. Such an effort toward sincerity is in itself more worthy than the achievement of a popular success.

A father, who is a multi-millionaire engrossed in business, discovers that his wife, whom he has left alone and idle because of his pre-occupation with his multifarious affairs, has drifted half-heartedly and carelessly into a perilous and ultimately sinful intrigue with a certain sculptor, who has died suddenly before the play begins. He forces her to confess her fault in the presence of her daughter and her son, and then orders her summarily out of the house. Her daughter, a shallow-hearted girl, conventionally turns against her; but her son—her only son—stands by her and takes her under his protection. Till then the son has seemed a worthless fellow; he has wasted his own time and his father's money in futile dissipations: but his mother's tragic need arouses in him a latent capacity for confronting life bravely and doing a man's work in the world. By a bit of clever strategy he secures and destroys the only documentary evidence of his mother's error, and

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thereafter forces his father to agree to avoid a scandal and relinquish his original intention to sue for a divorce. The son then takes his mother west to Colorado, where she keeps house for him for a couple of years, during which time he builds up a business of his own which becomes signally successful,—so successful, in fact, that his money-hunting father is obliged to journey westward to try to buy him out. Ultimately the son, having emphatically—as the phrase is—"made good" in his father's eyes, effects a reconciliation between his parents.

The public regarded as "unpleasant" this story of an erring mother being sheltered—instead of despised and rejected—by her only son: but to a judicial mind the larger aspect of the theme makes a powerful appeal. This larger aspect is the revelation of the development of the son, from an idle, dissipated, worthless youth to a man of sturdy stature and real worth to the world,—a development enforced from him by the tragic burden which, prompted by natural affection, he has deemed it his clear duty to assume. This, surely, is a wholesome and invigorating theme; and, contemplating the failure of the play, the critic must logically take sides against the public with the author.

"The Million"

There is a formula for farce—of which *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* of the richly humorous Eugène Labiche may be taken as a classic illustration—in accordance with which an important bit of stage "property" is mislaid very early in the action, and the remainder of the play exhibits an uproarious and feverish pursuit, on the part of all the characters, of the "property" that has been lost. A recent example of this type of farce is *The Million,* adapted by an unannounced translator from the French of Mm. Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, both of whose names are wrongly spelled upon the programme. M. Berr is, within his range, an exquisite actor, and is one of the finest readers in France; and it seems a pity that, when he has written a very amusing play, the office of Mr. Henry W. Savage, in presenting it to the public, should delete an *r* from his name and alter a *u* to an *n* in the name of his collaborator. When a manager has bought a good play, he might at least find out who wrote it.

In *The Million,* the "property" that is mislaid is a ticket for a million *pesos* in a Brazilian lottery. It belongs to an impecunious sculptor, who, regarding it as worthless, leaves it carelessly in the pocket of his studio blouse. When he discovers that his number is the winning one, the blouse has already disappeared, —having been donned as a disguise by an escaping burglar, who has dashed through his studio in the course of a flight from the police. Thereafter the sculptor and his friends pursue the missing and elusive blouse. It passes through a second-hand clothing shop, is purchased by an Italian tenor who intends to wear it in a production of *La Bohème,* is cast out of a window onto the roof of a passing taxi-cab, and is ultimately run down and recovered in a suburban road-house.

Many novel and entertaining incidents are strung along this traditional strand of plot. The farce dashes headlong through a laugh-provoking series of events. The characters are clearly distinguished and sufficiently realised to evoke a momentary illusion of plausibility. And though the dialogue is scarcely witty, it is at least merry in mood and sufficiently alive to contribute to the general sense of jollity.

"The Price"

It seems difficult to believe that Mr. George Broadhurst's melodrama called *The Price* was written in the same period of his development as *Bought and Paid For.* In the past, Mr. Broadhurst has appeared as a conventional mechanician of the theatre, clever in artifice, but essentially unreal and insincere in his attitude toward life. In *Bought and Paid For* he suddenly shot up in stature, and set forth a serious and earnest study of several well-selected characters. The play was faulty in structure; but it was so real that it deserved high praise. Now, in *The Price,* he has redescended to his earlier artificiality.

The heroine, who is a secretary with both yearnings and ambitions, becomes

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the mistress of a well-known painter, whose wife is a workaday and unillumined woman. Owing to the stimulating influence of the heroine, the painter makes some matchless pictures. But meanwhile the heroine has fallen more enduringly in love with a certain doctor. She tells this fact to the painter at a moment when he is suffering from a weakness of the heart. The shock of the revelation is too much for him, and he tumbles dead at her feet.

The heroine marries the doctor; and the married pair take into their household a very young girl who is good to look upon. The widow of the dead painter applies to the doctor for employment as housekeeper; and the doctor engages her, despite the protests of his wife. She remains for some time in the household, although the heroine does not want her and might at any time dismiss her if the author did not interfere. The unwelcome housekeeper manages to make the heroine jealous, without cause, of the innocuous young girl, and ultimately tells the doctor that his wife had formerly been the mistress of her husband. The doctor is allured to forgive his wife this indiscretion; but, coming ultimately to suspect that she has killed the painter, he leaves the house in a huff. The heroine decides on suicide, but is deterred from this purpose by the advice of a female servant, who has tried suicide herself, on a similar occasion, without any practical result. In the end the heroine resolves, instead, to sit down and wait for her husband to come back to her. The moral of this edifying fabrication seems to be that if a woman wishes to be happy though married she had better avoid having lived with the husband of some other woman before marching to the altar.

It is surely unnecessary to state that this artificial play has no real reference to life. It is, throughout, a manufactured product. The story is incredible; the people—with the exception of the painter's wife—are unreal; and the dialogue is conventional and commonplace. It remains, however, a pleasure to record that Mr. Broadhurst's other effort, *Bought and Paid For,* is a very worthy play.

"The Cave Man"

The Cave Man, by Mr. Gelett Burgess, exhibited an unsatisfactory working-out of a very clever idea. A witty countess named Lady Méchante makes a wager that she can successfully introduce any casual stranger into the circles of what is called polite society. She tears a hundred dollar bill in two, and throws one part of it out of the window with a note stating that the finder, if he be a man, may secure the other part by calling at her apartment. Her mischievous missive falls into the hands of a coal-heaver named Haulick Smagg. Having captured this primordial, untutored specimen of the eternal-masculine, Lady Méchante devotes a fortnight to teaching him stock-phrases, and thereafter introduces him into a rich and vulgar family of "climbers," who accept him as what the French call an "original." So far, so good. The theme, up to this point, afforded Mr. Burgess an opportunity for many brilliancies of social satire, and he decked his dialogue with clever and witty lines. But at this point he made the great mistake of shifting from the key of satire to the key of sentimental romance. He started a conventional love-story between the countess and the coal-heaver, and asked his audience to take the story seriously. By doing this he merely impressed upon the audience an overwhelming sense of the preposterousness of his basic situation. For this reason the play, though cleverly conceived and wittily written, sank to dismal failure.

"The Lady from the Sea"

A company called the Drama Players, guaranteed against financial loss by the munificence of certain public-spirited citizens of Chicago, has been playing a preliminary season of classic drama in New York. Their performance of that masterpiece of contemporary dramaturgy, *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero—a play whose supreme craftsmanship can never be sufficiently praised—was exhibited too late for comment in the present article. It was preceded by two productions,—one of Ibsen and one of Molière.

Among the many plays of Ibsen, *The*

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Lady from the Sea was chosen, because it had never before been presented in America. This, under the circumstances, was a sufficient reason for giving it; but the presentation revealed conclusively that it was not without reason that *The Lady from the Sea* had been obliged to wait so long for production on our stage. As a theatric composition it is assuredly the weakest of Ibsen's later plays. Nothing happens throughout the sequence of its five misty and mysterious acts. The characters are not interesting as selected types of human nature; and the dialogue is dull. Yet there is a certain elusive appeal of poetry in the piece which is not felt in the other plays of Ibsen between the *Pillars* and *The Master-Builder*. Ellida's longing for the illimitable, her yearning for that vasty freedom which is symbolised by the sea,—a longing which is silenced at last only when her husband sets her formally free of all the human ties that bind her,—is a theme that can only, in the adjective of Hilda, be described as "thrilling." But this theme is overlaid with much that is extraneous, much that is obscure.

"The Learned Ladies"

As their second offering, the Drama Players set forth a version of *Les Femmes Savantes* of Molière, translated very deftly into English blank verse by Professor Curtis Hidden Page, under the necessarily inadequate title of *The Learned Ladies*. It would be superfluous to state that this play is one of the greatest comedies of all time; but it may be interesting to note that, at this performance in an alien tongue and in a foreign country, two hundred and thirty-nine years after its original production, the play revealed itself as fresh and new, and immediately applicable as a wise satire of the life we see about us every day. It would be impertinent, in a passing article, to attempt to add the merest little leaf to that imperishable wreath of laurel that decks the brow of the incomparable Molière; but for those who are not lacking in the lofty sentiment of reverence it may be reassuring to record that the casual and indiscriminate audience of Broadway was awakened easily to thoughtful laughter by this supreme and perfect comedy of character.

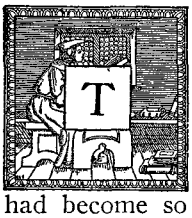
In the January issue Mr. Hamilton will discuss the Irish National Theatre and will review in detail the repertory of Irish plays now being presented in America by the Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin. Particular attention will be devoted to the works of the greatest of the Irish dramatists, the late J. M. Synge.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

XII—Strange Stories of the Land Office

Lives there a man with so swelled a head
Who never to himself hath said—
"I want free land!"



THUS paraphrased a Washington wag on hearing that the members of President Taft's party, travelling with him on his speech-making tour of the West, had become so badly infected with the free land fever that they had thrown dignity to the porters on the special train, and stepping off at Rapid City, South Dakota, registered at the United States local land office for a chance in the land lottery disposing of about three thousand tracts of land in the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations of South Dakota.

The story runs that every member of the Presidential party—excepting the President himself—from genial Secretary Hilles down to the messengers, cheer-

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fully paid their silver quarters and solemnly swore that they did not own one hundred and sixty acres of homestead land anywhere else, and that they hoped to be lucky in the drawing; for there is nothing more uncertain in life than the fortunes of a politician, or a great man's followers, and they'd go back to Washington feeling better if they had some solid ground to stand on, in case of a political upheaval. But Dame Fortune, in their case, seemed to think that when men had something good on hand they should not gamble on the future, and, in guiding the hand of the little girl selected to pick out three thousand names from about fifty thousand, she saw to it that the names of the Presidential party were not drawn. Of course, the disappointed ones said they only did it for a joke; that there were only about two hundred sections of land in the vast area worth being burdened with; that the climate wouldn't suit them anyway; and gave many other consoling reasons to bear them philosophically on the remainder of the political journey.

About the same time, two monotype operators of the Government Printing Office, while still holding their places in Washington, received notice that their names were among the lucky ones in the drawing for the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation lands, near Minot, North Dakota. These men, having served in the United States Army, were privileged to register by proxy, which they did. Their service in the Philippines has evidently made them fearless of hardships, for, instead of clinging to their certain positions, with good salaries attached, they have declared their intentions of forsaking the monotype machines next spring, and mounting planting machines on their claims in the land of the Dakotas.

"This Government is getting too darned practical for a fellow like me, who likes any excitement!" exclaimed an adventuresome middle-aged man, who had nomadic blood in his veins. "There ain't no more ginger dust raised in making a run for land; no camping along the strip for weeks ahead; no sitting on your horse long before dawn, waiting for the word 'Go!' and the grand old come-as-you-can race to get over the line on entry day—nothing doing in the excitement line, when you wait on a machine and a kid drawer to tell you what your chances are to get a bit of earth."

THE LAND OFFICE AND CUPID

And many of the pioneer women agree with him; for the girls and women who participated in those rushes usually enjoyed them as much as the men; for they were adventurous, too, or they would not have nerved themselves to join in the rush; much less pledge themselves to break ground, build, and live on some lonely section, pending the perfection of their patent. And many romances were the outcome of those camps and stampedes; the like of which are improbable, if not impossible, under existing methods of entry. For instance, when Oklahoma was open for white settlement, a young woman employed in the Government service in Washington obtained leave of absence from her desk and notified her sister clerks that she was going down to Indian Territory to stake a claim. They looked at her frail frame, reminded her of her "bundle of nerves," which would be sure to collapse under any undue excitement, and enveloped her in several wet blankets of discouragement—all to no purpose—to Oklahoma she was going—and she went. When she returned to Washington a few weeks after the rush, it was merely to pack her entire personal effects and hand in her resignation. When her sister clerks gathered around her to hear what luck she had, she told them that she not only had one of the best sections of land open to entry, but was engaged to be married to "the best man on earth." She met him in one of the camps composed, on the whole, of men and women from the East and the Middle West; though he had lived for several years among the ranchmen of Wyoming. He was down there in the spirit of adventure, but with the determination that if he found anything in Oklahoma better than Wyoming offered he would take it. On the day of the rush, the members of her camp all struck out together. She was not used to horseback, and her ride was full of perils made terrible in the wild confusion of many other racers crowding against her. Finally, her

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little horse fell, and she with it. Then it was that "the best man on earth" lifted her to his mount and raced with her to the goal. Tremblingly she made her entry, and then promptly collapsed. In the excitement, her cavalier lost all thought of looking after his own entry, and when she learned this, she expressed her regret to him so sincerely that he told her the one way she could make him happy over his loss was to give him herself; and they could settle on her land together. As she had fallen deeply in love with him, because of his chivalrous action in carrying her to the goal, without thought of his own pecuniary interests, she was not long in deciding that he was just the partner she needed on her claim.

It not infrequently happens even to-day that love and land claims keep both Cupid and the Land Office busy trying to adjust the business of two hearts that declare they beat as one, and would like good Uncle Sam to make an exception in their case and allow them to keep two sections of land jointly, though they have filed on them separately. But Uncle Sam shakes his head to every such plea. Sometimes Cupid wins out, when the woman in the case agrees with the man that the land she has filed on is not worth the tedious waiting for a wedding day; and so she abandons her claim and moves on that of her husband. But more often than not, Cupid sits down on the line dividing the two sections and whimpers sorrowfully over the ways of such practical lovers, who prefer to have one hundred and sixty acres extra land to extra years of matrimonial felicity. Sometimes he is inclined to shake his fist at the Land Office, declaring it should shorten the period of probation in engaged couple cases, and the Land Office may be quoted as replying:

"It would never do, Dan Cupid. If we made such an exception in the homestead laws, you'd have almost as many fraud love cases on your hands as we have fraud land cases, and that's an amount to make you dizzy. Persons would marry for the sake of joining estates sooner than they could if they each waited to perfect respective claims. We are being generous to wink at the knowledge, which we sometimes have, that a man and a woman stake neighbouring claims with the full intention of joining them when they join hands in matrimony."

THE "CLAIM CLUBS"

Yet, under guise of the lone settler or the farm-hungry man, thousands of men have staked claims and thrown up shacks, which they live in as little as the law requires, until such a time when their patent is secured—a time often shortened by the payment of cash—said cash supplied by a large syndicate which has employed men to act as pawns in the great game of winning baronial estates from Uncle Sam. To-day we speak of these concerns as trusts, land robbers, or perhaps, using a polite term, corporations. We find that in the year 1859, the Secretary of the Interior referred to these little fathers of great corporations as "Claim Clubs." He defined such as "being organised for the purpose of selecting tracts of land, and selling same on their pretended rights thereto, to actual settlers." He told how these claim clubs seldom cut more than four trees on each section; and these four logs were supposed to be the outline of a house—to be built sometime. If a genuine settler arrived on the scene, and voiced his intention to settle on what appeared to be virgin land, he was promptly forbidden by the man who had cut the four logs. Some of these disappointed settlers moved on, without protest to other quarters; while others, tired of moving on and on, like Wandering Willie, and passing vast tracts of land held in trust for big concerns by these members of Claim Clubs, took their grievances to the General Land Office at Washington. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Secretary of the Interior, being unduly pestered—for that age—with such complaints, started a mild investigation and declared that such practices should not be encouraged, by neglect, on the part of the Government. Compared to the scandals and storms attendant on the land scandals of this period, his voice was as a polite protesting whisper; and the Claim Clubs flourished until they grew too big to be called by that provincial title.

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THE YAZOO

But the Land Office has been the centre for some of the most disgraceful scandals which ever shook the nation, and in them were involved some of the greatest statesmen this country has produced. The soul of the patriot is likely to grow faint in reviewing the records of these old scandals, but joyfully revives when he reflects that as a nation we are growing more moral; for short shift is given the dishonest public servant today; and the majority of Americans are alive to the fact that they are real, not visionary, heirs to vast properties managed by the Government, and that they are entitled to demand, at any time, an account of its management.

In the first year of President Washington's administration occurred the first notable land scandal, known as "the Yazoo" from the fact that it concerned the Yazoo district in Georgia. At that time, Georgia claimed the vast territory lying between her present boundary and the Mississippi River, and in 1789 sold about fifteen million acres of this land to the South Carolina Yazoo Company, the Tennessee Yazoo Company, and the Virginia Yazoo Company, respectively, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. But the sale was not consummated, because these companies wished to make payments in depreciated Georgia currency. In 1795, the Yazoo Companies reorganised, and for a half million dollars, Georgia sold them about thirty-five million acres of land, now comprised in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. At that time the land affairs of the country were under the control of the Treasury and War Departments; for the Land Office as a distinctive bureau was not created until 1812, and then it became a branch of the Treasury Department exclusively. But the Chief Executive and Congress kept a watchful eye on its affairs, having no mind to let the land so dearly won be disposed of by dishonest speculators. Washington was a land speculator himself, as the records of Virginia show. Scenting fraud in the Yazoo transactions, he made it the subject of a special message to Congress. The charge had been made that extensive bribery was used to bring about the necessary legislation for the Yazoo sale; whereupon James Jackson, United States Senator from Georgia, resigned his seat and ran for a seat in the State Legislature, which he secured, and then stood forth as the exponent of the people of the United States, to demand the repeal of the Yazoo act and erase it from the records. The result was that in 1802, Georgia ceded all territory west of her present boundary to the Federal Government. By the time that Jefferson entered the Executive Mansion the original Yazoo purchasers were knocking at the vaults of the Treasury at Washington, and likewise demanding that Congress reimburse them for their losses in the Yazoo district. Jefferson, backed by his Cabinet, advocated compromising with these claimants, though not going so far as to declare they had right on their side. It was a weapon in the hands of Jefferson's political enemies, who boldly charged him and his official family with being influenced by the claimants. Congress took up the matter; and, as many of the members were interested in having the claim allowed, and others opposed it to show their distrust of the President—if for nothing else—the debates were exciting in the extreme; and when John Randolph of Virginia ramped up and down the aisle, pawing the air, and pounding the desks, as he emitted vitriolic denunciations against the Yazoos, even those who lingered outside in the lobbies knew that their case was lost. When the majority in Congress voted down the relief bill, the claimants took the matter into the courts; at length securing a favourable verdict from the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1814, when we were under a great deal of expense on account of our pending war with Great Britain, Congress, in obedience to the verdict of the Supreme Court, was obliged to vote an appropriation of eight million dollars in script—payable from the proceeds of the Mississippi lands—to reimburse the Yazoo claimants.

THE MYRA CLARKE ROMANCE

When the present writer was at that age when fairy stories were real, and real stories were fairy stories, she heard tales of the strange old lady, plump and

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short, with snapping eyes, who came to Washington every now and then and got no end of money from the big men who ran the country; and though she got more and more she was never satisfied. The servants told that, in spite of all this, she despised money. Why, she would not touch a hundred dollar bill unless it had been washed right before her eyes before it was put on the silver tray on which it was given to her! This strange lady died long before the child turned from fairy stories to novels, or listened to the elders discuss the many strange claims which were brought to Washington, but she was to learn that the lady who was always getting money, and who never got enough, was no other than Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines—the subject and the heroine of at least one novel, and of many newspaper paragraphs, even in the days when scant attention was paid to women by the press—and who holds the record for being the most persistent and long-enduring single claimant that ever appeared in Washington. Back of this was not her love of land, or of money, it would appear, but a desire to prove her parentage; to make it proof-positive by securing every foot of land, every penny that should come to her, as the daughter of Daniel Clarke, one of the most prominent and wealthy men of the South during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Clarke was an Irishman who, when but a lad, was persuaded by his uncle, a wealthy landowner in and around New Orleans, to come to the United States with the prospect of falling heir to this wealth. So well did the Irishman thrive that he was sent to represent Louisiana in Congress. When at the height of his honours he met and fell in love with a lady, whom the chronicles relate was that mixture of French and Spanish designated as Creole. She had, unfortunately, contracted a union with a French bigamist before she met Clarke, whom she loved dearly. Clarke, in order to manage the affair with discretion, married her secretly, hoping that she would soon free herself of the dishonourable Frenchman. When the child Myra was born, Clarke thought best that it be placed in charge of a friend, who would keep his secret, and this was done, though the mother is presumed to have had the privilege of seeing it at times. With this guardian, on the banks of the Brandywine, Myra lived long after her parents were dead, not knowing but what her guardians were her natural protectors, until she was in the early twenties. She said she had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that her father was a rich man and lived in the far South, where all the help was black. So vividly did she describe her father's place that her guardian broke down, and confessed to her that she was Daniel Clarke's heiress. Myra soon became engaged to Mr. Whitney, of New York, and he began, with her, suit for the recovery of Clarke's New Orleans property. They were fighting for this when Whitney died. Later she married General Gaines, who also assisted her in her fights—and they were many—taken as they were before the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the Secretary of the Interior, Congress and the Supreme Court. She recovered nearly a million dollars; but she was not long in putting much of this out to get in the other millions due her; she borrowed right and left, and her second husband, General Gaines, believed so implicitly in her suit that it is said he gave her two hundred thousand dollars to throw to the lawyers in hopes of securing the many millions she believed hers. That she was victorious in making certain persons pay dearly for their disbelief in her parentage there is no doubt—if money can talk—but she died unsatisfied, leaving it to her heirs to continue the suits which kept New Orleans landowners on the edge for over half a century.

CALIFORNIA CLAIMS

If romance seems to sing over the lands we acquired from the Spanish, French and Mexicans, so does robbery and villainy stalk there too, if we are to judge by the records showing the amount of forgeries, lying, and briberies attendant upon their history in the Land Office. When by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States agreed not to disturb the titles of the lands which the Mexican Government had

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given to certain individuals, it prepared a sorry snarl for the Land Office to untangle; for many of these titles were imperfect, and the easy-going natives did not take the trouble to perfect them until the vandals, in the form of the adventurers who flocked to California in the fifties, were upon them; and, discovering the flaws in the titles, proceeded to take possession and leave it to be fought out in the courts as to which party had the right "to have and to hold." So great was the disorder, so overwhelmed was the General Land Office, as well as that of the United States Surveyor-General of California, at San Francisco, where the Spanish archives were kept, that Congress was obliged to create a Board of Land Commissioners to adjudicate the claims. Of about eight hundred claims presented to this commission, half were allowed and half rejected. Many of the latter were appealed to the District Courts, and later to the United States Supreme Court. Many of the claimants held the General Land Office at Washington in contempt, declaring that after making a wearisome and expensive journey to Washington, they learned that the claimant who could "accommodate the clerks with the largest loans won the decision."

One of the most stupendous of the California claims of the fifties was that of a Frenchman, José Yves Limantour, whose claims embraced four square leagues of land on the San Francisco peninsula, embracing one half of the city, and including Alcatraz and Yerba Buena Islands and the Farralores, with some less important lands in other parts of the territory. He asserted that all this was given to him by Governor Micheltorena, in payment for merchandise and money advanced by him when such were scarce in California, in the period following change of administration. His claims were confirmed by the Board of Land Commissioners, but he was obliged to carry the fight into the United States District Court, where he met his Waterloo; for the judge, knowing a fraud when he saw it, dismissed the case with these words:

"Whether we consider the enormous extent or the extraordinary character of the alleged concessions to Limantour, the official positions and the distinguished antecedents of the principal witnesses who have testified in support of them, or the conclusive and unanswerable proofs by which their falsehoods have been exposed—whether we consider the unscrupulous and pertinacious obstinacy with which the claims now before the court have been persisted in—although six presented before the Board have long since been abandoned—or the large sums extorted from the property-owners in this city as the price of the relinquishment of these fraudulent pretensions; or, finally, the conclusive and irresistible proofs by which the perjuries by which they have been attempted to be maintained have been exposed, and their true character demonstrated, it may safely be affirmed that *these cases are without parallel in the judicial history of the country!*"

THE ARKANSAS DECISION

The dawn of the nineteenth century found our Government fully awake to the fact that it was to have no end of trouble in the settlement of claims arising between individuals settling on public lands; and then originated the policy of securing to individuals the preference right to purchase a limited area of public land which they had lived upon and improved. So loosely were the various pre-empty laws, enacted in the early half of the nineteenth century, construed that the United States Supreme Court was called on to render a decision as to what they were really worth to the settler on public lands, which it did in the case of *Lytle et al* v. *The State of Arkansas:*

The claim of pre-emption is not that shadowy right which by some it is considered to be. Until sanctioned by law, it has no existence as a substantive right; but when covered by the law it becomes a legal right, subject to be defeated only by a failure to perform the conditions annexed to it. It is founded in an enlightened public policy, rendered necessary by the enterprise of our citizens. The adventurous pioneer who is found in advance of our settlements encounters many hardships, and not unfrequently dangers from savage incursions. He is generally poor, and it is fit that his enterprise should be rewarded by the

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privilege of purchasing the favourite spot selected by him, not to exceed one hundred and sixty acres.

Very good! But there has never been a time in the history of the General Land Office when the force of the "Contest Division" could see the end of claims filed on the ground of prior entry; and the writers of history or romance will never lack for material so long as the records of the office endure, or there lives one who has cause to remember the legal fights and private feuds arising from such claims. So many Western stories have been founded on claims of this character that it is not difficult for the average reader of American fiction to recall at least one. And there is always something fascinating about this class of story; though, like the love story—to use a paradoxical expression—"they are all the same with a difference." For every reasoning being must acknowledge the unwritten law of right by first possession, and continued rights, unless abandonment has been implied or declared. Even children observe this law in their games, such as "Pussy wants a corner," and on their nutting or berrying expeditions they look with contempt on the child who intrudes on the bush or tree of another, unless invited to share the spoils. So it is no wonder that the blood boils in every honest man who reads of claim-jumpers—those who knowingly usurp the land of others, and put them to the painful and expensive task of proving right to possession.

MR. OTT AND MR. YON

One of the earliest of the decisions in a pre-emption claim which the Secretary of the Interior was called on to render by appeal from that of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, had in it a touch of comedy. It had as rival claimants, one Mr. Ott and one Mr. Yon, who both—despite the fact that the time was 1850, and there were vast lands at the disposal of the Government—thought a certain "quarter" was the most desirable that they had come upon in their travels. It appears that Mr. Yon opened his heart to Mr. Ott and avowed his intention of going to the Land Office to make entry. The day after Yon set forth on the road, the perfidious Ott began to throw up a shack to perfect the first step in establishing a claim, and so when Yon returned, after having completed his entry, he found his rival on the ground; whereupon he turned around again and went with his grievance to the Land Office. The problem was too much for the local Land Office, and evidently for the General Land Office in Washington, for the case was appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, who, sifting the matter, found out that Yon completed his entries on the same day that Ott drove stakes; and that as Yon started for the Land Office to make known his intention of settling—which was indispensable before he could perfect his title—he was, therefore, one day in advance of Ott; in fact, had entered into a *contract* which was binding on *him*, while "the pre-emptor had done nothing from which he could not recede at pleasure." The curtain went down on Mr. Ott receding, but it may be believed not with pleasure.

That some of the settlers could not settle long without being disturbed by the Indians was brought out in some of the pre-emption claims of the "fifties," and the General Land Office was called on to oust claim-jumpers on lands which had been temporarily abandoned by the original settlers, who were obliged to flee before the aborigines. The Secretary of the Interior, in his decision in such a case, held that, "as the claimant was deterred by threats and fears of bodily harm, from continuing his settlement and improvements, he should not be held responsible for his failure to do so."

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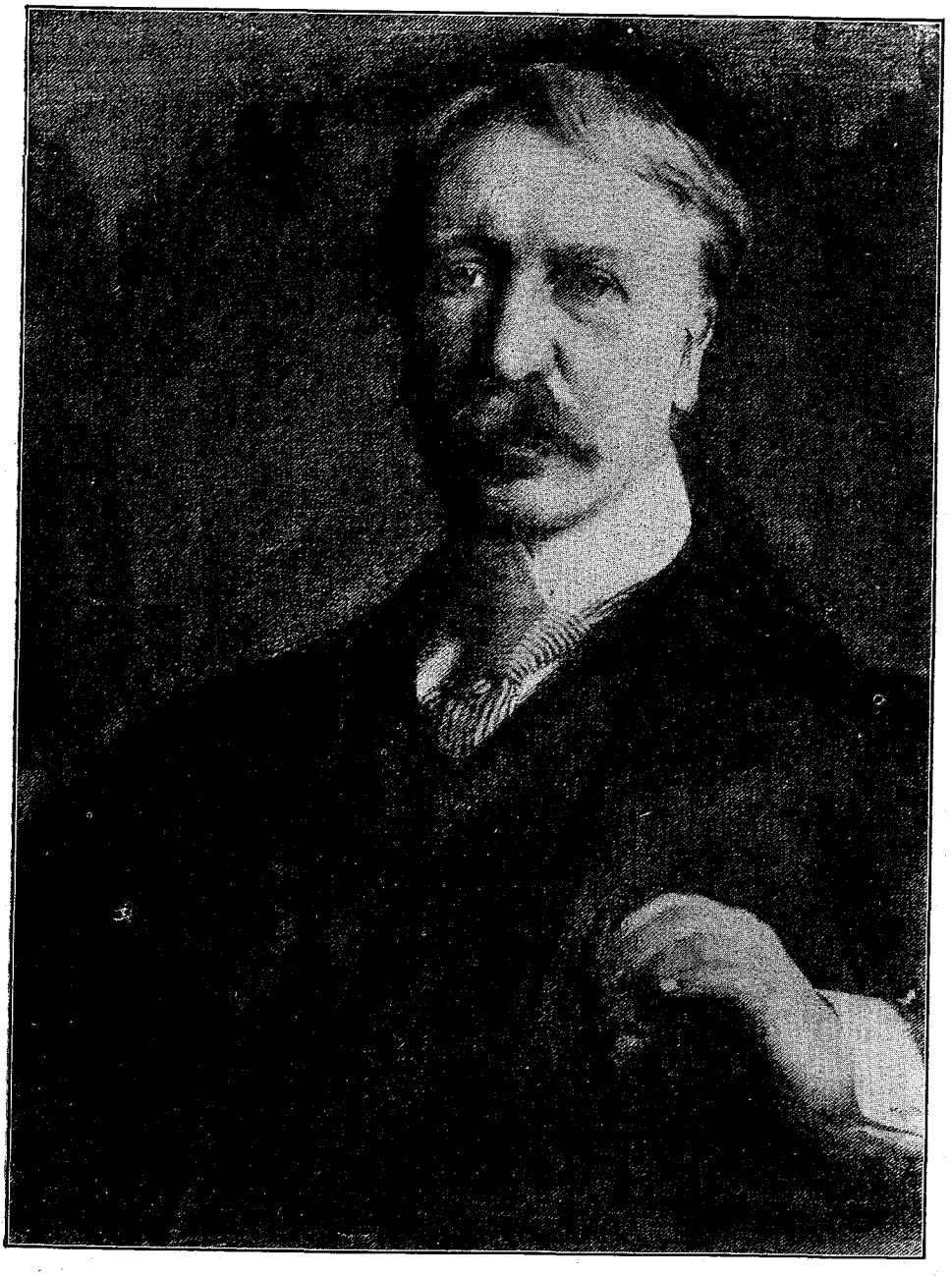

GEORGE MOORE

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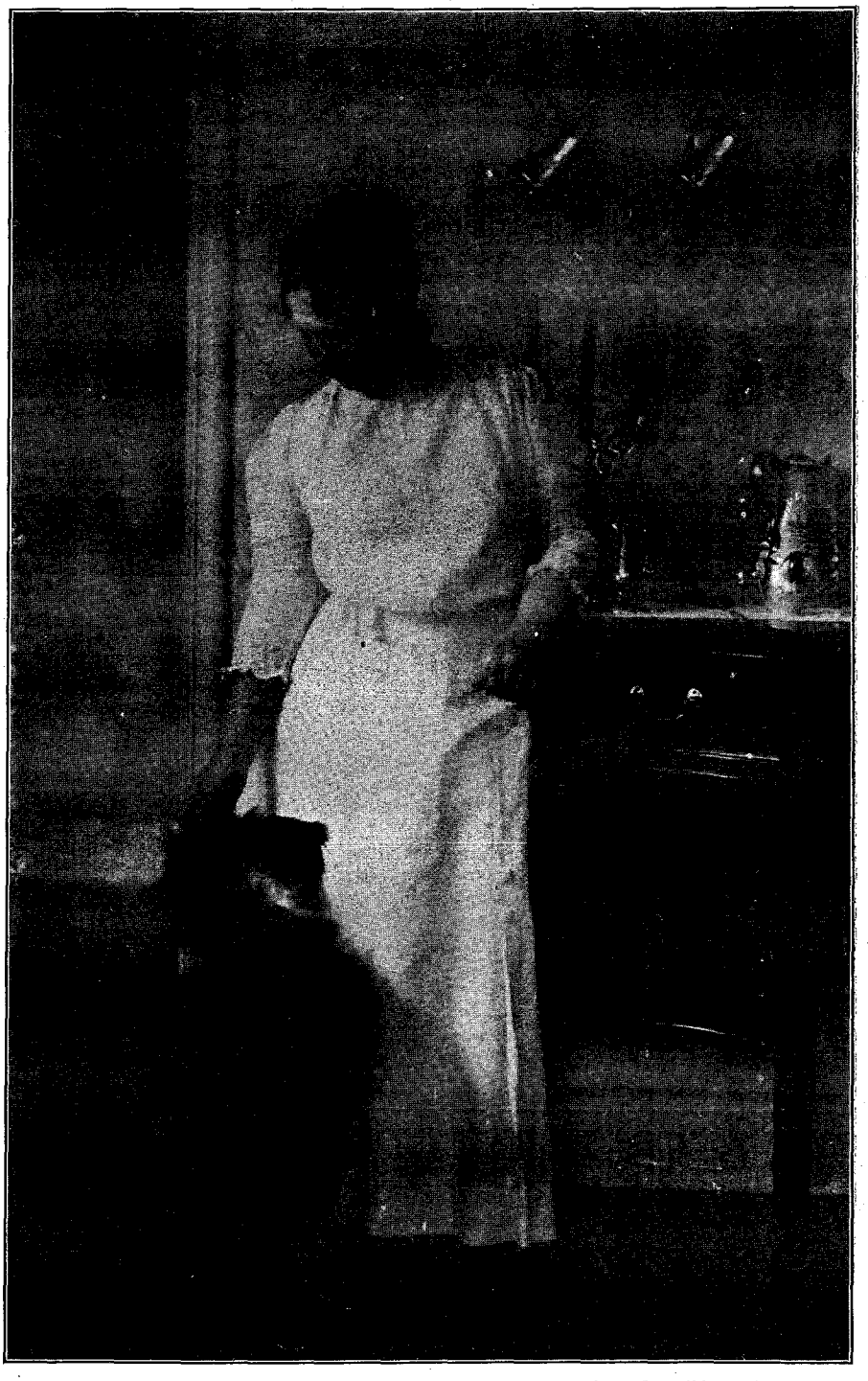

Portrait by Mathilda Weil, Philadelphia.

MARGARET DELAND

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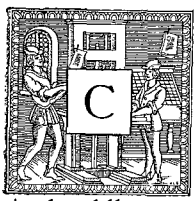
OLD SPIRITS AND NEW SEAS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN TWO PARTS. PART I



HILDREN and grown people join hands at Christmas. "It is the one time of year," said a lady, "that I can play dolls without pretending to be ashamed of it." And, oddly enough, Christmas seems the only time of year when publishers unapologetically get out picture-books for grown-ups. Sometimes they even pretend, it is true, to give you a bit of text or some other reason for doing so, but more and more are they venturing on picture-books naked and unashamed. The Gibson book, the Harrison-Fisher book, the Coles Phillips book, all pretend more or less brazenly to illustrate something, but the pictures are, with more or less success, the be-all and the end-all of their intention.

Mr. Gibson has brought together his most popular (and sometimes most populous!) recent illustrations. Conceived with his usual cleverness and executed with his usual vim, they as usual interest not for their draughtsmanship but for their story. His satirical social generalisations are only skin deep, but they have a definite and easily apprehended air of gayety. Though his model is still tall, slim, well-gowned, and very superior, he seems to be trying commendably to warm up a pretty outline with some semblance of expressiveness. Mr. Fisher again illustrates his inexhaustible ability to find new models. But they are so exactly alike in spirit and style to what he did last year and what he will do next that one wonders in what guise he can assemble a new set of sketches. If the

Among the books that Mr. Tassin will discuss in this and the succeeding papers are:

Other People. By Charles Dana Gibson, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

American Belles. By Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Gallery of Girls. By Coles Phillips. New York: The Century Company.

Songs of Innocence. By William Blake. Illustrated by Honor Appleton, with a preface by Thomas Seccombe. Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

Two Years Before the Mast. By Richard Henry Dana. Illustrations by Charles Pears. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes. Illustrations by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixera de Mattos. Illustrations in colour by F. Cayley Robinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods. By Richard Wagner. Transcribed into English by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Honey Bee. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. Illustrated by Florence Lundburg. London and New York: John Lane Company.

The Lure of the Garden. By Hildegard Hawthorne. New York: The Century Company.

The Life and Works of Winslow Homer. By William Howe Downes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Broadway. By J. B. Kerfoot. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon. By Charles Sheldon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Man Who Likes Mexico. By Wallace Gillpatrick. New York: The Century Company.

Chosen Days in Scotland. By Josephine Helena Short. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Edinburgh Revisited. By James Bone. Drawings by Hauslip Fletcher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. By T. W. Rolleston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Some Old Flemish Towns. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Spanish Sketches. By Edward Penfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Four Months Afloat in Spain. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

My Italian Year. By Richard Bagot. New York: James Pott and Company.

Cathedral Cities of Italy. By W. W. Collins. Illustrations in colour by the author. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Life in the Moslem East. By Pierre Ponafidine. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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models hold out, however, one hopes that Mr. Fisher will—for the attractiveness of his sitters is unquestionable, and the sort of thing he does is exceedingly pleasing to the sort of people who like it. The modern American girls who stare, pout, flirt and mince at the poems on the opposite pages have nothing in common with them or with the Louis XVI vignettes which border them. The models of Mr. Coles Phillips are as pretty and his witty captions more to the purpose. His book consists of forty striking poster-like effects in bright colours, wherein he has a clever trick of forcing the spectator to co-operate, thus increasing his pleasure. The imagination supplies the lines not inserted. This picture-book is a sprightly affair. Scarcely less frankly a picture book, for all its scholarly and valuable introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, is *Blake's Songs of Innocence*. The colour pictures by Honor Appleton are quite charming. They present sweet childish faces and attitudes, but without the imaginative touch inseparable from our idea of Blake. This is perhaps impossible; yet the "artistic" paper and the borders in several colours need not have been so out of keeping

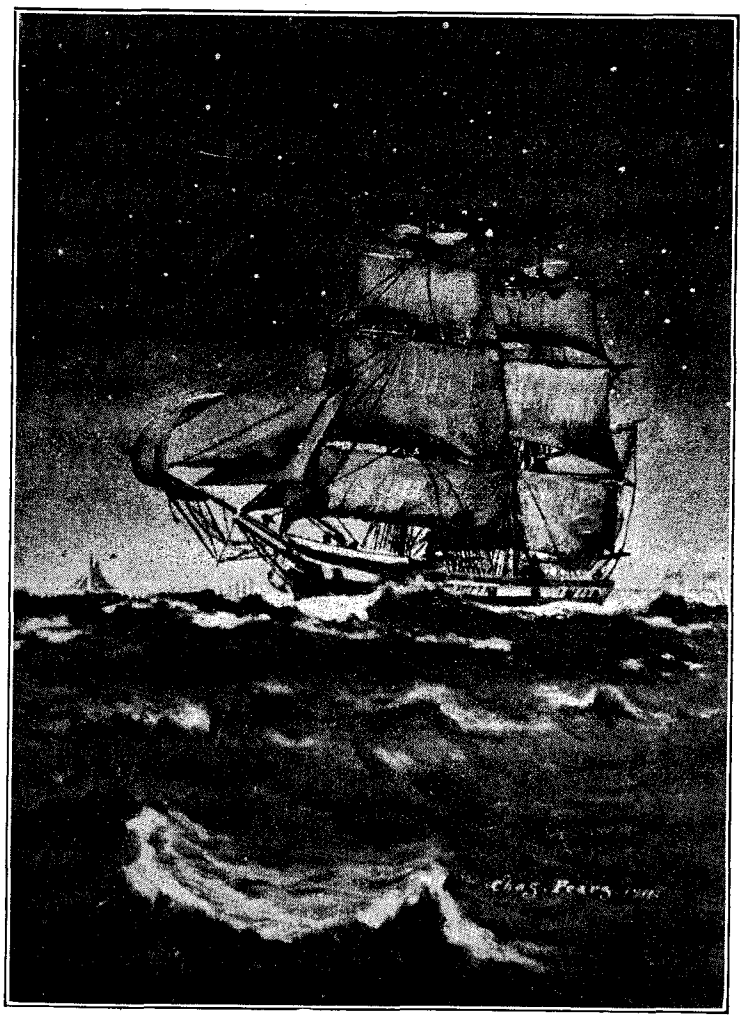

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ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES PEARS FOR "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

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with the simplicity of both poems and pictures. Blake, says Mr. Seccombe strikingly, is the delight of children and simple minds; a non-nonsensical Lear, an unmathematical Carroll, an unself-conscious non-allegorical Anderson;

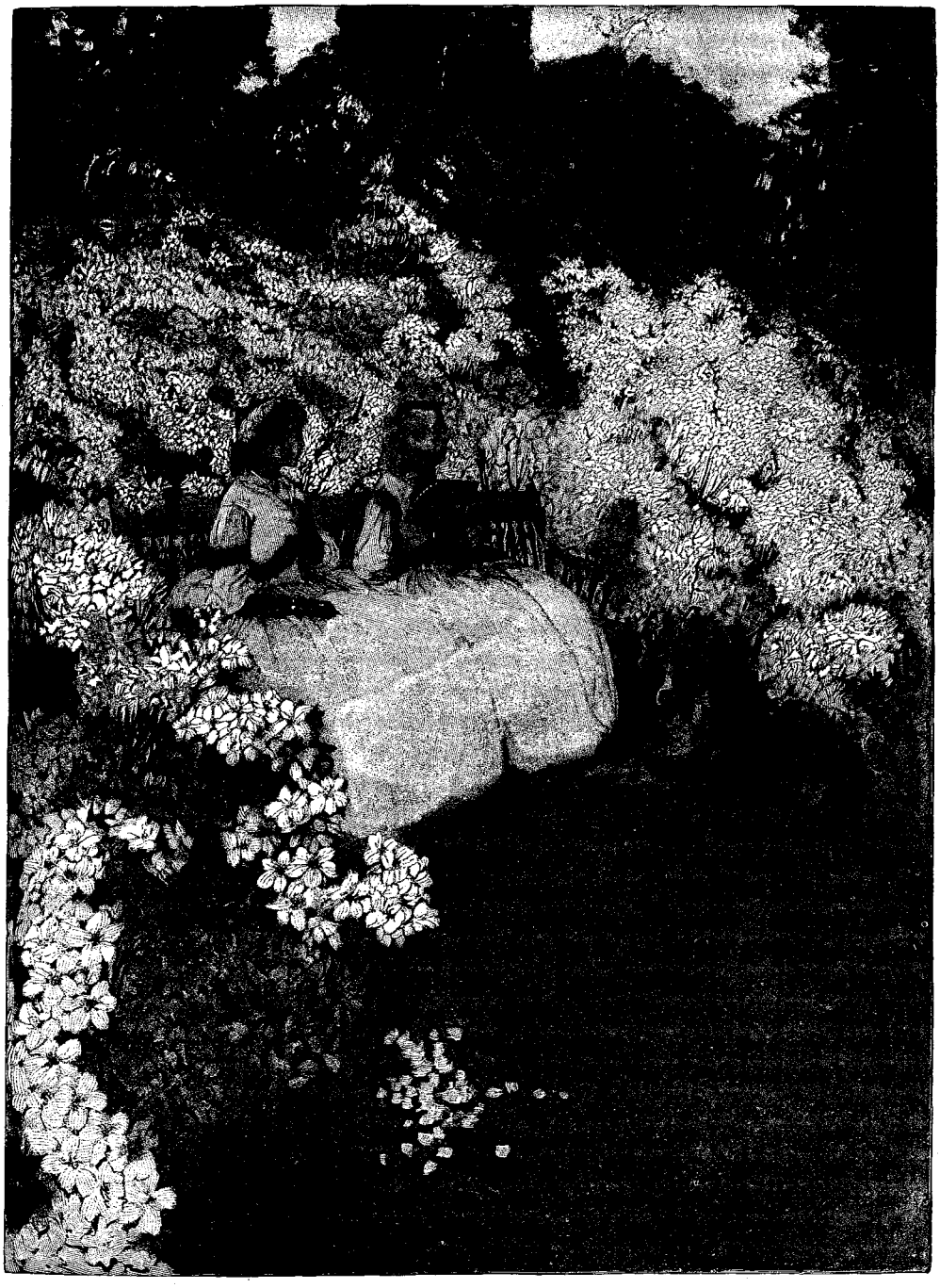

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ILLUSTRATION FROM HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE'S "THE LURE OF THE GARDEN"

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writer of the blithest and most bird-like songs in existence.

Miss Appleton's pictures might have been painted for almost anything child-like, and so might Mr. Louis Rhead's in *Two Years Before the Mast* for almost any adventurous sea story. But that is largely because his pictures present merely sea-scapes and not people. They will give much stimulus to the boyish imagination. Like Maxfield Parrishes, whom they strongly suggest in vivid colouring and technique, they are steeped in a quality of mystery. It is good that the

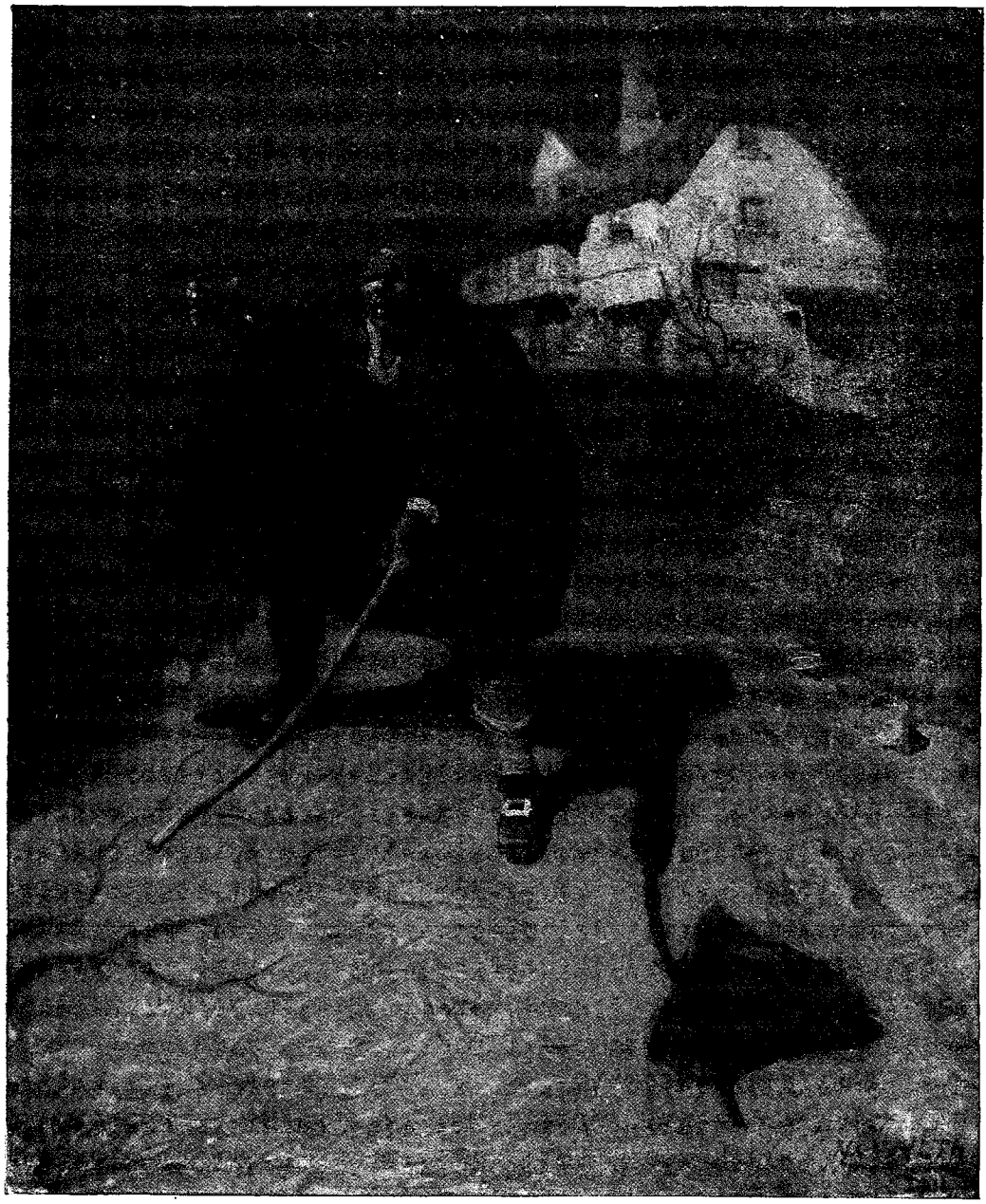

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ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH FOR STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND"

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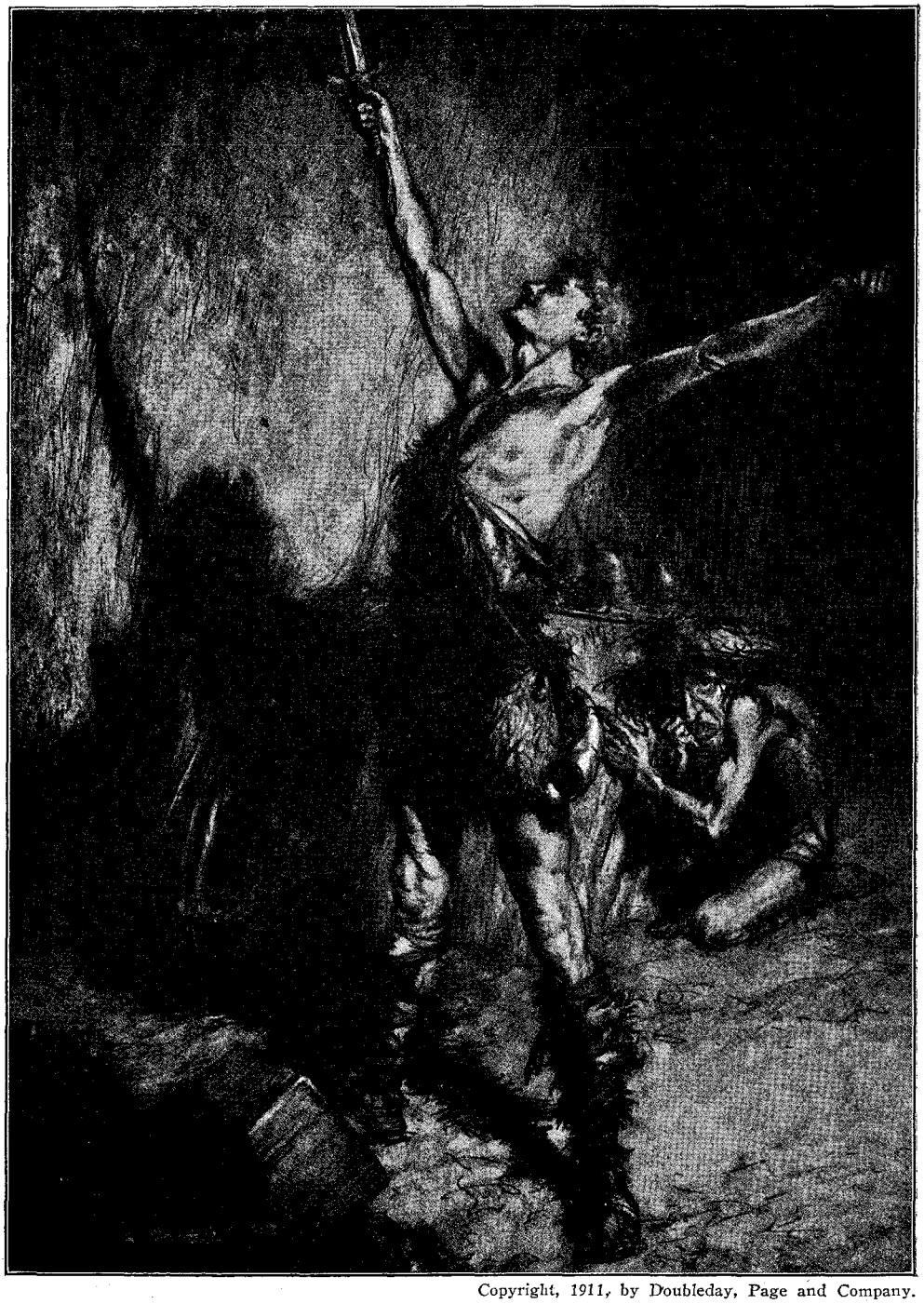

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SIEGFRIED. BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

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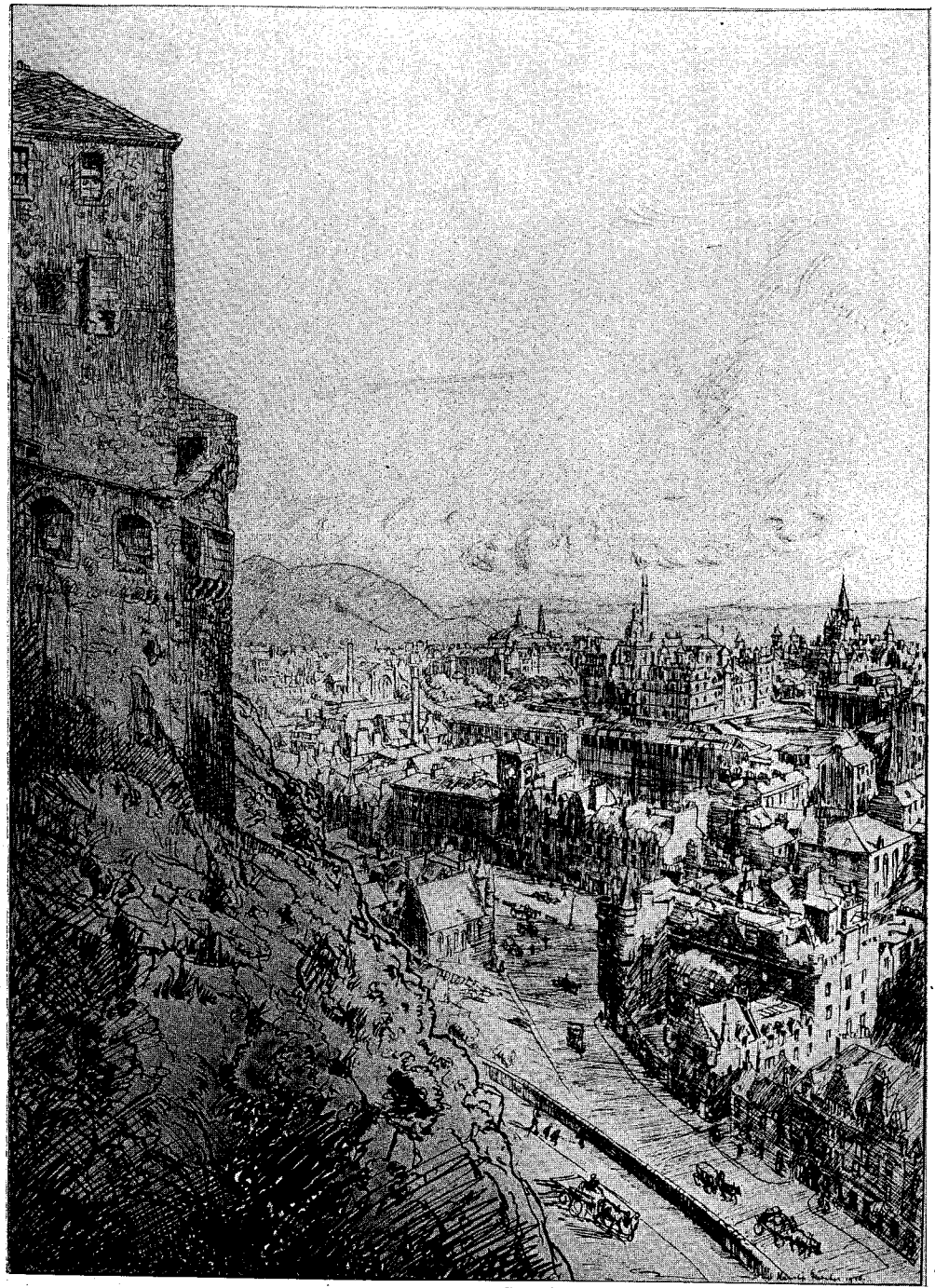

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THE FRENCH PRISONERS' TOWER, EDINBURGH CASTLE. BY HAUSLIP FLETCHER

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young Anglo-Saxon lives in an age when no one neglects the appeal to the eye. Do you remember the first time you read "this voice from the forecastle"? You will not like to admit that you got less adventure out of it than he, but if the theory of visual impressions being the strongest amounts to anything you probably did. This classical account of life on merchant sailing vessels, when voyages had always the element of adventure, has—as the preface rightly says—a caloric value for a youngster's character equal to that of his mother's milk for his physique.

Mr. Howells is perhaps over serious in his preface to *Tom Brown's School-days* when he warns a new generation against the practices of mid-Victorian schools; and so is the illustrator himself when he contributes another preface on the present aspect of Rugby, lest any boy should fancy that all things still remain the same there. But any boy is glad to know about the present state of fagging and of a few other traditional customs. The large type and the general get-up of this book is pleasing. The illustrations of Mr. Rhead have a naïve note which is very winning and would seem to be just the right tone to take with the old-fashioned setting and costumes. At times clumsy and never clever, they have life and charm and a freshness of point of view. Nor is the least of their merits a sympathethic understanding of boys, in a book where one heartily echoes the words of Mr. Howells: "Tom Brown is not only as good as one remembers it from youth, but it is better, more charming, more kindly, manlier, truer, realler."

The gift-book edition of *The Blue Bird* is the Paris version of the play and the only one which contains all the alterations and additions. It is a book for any publisher to be proud of. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's accomplished pictures are not always illustrative nor—when they have other purposes—always truly imaginative, but they present a series of admirable and harmonious images which taken as a whole are both a pleasure to the eye, and a satisfying guide to the mind. Any one who saw the play will be glad to lay away his memories in so rich a shrine. In most cases, indeed, he will get from the book better pictures than he brought to it—for the putting on of the play, both in scenery and acting, often crippled the imagination.

Very different is it with *Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods*. Here Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations enter into competition with some of the finest and most adequate stage realisations ever witnessed. But Mr. Rackham need not fear the comparison. It is sufficient to say to any one who saw last year the first volume of the Trilogy that the high standard of excellence there reached is here maintained. To those who did not one may mention enthusiastically the vigour and splendid movement, the largeness of conception and subtle atmosphere, and the grotesque, fanciful, or grandiose "feeling" for his subject which most of them show. Everything Mr. Rackham does has distinction and is within its intention almost always well done. Such intelligent illustration is a rare delight.

Not a whit less delightful, though less rare because of the nature of the subject, are Mr. N. C. Wyeth's fourteen colour illustrations of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. If there ever existed "the hesitating purchaser" to whom Stevenson addressed his introductory rhymes, he could not open to the fly-leaf here and hesitate longer. Surely these are as magnificent ruffians as ever swung across a yellow sunset, bristling with muskets, spades, and picks! And within, the individual characters are all the gloating fancy could paint—Long John Silver and Captain Flint and Black Dog and Blind Man Pew. The vividness of colouring is in intimate sympathy with the narrative and the air is vibrant with stirring action and great things about to be done. If these pictures do not set you to rumbling "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!" you never stuck a lathe through a red sash or knew the wild joy of pirate-playing. They are meant to curdle your blood (and be artistic, too), to make you hiss the villain and clasp the stripling hero to your bosom—and they do it. Happy youngsters of to-day who can have their games so stage-managed! *Grimm's Fairy Tales* has found the same good fortune. (Is it

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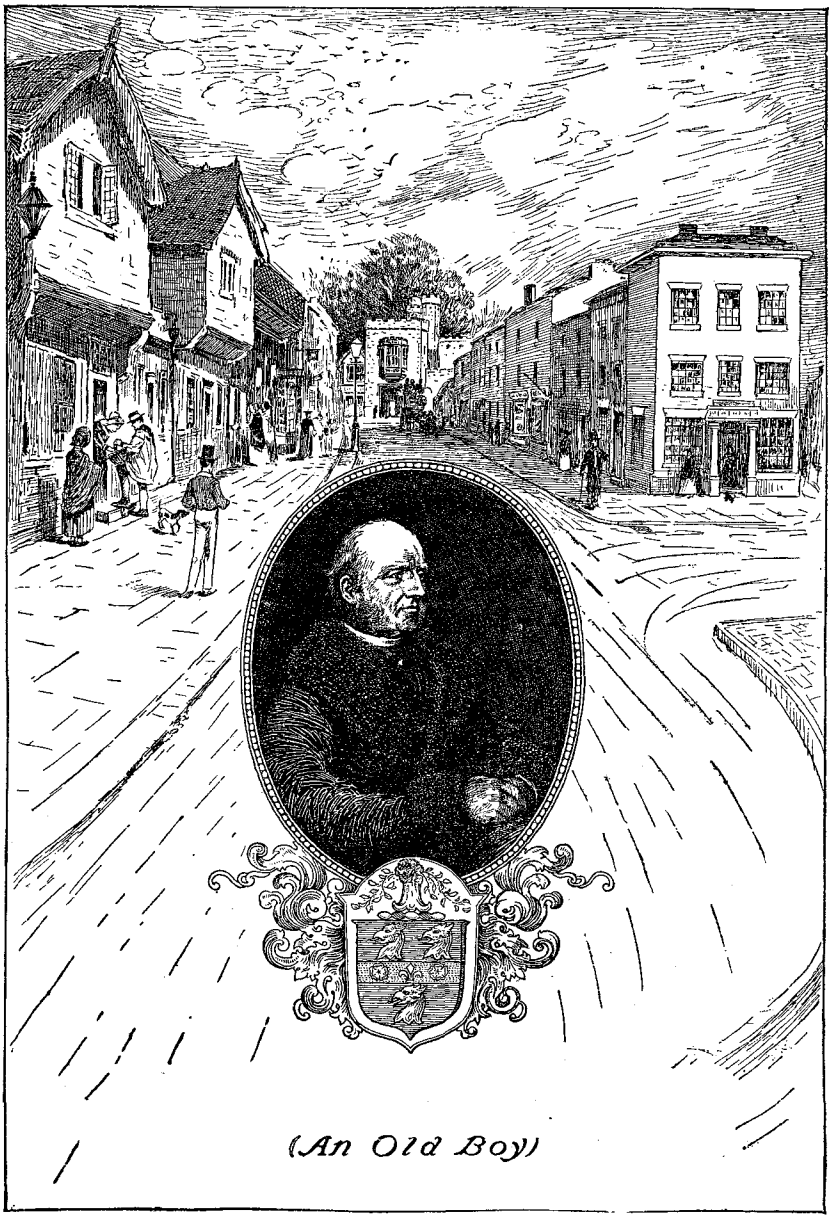
not pleasant to think of the Christmas gifts the Santa Clauses of artists are bestowing on the Deserving Children of yester-year?) Never could boy or girl visualise more satisfactorily the German gnomes and elves and giants and fairy godmothers. Again Mr. Rackham employs all his brilliant grotesquerie, and the clear broad outlines of his really adept imagination will permanently mould the childish fancy. He has appropriated Grimm as he has Wagner—it will be a rash illustrator who competes with him. For the gentler mood of the wonder-spirit of childhood is provided that exquisite fairy tale of Anatole France's,



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RUGBY AND THOMAS HUGHES. BY LOUIS RHEAD

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Honey Bee—sympathetically translated by Mrs. John Lane and illustrated by Florence Lundburg. Already a classic at home, it will be helped by such investiture as this comfortably printed book and attractive fanciful illustrations to take its proper place in the procession of the world's immortal tales for children. The subtle delicacy and sureness of the author's touch and his charm fortunately make here a universal appeal not always granted to his subjects; and through the

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TOM THUMB. BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

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portals of this story many an American child will enter into the kingdom reserved for the elect.

And now before we take our Christmas voyage over seas well-sailed or unexplored as yet, it will be good to follow a patriotic custom—just happily inaugurated—of looking around us at home first. What is nearer to us than our front-yards? Or the front-yards of our more fortunate neighbours? For though Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne believes that the first essential of a garden is privacy, she holds that all the world should be able to peep through the gate. A garden, she says, is solace or inspiration for almost every mood. It presents the most perfect of social backgrounds, where everybody feels at home; and the social value of a garden is just beginning to be understood in America. If all children might be brought up in gardens there would be fewer criminals. How better can you educate a child's sense of beauty and order or cultivate in him a perception of natural law! Furthermore, if you have not acquired a taste for gardens in youth, you will never get it completely. The art of using a garden, however, is more difficult than the art of making one. The real use of a garden is to unfold the soul, and the only real ones have taken shape in the minds of those who loved them and found joy in actual labour. But a garden is like a human mother, and it will persist in being fond of its weeds at the expense of its better offspring; and she warns you that even the most correct garden is liable to sudden lapses and hideous indulgences. Yet all the trouble a garden causes is delectable to a genuine lover. The illustrations of the many artists who have adorned the handsome volume show variety of point of view and give suggestions of what can be done in landscape gardening and in the adaptation of Italian decoration to American surroundings. The pleasing harmonies of the flower-beds in the colour pictures give a glimpse of the growing idea of properly selecting and grouping colours in plants—an idea due in great part to the influence of the impressionistic painters.

(*To be concluded*)

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

A Christmas gift, oh Lord—
Some fiery vision,
Not drowsy promises
Of fields Elysian.

It was but now we came
Out of the jungle;
And how can beasts contrive
Save botch and bungle?
Since half is still the beast
And half is human
Sorrow must follow hard
On man and woman.

But let Thy kindness thrill
Through hateful places:
Our wicked streets are paved
With baby faces—
For these, Thy little ones,
Strew Christmas graces;
Let each one have a toy,
Forget not any
And think upon their tears—
The sad too many!

For their sake come once more
Down to Thy manger;
Once more drive from Thy church
The money changer.

Again where all may see
Die for us, Master:
Because we shrink too much
From death's disaster.
Master, once more die Thou,
And show us how.

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A REMINISCENCE OF 1898*

BY WILFRED HUGH CHESSON

IN 1894 I saw a manuscript by a very well-known woman author lying—a new and purchased commodity—upon the table of a famous publisher. The publisher was a liberal in politics and religion; his catalogue, impressively comprehensive, almost declared him to be the patron of Thought, pure, unspecified, unadjectived. The publisher turned over the preliminary pages of the manuscript and read these words:

To Oscar Wilde, with admiration.

"I'm not going to print that," he said, and a faithful pencil chained to his person pounced upon the offending dedication and slew it.

That incident was the first which disturbed my view of Wilde as a young man's ideal, happy and secure in his free thought and originality. Hitherto he had been almost a humorous nursery figure, over whom Paterfamilias uttered a tolerant "Pooh," deeming his hedonism to be as rootless as most men's Christianity. Wilde had worn his hair long and curly, and his somewhat sudden sacrifice of its Postlethwaitian excess was audibly noticed, in his presence, by a girl to whom Wilde said, "It was a pity, wasn't it?" This anecdote, a trifle insipid, is typical of those anecdotes from which the British public obtained an idea of Wilde, unjust to his power, but favourable to his liberty. Indeed, just after his death, a journalist employed the sieve, which I will designate his memory, to remember that the best of Wilde's wit was expressed when he said: "I was disappointed by the Atlantic."

Even in my own home (which in 1894 was No. 5 in the street in which Wilde resided when he was not in London hotels or elsewhere)—even in that thoughtful dwelling Wilde was closely identified with the æsthetic bridegroom, whose intense bride adjured him to "live up" to their six-mark teapot. He was an iconoclast who passed with the crowd as a comedian.

After 16 Tite Street, Chelsea, had been ransacked and despoiled to pay his creditors, a resident of 5 Tite Street, Chelsea, entered a bookshop in the adjacent Queen's Road. That resident was I. There I bought Wilde's beribboned Bible, some leaves of his MSS., the copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets which he had studied before writing "Mr. W. H.," a private copy of *Duchess of Padua* and a corrected copy of *Vera the Nihilist,* a tragedy which he wrote when he was eighteen. The find was a happy one, enabling me to penetrate into his workshop. Among the pencilled marginalia of *Vera* I found this variant on an epigram attributed to Sir Robert Walpole: "Every man has his price—but he was really quite expensive." In *The Duchess of Padua* this witticism reappears in blank verse: "Why every man among them has his price, although, to do them justice, some of them are quite expensive."

In 1898 I wrote to Wilde, offering him the plays as a gift. His reply reached me in Paris. It told me that his name was henceforth Sebastian Melmoth, and I saw that he had borrowed from a horrible romance which half Europe once admired, but which he was too modern to care much about. I mean *Melmoth the Wanderer,* by Charles Maturin, a connection of Wilde's family.

Wilde's Paris address was Hôtel d'Alsace, Rue des Beaux Arts, and there I delivered *The Duchess of Padua* and some leaves of his MSS.† He was stay-

*In view of the papers by Mr. Ransome and Mr. Glaenzer in the May and June issues, we felt that Oscar Wilde as a subject for THE BOOKMAN was disposed of for some time to come. But this paper, coming to the office unsolicited and unexpected, seemed to contain so much that was fresh and keenly interesting, that editorial policy had to give way.

†Nevertheless, the production for general circulation of *The Duchess of Padua* was delayed till after the death of the dramatist, who had expressed his intention of giving me the first copy of his edition of it. When Mr. William

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ing, however, at l'Idée, Perreaux, Nogent-sur-Marne, and thence he sent me an invitation to breakfast.

On July 5, 1898—a perfect summer day—I saw for the first time, except in *Punch,* the tall and debonair poet and wit, who, in adversity, had entered my Pantheon. He awaited me at the gate of the courtyard of l'Idée—an unaffected Englishman, stalwart in homespun.

"I am correcting the proofs of a play," he said, "*The Importance of Being Earnest.*" He gave good Irish weight, without roll, to the syllable "port," and I was amused, for I knew that he was throwing the play into the title.

We sat *vis-à-vis* at a round table in the courtyard, and I noticed the massiveness of his hair, and thought how different was its thick but not wavy abundance from the operatic idea of flowing locks. I hoped, as my eyes fell on his proofs, on a table near us, that he felt creative and eager for art. I named a man who borrowed his style in affecting to satirise it, and asked if such a person were not enough to irritate him into the mood for writing more novels and plays.

"It is dreadful, is it not?" he said, *à propos* the imitations of him thrown upon the market. "Of course I can write, but I have lost the joy of writing."

I praised the future, and he said piously, "I do not doubt that there are as wonderful things in my future as there are in my past."

I told him my impression of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* "Ah! I had to write that," he said, as if it came as naturally as the eloquent letter upon children in Reading Gaol, which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* after his release. "I am glad," I said, "that you allowed yourself a bad rhyme. 'We banged the tins and bawled the hymns' is so perfectly out of tune." He said he had thought of revising the line, but a friend had persuaded him to retain it. He thought the press had noticed the poem "very sweetly," and quoted a phrase by Mr. Arthur Symons—"the unseen violence upon souls." "I should love to have written it," he said. This unseen violence was the only personal suffering in prison which he spoke about.

"Once," he said, "while we were exercising, a man behind me said, 'This is a strange place to meet Dorian Gray in!' 'Not Dorian Gray,' I said, 'but Lord Henry Wotton.'" Lord Henry, in *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* is Dorian's instructor in pleasure. "This man," added Wilde, "had mastered, as we all had to, the art of talking without moving the lips. He said, 'I was at all your first nights, and I was at your trials.'"

Wilde spoke with kindness of the associates of C. 3. 3., and here and there admired. "Have you ever noticed a thief's hands?" he asked, "how beautiful they are? How fine and delicate at the tips? They must be fine and delicate to take the watch from your pocket without your knowing." His own hands were large and thick, and one of them was adorned by a scarab as big as a sixpence. "They say it is unlucky to wear it," he said; "but it is thousands of years old. I kept it when the rest went."

He told me that, after his release (1897), he went to a palmist in Paris. She looked at his hands and said, "I am puzzled. By your line of life you died two years ago. I cannot explain the fact except by supposing that since then you have been living on your line of imagination."

Having some knowledge of the chiromantic art, I looked at his left hand. "Here," I said, indicating a horizontal under the little finger, "is the line of your marriage."

"That, too, was a fatality," he murmured.

Of two prison governors with whom he had to do, he said that the former was not able to enjoy his breakfast unless some one was punished before he ate it; of the other he said, "He was the most Christ-like man I ever met."

Snatcher, a lively dog lent to him by Mr. Rowland Strong, was present and eagerly snapped up a morsel which Wilde rendered more appetising by christening it Dreyfus. He told me that he knew Esterhazy, and said that that remarkable man had said that at the age of thirteen

Archer came to review *The Duchess* for *The Daily Chronicle* of November 21, 1904, he based his criticism upon the German translation by Max Meyerfield, entitled *Die Herzogin von Padua.*

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he had a profound conviction that he would never be happy again as long as he lived. "And it was quite true; he never was," Wilde added.

We went for a long walk by the pleasant river Marne; and I was touched when the exile said, "Might not this be a bit of the Thames?" Delightful residences rose on our right, and at a tall gate, which suggested rather than disclosed one of them, Wilde paused and said, "That is what I like, just to stand and peep through the bars. It would be better than being in Paradise to stand like this, catch a glimpse as now, and want to go in. The reality would sure to be disappointing."

We talked literature, and he told me stories from Guy de Maupassant with enchanting energy. Thus it was that I heard of the two malcontents who, after all their grumbling, preferred to be shot rather than divulge the password to the besiegers of Paris. He said that he had been struck by the power of a drama he had seen acted in a French theatre patronised both by criminals who wished to see an actor in a criminal rôle and men of letters interested in an artistic production. The point of the drama was the betrayal of a ferocious murderer by a timid light of love with whom he spent his last hours of freedom. There is a reward for his capture, and the girl is pressed by a hag to earn it. The murderer is taken in his sleep, and as, hopelessly overpowered, he is borne away, his hatred of his betrayer goes out in one venomous look. She sees it, and his impotence, the absolute certainty of his doom, are nothing to her. "J'ai peur, j'ai peur!" she shrieks, and the curtain falls. Wilde delivered these words with a force that went into the marrow of my bones.

The subject of fear made him talk of the guillotine, which he had seen operate in the early morning. "I have seen the victim look green with fright," he said. "They are kind to him up to the last minute. He may smoke a cigarette as he goes to the Place de la Roquette, but once there, what a change! They are on him like tigers, and his head is thrust into the groove under the knife as if he were not a man at all."

He spoke of the Morgue. "It is a dignified place. I cannot understand why people should object to go to it. There is nothing horrible in death. Death is solemn. Now waxworks are horrible, if you like. I remember," he proceeded, "going to the Morgue after seeing a brilliant function—all colour and music—at Notre Dame. A woman of the lowest class was on one of the slabs. She was having her day. All Paris might look at her gravely. She was no longer despised."

He grew gay when, in addition to finding a franc for a cannette of beer, I found matches for our cigarettes. "You are perfect," he said. "It was good when you produced money, and now you produce matches. What more can you ask of life?"

More, of course, could be asked, but my requisition waited while he told me of a silver matchbox he once had. It was stolen by a Neapolitan boy. Taxed with the theft, the culprit confessed. "You must give it up," said Wilde. "I cannot," was the reply. "It is too beautiful." "Come, come, where is it?" insisted the owner of the matchbox. "I have hidden it," said the boy. "Every night I look at it before I sleep. I have never been so happy." At last Wilde pleaded that the matchbox was a souvenir from a dear friend. The boy was sceptical. There must be no fibbins. "Are you sure?" Wilde was sure, upon his honour, and the boy's heart was moved.

We dined in the courtyard of l'Idée, and talked more literature. "Do you know," asked Wilde, "who destroyed the MS. of Carlyle's *French Revolution?*" "The servant of John Stuart Mill," I replied, as informed by biographies. "It was finer than that," said he. "It was Mrs. Mill. She read it and saw at once that if it was published, the first name in nineteenth century English literature could not be John Stuart Mill. It would be Carlyle. Think of it. What servant could destroy the MS. of a whole volume in lighting a kitchen fire? She could only burn a few pages at a time, and be found out long before the end. No, it was Mrs. Mill. But her heroism was wasted. She had not reckoned on Carlyle's marvellous memory. How great he was! He made history a song for the first time

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in our language. He was our English Tacitus."

He spoke with enthusiasm of Dickens. Micawber, Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, flitted before us. "There have been no such grotesques since the Gothic gargoyles," he said, and he quoted the passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit* which compares the rusty gowns and other garments hanging from Sarah Gamp's bed to "guardian angels" watching her in her sleep.

He spoke with affectionate amusement of Mr. J. B. Yeats, Sr. "Do you know how he became a painter? It was so simple and natural. He was a thriving barrister, when one day he came down to breakfast and said, 'Children, I am tired of the law, and shall become a painter.' They said, 'Papa is going to be a painter,' and were quite happy."

"Could he paint?" I asked.

"Not in the least; that was the beauty of it," said Wilde.

He could, however, as I discovered when I was in the dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. Hickson and saw his portrait of Katharine Tynan's father.

Wilde expressed much amusement at Mr. W. M. Rossetti's family publications. He understood, I know not with what authority, that Christina Rossetti's washing book had been given to the public, and supposed that historical piety could go no further. He diverted me by a parody of Mr. Rossetti's account of his brother's misunderstanding with a bird. The poet, it appears, was much annoyed, and explained that a thrush was saying ill-natured things about him in the garden. "But as far as I could gather," Wilde represented Mr. Rossetti as remarking, "the bird's observations had nothing to do with my brother."*

"Tell me about 'Jameson's Ride,'" he said. "I am told it was very funny," and I quoted a line here and there from Mr. Austin's refreshing song. He begged for a copy of it, and it is on my conscience that I never sent him one. By way of conversation I wondered how the laureateship was supportable in a sleet of ridicule. "Vanity, my dear sir," he replied. "Vanity, the invulnerable breastplate of man."

"Why didn't they make Kipling the laureate?" he asked. "It would have been such a change, so artistic. There was Tennyson, with his idyls, his well-bred and dainty muse, and here is Kipling, who makes his muse say, 'Go to hell.'" He commented sarcastically on Mr. Kipling's encyclopædic method. "I object to know all about cod fishing," he remarked. He spoke with enthusiasm of some of Mr. Kipling's poetry, and quoted two well-known passages for the sake of their metaphor. "An' the dawn comes up like thunder" was one of them. The other he gave as one who rejoices. "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest."

Swinburne he termed "mere froth of the sea," meaning high praise, perhaps. He said he was the first English poet to sing divinely the song of the flesh. We did not speeak of Donne, Carew, Herrick, who were so much more minute in their praise of women. He spoke with aversion of Matthew Arnold's snippety sonnets: the adjective is mine. He said that he read through the whole of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in prison. "You can imagine," he said, "how I tasted every word." He recommended me to read it with Longfellow's rhymed translation, preferring it to Carey's dull blank verse. I mentioned Verhaaren, and he immediately said, "Oh! now you mention the greatest living poet."

He spoke of old friends—of Mr. Frank Harris, a man who does not think that a murmur of "poor fellow" suffices to attest his sympathy for a friend in trouble; of "dear Max," whose caricature of him I cannot imagine. Of Sir Charles Dilke he said: "I've only one fault to find

*Mr. W. M. Rossetti's words are: "The adjoining house was occupied by a musician, Mr. Malcolm Lawson, and some members of the family (Rossetti) fancied that there was a large and frequent amount of unnecessary noise from that house and its small grounds, audible both in his studio and in his garden, and annoying, and intended to annoy him.

"I remember there was once a thrush hard by, which, to my hearing, simply trilled its own lay on and off. My brother discerned a different note, and conceived that the thrush had been trained to ejaculate something insulting to him. Such is perverted fantasy—or I may rather infer—such is the outcome of chloral dosing."—See *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters with a Memoir*, by William Michael Rossetti, 1895, Vol. I, p. 339.

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with Dilke; he knows too much about everything. It is hard to have a good story interrupted by a fact. I admit accuracy up to a certain point, but Dilke's accuracy is almost a vice."

Of Henley, whom I found a sympathetic critic, he spoke more harshly than of any one except a prison governor. "Have you noticed," he observed, "that if a man has once been an editor he can always be an editor? The fact that a paper has a way of dying when he is on it is of the smallest importance. He is in demand before the corpse is buried. Here is Henley. He kills the *Scots Observer*. Hey presto! he is made editor of the *New Review*. Then the *New Review* dies."*

He had not yet done with the author of *London Voluntaries;* his next remark was a voluntary of sensational vigour: "The man," he said, "is simply eaten up with envy of any man whom he has not discovered. Fame exists on this condition: Henley must have made it."† For me, of whom Henley had written that he read me "with unwonted interest," this was simple Esperanto, and I was pleased when Wilde descanted upon envy as distinct from henvy. It is very wrong; it is unintellectual, he said.

The night was warm, and we stayed in the darkened courtyard. The eyes of Oscar Wilde grew very bright and he gazed with devotional rapture into his own day.

"My work was a joy to me," he said. "I wrote *Dorian Gray* in three weeks. When my plays were on, I drew a hundred pounds a week! I delighted in every miuute of the day."

He told me to read *In Mes Communions,* by George Eekhond, a story of friendship ending in disaster worse than his, and he spoke that story to me in thrilling English, which returned to me when I read its French, and is in me yet.

*The *Scots Observer* was a brilliant paper, keenly relished, though it had a tendency toward vituperativeness. An etymologist's errors would cause the *S. O.* reviewer to invoke the aid of the common hangman and the fire that burns.

†On the other side: He did not know what jealousy was (James Fitzmaurice Kelly in the *Outlook,* 18 July, 1903.)

The implacable Old Bailey rose before me as I looked at him, and again I waited for a verdict which would be upon Art as well as a man. I remembered a verdict which set Wilde free in an atmosphere of dread, and I remembered Lockwood's stentorian oration on a Saturday when I waited alone in a house of the street where he had lived. I remembered the brute force of judgment which banged the books of Scott and Dickens upon this man's writing. I remembered his infernal Sabbath after the second jury had spoken. I remembered a thriving comedy which Mr. Alexander had put on without its author's name, and I remembered, as one remembers rhetoric, that Lockwood was dead and that Mr. Alexander had known what it was to be criminally slandered and to encounter the professionally sceptical gaze of a magistrate.‡

I gave Wilde the gleams of my thought; he was indifferent. "When I came out," he said, "my friends presented me with a box full of beautiful books—Keats, and so on. They are at Naples. There they lie." He looked at me. "You worry too much: never worry"; and he talked again like an habitué of Hatchard's. "I do not approve of the shape of the *Pseudonym Library,*" he said. "It is too narrow. It is unjust to a good style to print it on a tiny page. Imagine turning Pater over rapidly. It is violence."

I reminded him of his relative, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, one of the *Pseudonym* publisher's great successes. "Ah, yes, he has got on. I reviewed *How to be Happy though Married* for the *Pall Mall,* and I called it 'The Murray of Matrimony and the Baedeker of Bliss.' I used to say that I should have received a royalty for that phrase."

I could not refrain from returning to

‡It was easy for an artist to be unjust after the Wilde trial to those who were commercially interested in his art. One of his publishers, a gentleman of the highest respectability, said to me, "My morning's orders by the first post before the trial made a pile of letters and postcards that high" (elevating his hand six inches above the table). "Just after the verdict they sank to about three or four. Wilde not only ruined himself; he was the death of poetry as a commercial asset." Mr. Alexander's delightful acting does—I gladly acknowledge—more service to Wilde than my pen.

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his own work. While we were out I saw him as the big friend of a pretty French child, whom he had bought a toy for at a fair. I knew he was cut off from his own children. I knew that bright work could be a populous world for him in his lonely histrionic life. He told me in response that his work was in his head; he did not write it down. Then he related to me this parable:

"A man saw a being, which hid its face from him, and he said, 'I will compel it to show its face.' It fled as he pursued, and he lost it, and his life went on. At last his pleasure drew him into a long room, where tables were spread for many, and in a mirror he saw the being whom he had pursued in youth. 'This time you shall not escape me!' he cried, but the being did not try to escape, and hid its face no more. 'Look!' it cried, 'and now you will know that we cannot see each other again, for this is the face of your own soul, and it is horrible.'"

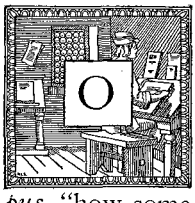
The flash of rhetoric over, he grew sympathetic and looked at my fingers persuasively. "You worry too much," he said. "Never worry." I touched on religion, which I considered a killjoy and painmaker, as I do now. I recalled to him his remark to Wilberforce that the chief argument against Christianity is the style of St. Paul. "I fear he tempted me," he said. "There is really something very artistic about Christianity," he said. "You go into Hyde Park, and a wonderful sentence comes to you on the wind. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'"

I spoke of life in spirit. He became indignant. "There is no hell but this," he said; "a body without a soul, or a soul without a body."

It was about ten of the night when he went with me to the railway station. I said that his life was a harmony of two extremes, very rare and I thought very valuable. With a level suavity that, like the lawns of Oxford, had centuries of culture behind it, he replied, "Yes, artistically it is perfect; socially most inconvenient." We parted on a gay note. "It does not matter what class you go up into Paris."

AUTHORS AND PUBLICITY

BY BAILEY MILLARD



NCE the present writer was crossing San Francisco Bay in an Oakland ferryboat with Frank Norris.

"It's wonderful," said the author of *The Octopus,* "how some of these great American novelists like to advertise themselves."

"As how?" was asked.

"Why look at that 'ad' of the man who wrote 'The Grandissimes!' You could read it a mile." With a smile he pointed across the water toward Goat Island, where stood an enormous sign,

CABLE.

The writer's look at Norris was one of injury and resentment, but afterward he was glad of the jest, for it set Norris to talking about some of the authors he had met in New York and their attitude toward their public.

"It's pose, pose, pose!" he said as we walked the deck together. "Because a man has written a little string of short stories or a little book of essays he thinks he must fluff his hair over his forehead and wear a waistcoat that would make a trolley car jump the track. There are statuesque story-writers who stand in conspicuous places at big social affairs all the evening just to advertise themselves. I know of others who would do almost anything short of a felony to get a squib about themselves in the newspapers. Now the little 'ad' is all very well. It helps the sale of one's literary wares. But I can't understand why a man with the art instinct in him wants

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to conduct himself like a queen of melodrama who has her diamonds stolen in every town she visits. A writer of any worth will get and keep a public without cultivating it, and strutting before it; and it's not in the least important whether or not he is 'in right' with the newspapers. From my own experience I should say that it is better that the critics should damn you than to exalt you."

Something that happened soon after that proved that Norris really meant what he said about this matter of publicity, and that he was perfectly indifferent to the "little ad." He happened to be in a public hall in San Francisco and to witness what is known out West as "a little gun play," otherwise a dangerous demonstration on the part of a murderous-minded individual with a loaded revolver, in which Norris enacted a part that was altogether to his credit—that is, he helped to suppress the gun-player. The local newspapers made a lot of the story, extolling Norris, and the New York dailies were clamouring for particulars. A telegram came from the *Sun* requesting an interview with Norris on the affair. The correspondent handed me the telegram and wanted to know if I would telephone to Norris and arrange for the interview. I called him up at his hotel, and read him the telegram over the wire. Instantly he blazed forth like the back draught of a furnace:

"Tell the *Sun* to go to ——, with my compliments."

"But you will miss a lot of New York publicity."

"Then I will miss it," was his sufficient reply.

And the dismayed correspondent actually wired Norris's fiery message across the continent to his paper. It was the disdainful fling of an author who held himself above free advertising. But it was an opportunity for publicity that few writers would have felt that they could afford to forego, especially in a case like his, for he had six novels on sale at the time. Perhaps it was all right from his point of view, which was that of the artist; but think how his publishers would have gnashed their teeth had they known of it!

As a nation we Americans are a self-conscious people. The first thing we ask a foreigner who visits our shores is what he thinks of us. If we do a thing we want the public to know about it. There are no people on earth with whom the value of the "ad" is so great. All Americans appreciate and most of them admire the catchy slogan of the clever advertiser. They repeat it over and over in their conversation. It becomes a part of their daily life. This national trait could not fail of adoption by the author. As at no time in our history has our literature ever become so thoroughly commercialised, the point of view of those who formerly pleaded for the artistic temperament has become changed. Fiction writers know that many a bad novel has been made a best seller by broadcast advertising and the stirring up of interest in the author. Readers of the book pages of newspapers cannot have failed to note that just before the announcement of a new book little stories begin to appear relating some experience or some fad of the writer. It may be nothing more important than that "William Ellery Higgs, author of *Plain Mary Smith*, is very fond of rabbits and spends much time with his pets between chapters." Or some anecdote formerly told of Rufus Choate or of Wendell Phillips is now tagged upon the redoubtable Higgs. So general has become this practice that many authors have come to look upon it as necessary to their success. They are afraid they will lose their vogue if they are not in the public eye. Literary aspirants for fame and shekels are prone to take themselves as seriously as vaudeville actors and are just as keen for the headline. It is often surprising to me to find that writers of established reputation baldly flaunt their desire to be writ large in an advertising way.

"Publicity means money to me," said a well-known writer not long ago, "and I frankly confess that I like it. If a publisher fails to flaunt me he is really doing me an injustice, for the reason that there are so many clever people writing nowadays that if an author's name and work are not paraded he is soon lost in the shuffle."

The writer was in a magazine office not

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long ago when a charming woman, who has written stories of wide acceptance, was bidding good-bye to her editor, with whom she had been having a long conversation.

"And remember," she was overheard to say to the man on the tripod, as she turned to leave, "my name is to go in large type in your advertisements. It has been rather inconspicuous of late."

The remark was made in a jocular way, but it was plain enough that she meant it. When the lady was gone the editor was asked if he had many such ad-seeking contributors.

"Haven't I?" he replied with a smile. "Publicity is the great game nowadays, and those writers who don't openly clamour for it or secretly scheme for it are in the minority. Every month or so a contributor writes me a letter, calling attention to the fact that this or that rival in the field is getting more advertising in the magazine than he and wanting to know the reason why. And if I happen to leave out the name of a star performer from my announcements I am sometimes called down by the neglected writer in severe language."

But there are exceptions. The admirers of Mrs. Edith Wharton must have noticed how little she has figured in press comment of a personal nature. Like George Eliot, who in her later years abstained from reading press notices of her work, the author of *The House of Mirth* shrinks from publicity and dislikes all personal mention. Once in an editorial capacity I sent an accomplished writer to her with the request that she talk about her method of writing, her habits of life and her literary preferences. Now this was something that almost any author would have been glad to see published of him. But though Mrs. Wharton received the interviewer graciously, she begged that absolutely nothing be written about her, and, in fact, exacted a promise to that effect. Publicity, particularly of the personal kind, which most writers heartily enjoy and indeed seek for eagerly, is alien to the temperament of this fastidious author. "There is my work," she says in effect, "you may write of that if you wish, but please leave me and my home life alone."

Of course the point of view of Mrs. Wharton must be respected. It is right that idle curiosity of the sort of which we newspaper-devouring Americans are prone should not be satisfied too fully. But on the other hand a writer of celebrity is apt to be regarded in the light of a public character and to be treated as such by the press. People want to know about him, and there is a sense in which this wanting to know is perfectly legitimate and should be gratified.

Here is the writer and there is his public. The spiritual relations of that writer with that public are likely to become very intimate in the case of authors who write themselves into their work, as all good writers are bound to do, and the author cannot ignore those relations, nor do many of them do so. Though among literary folk it is now considered an evidence of bad taste to talk about one's work, one rarely meets a writer who would not voluntarily refer to his "following" and modestly mention the great number of letters he had received from unknown readers of his latest book. The present scribe has been in a position to note one absolute fact about such communications: Except in the case of very popular books or books that discuss at length some big social question such letters are infrequent. If an author, however great, receive as many as ten such letters a week from unknown readers it is a remarkable epistolary influx. From friends and acquaintances, yes; from clipping bureaus, from autograph-seekers, and advertisers, indeed; but not from the unknown readers who are inspired by him to send in friendly comment or criticism.

David Graham Phillips had clear views on this subject.

"I am tired," he said not long before his death, "of hearing writers big and little talk about their 'following.' Few of us have any. Why, half the people who read a novel never observe the name of the author on the cover, and if they did they would forget it in a week. I write a good many novels, but if I depended upon any extensive following and not upon my industry I know where I should land. The only real following that a man has is his friends, and no man can have

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friends enough to make it pay him to write books for them."

As to the unknown people who write letters to authors, he once said to me that they were a tiresome lot, as a whole, and rarely helpful.

"If they were to read books with any sort of understanding, their comments might inspire one, but they do not, and for that reason I dread to open my mail. They seem to think that a writer has a world of time in which to answer fool questions. I gave up trying to reply to them early in the game."

Some of our American writers, generally the lesser ones, feign to be bored by many uninvited visitors, believing that such statements lend them an air and help their fame. As a matter of fact the tendency among the "followers" of authors to visit the man or woman they have been reading is a mythical one. Few writers, even among the most celebrated, are besieged by uninvited visitors. From what can be learned of this phase of literary life Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Edwin Markham are among those who are visited most frequently by persons unknown to them. It used to be a fad of nature-lovers to visit "Slabsides" and have a talk with the author of "Wake Robin," but it is said that pilgrims to that shrine are not so well encouraged as formerly, owing to Mr. Burroughs's revised ideas as to the advisability of such intrenchments upon his time and his serenity of thought. On the other hand, Mr. Markham keeps open house. They flock in to Westerleigh from the far-off Pacific Coast, from the North and from the South. During the past few years he has had many visitors from Europe, among them a genuine Princess who wanted to paint his portrait. Even in the promiscuity of such attentions the author of *The Man With the Hoe* is gentle and gracious to all. One day, however, I found him in despair.

"A man is coming here this afternoon," he said, "from way up in New England to read me a whole volume of his unpublished verse and to ask my opinion of it. What shall I do? What shall I do?" And he ran his hand through his long, frosted locks with the gesture of a Richelieu.

But afterward he spoke of his visitor in a most tolerant vein.

"The poetry was pretty bad, but the man was sincere," he said impressively, "and I listened to it. You must listen to a man who is sincere."

This keeping of open house, as Mr. Markham does, for his unknown admirers, is a part of our American democracy, and I believe it is creditable. When one recalls how ferociously Tennyson sometimes met his admirers and how insolently Carlyle used to treat the visitors to Cheyne Row one views an aspect of literary Toryism that is not only discreditable but fairly shouts affectation. American literary lions, from Emerson and Hawthorne down, have always been noted for their pleasant manners in the presence of the pilgrim.

To be sure Mark Twain, who was always on good terms with his public, save the Christian Science element of it, latterly made few appointments with people who sought him out. He received scores of letters from his readers, but rarely replied to any of them. Yet he had an eye for publicity, as was shown by his manner of dress, particularly his famous white suit. His theory was that people looked for some individuality of style in an author's make-up and were disappointed if they did not find it. In his case he had something to back up his oddities of dress and manner. But there are plenty of writers who have not. Musicians understand the Mark Twain theory and many of them practise it. Given a violinist with ample locks and another of equal merit but with short hair and you will find that the short-haired man will not be considered as good a musician by the general public and that he will not command as high a salary. Paderewski's hair is worth almost as much to him as his fingers, and his muff is another good "ad."

These things explain why the near-writer, who has somehow managed to get a few stories published, will become more intent upon living the life of a celebrated literary personage than he will upon studying to write something that will make a name for him. His flowing black artist's tie and his long careless hair impress the people with whom he comes in

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contact, and he is pointed out as a person of distinction. It is useless to tell him that such writers as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. William Dean Howells dress in citizen's clothes and pay frequent visits to the barber. If there is a little "ad" to be gotten out of any disguise or mannerism that he can affect, the little author is out for it.

Mr. Howells does not shun publicity, and he gets his share of it. He says he used formerly greatly to enjoy favourable press notices of his books and owns to having carried them about like love-letters. Having once been a newspaper man he has a soft place in his heart for the reporter. A journalist who sought an interview with him not long ago received this reply:

"What there is left of me to be interviewed is at your service."

Discriminating readers who have felt the charm of *A Modern Instance* and have sympathised with the mute yearnings of *Silas Lapham,* enjoy reading a newspaper page in which Mr. Howells talks of his work, and they see nothing immodest in it. It is not easy to understand why so many modern writers so obviously affect to ignore their own work and refrain from speaking about it, for nearly all writers are proud of their literary performances and of whatever distinction they may have gained.

Stevenson had no timidities of this sort. "I know what pleasure is," he says frankly, "for I have done good work." He was a proud man, but not a vain one. The silly statement made by W. E. Henley that Stevenson could not pass a mirror without looking into it proceeded from a heart full of the jealousy of art. Stevenson was not a much photographed man, but I have seen an album of pictures of him taken amid various scenes, and in none of them was there anything like pose. In many of the photographs his head is modestly lowered and his eyes are on the ground or otherwise averted. Where he appears in a group you would the photographer most wished to present.

Mr. Jack London is a believer in Mark Twain's theory that the public looks for individuality in an author, and should not be disappointed. Mr. London is brave enough to wear a negligée shirt and no waistcoat while on the lecture platform or at a banquet. His friends, however, say that a desire to pose has nothing to do with this idea of careless attire, and that it is merely the result of an artistic indifference to the conventions.

How Mr. Joaquin Miller descended upon London in his characteristic "Western dress," and made the English think that was the way they all did it out there, are matters of literary history, as are also his living in a log cabin near the national capital and his travelling about the country in a red Turkish fez, a khaki suit and top boots. To his other acts of eccentricity Joaquin added the building of his famous funeral pyre. This pyre is upon a pile of rocks near his home on the Heights and is kept in readiness to be lit on the day of his passing. You may be sure that the Sunday papers seized upon this novel subject and made the most of it. To this day the correspondents love it and frequently give it and Mr. Miller a column or so when news is light.

Gertrude Atherton receives as much publicity as any other writer of her sex in this country. Newspaper men like a famous woman who can evolve a picturesque theory and is willing to make some startling statement about it, and this Mrs. Atherton is generally ready to do, although she is neither a faddist nor a freak, but has some advanced and often admirable views upon many things. When her *Patience Sparhawk* was sent away from the libraries, bearing the mark "unclean," both author and publisher profited by the advertisement, as it increased the sale of the book. This, however, was not a new experience for Mrs. Atherton. Because of the same scruples on the part of the librarians her *Hermia Suydam* had been barred from libraries years before, and the comment upon this fact had helped the book and made the clipping bureaus earn their five-dollar fees. But at the present moment, in view of the wholesale library acceptance of novels that are the result of what Mr. Howells calls "the modern debauch," one doubts if the story of the Suydam woman, even with all the newspaper talk about a

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real heroine of that name, or the Sparhawk novel would be barred from the average public book depository.

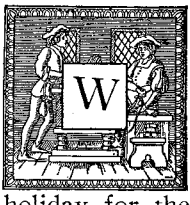
But although publicity is craved by writers, and particularly by those who are not very well known, there is publicity and publicity, and an author can sometimes be given the wrong kind. The writer who forged the posthumous Cleveland epistle as well as a cheque or two, and followed this up by a spectacular divorce and the kidnapping of his own child, ascertained this fact quite definitely. He expected to reap a great reward because of his notoriety, but the editors simply wouldn't have him.

It remains to be seen what advantage a certain New York novelist will gain by the pages and pages the papers have devoted to the discussion of his peculiar domestic affairs. I doubt if this great mass of publicity will do him any more good than that which he derived by sending a letter to a New York coroner signed by the name of the hero of his first novel, saying that he might look for that unhappy man's body in the Hudson River. This widely published letter and the mystery surrounding it for a time did not make the novel a best seller, but rather reacted upon the novelist.

To be sure, it sometimes pays an author to be given a noteworthy "knock," particularly if he can get a big enough paper or a big enough man to do it. For example, there is hardly a writer in the country who did not envy Mr. Poultney Bigelow when President Roosevelt, on reading what Poultney had written about the new German rifle, which was so complicated that when it was taken apart the soldiers couldn't remember just how to put it together again, made his jocular declaration: "I wish somebody would take Poultney Bigelow apart and forget how to put him together again." For, although this was a pretty hard shot, it was gorgeous publicity, and the average author as well as publisher would rather you reviled what he had written and published than to say nothing about it. And if the reviling happens to come from a conspicuous source, so much the better.

THE MESSAGE OF PROLETAIRE

BY LOUIS BAURY



HEN windows become glad with holly wreaths and scarlet patches on every street corner betray the presence of some mock Kris Kringle, gathing coins to cheer the holiday for the needy; when highways teem with parcel-laden throngs in which every man guards jealously the contents of his mysterious packet and the most crotchety spinster merely beams goodhumouredly as the hurrying thousands bump her unceremoniously from side to side; when wide-eyed, gleeful youngsters swarm on all sides to glory in the wonders the shops have everywhere arrayed for their delectation; when smiling, ruddy-faced butchers hang out well-fatted game; when the wind bears the whetted sting of maturing winter and from a silver sky the first soft snow-flakes straggle like feathery petals; when "Merry Christmas" becomes the universal greeting and every man fans the latent spark of good within him into a glowing flame of exuberant virtue—then the eyes of the world turn toward the slums. Yuletide is the annual season of good cheer and good doing, when the spirit of uplift and fellowship is in the air, and it is meet that the slums, the abode of misery, should be gladdened at such times. But in the riotous passion of giving, do any pause to query how the slums have survived since the previous brief era of comradeship called a lagging attention to them?

Cities have their characters and dispositions, their moods and caprices, as truly as do people. The reflection of these is mirrored in their externals even

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as the soul of a man is delineated by his profile. Athens clings still to the remnants of her culture and her temples and the beauty instinct of which both were expressions. Rome has yet her ruins and the memory of all that once they meant. Paris has her graceful arts—exquisite and fragile as scarlet roses played upon by some honeyed breeze—together with her fashion and her inimitable cafés, which in subtle manner seem to blend all three. Nowhere can be duplicated the inns of London, her minsters, or her storied bridge and tower. New York proclaims her amazing, insatiate modernity in unconquerable sky-scrapers and impatient, throbbing tumults of machinery. Variously they vie with one another, chanting of their own excellencies in a thousand keys, and no two are alike. Kipling has said it in his rugged, stimulating music:

> The cities are full of pride,
> Challenging each to each—
> This from her mountainside,
> That from her burthened beach.

Cities, however, like men, flaunt only their glories to the world. But deep down beneath runs a levelling bond of sorrow and pain which flimsily, almost imperceptibly, unites the grandest and the lowliest. Men have their sins; cities their slums. Athens is Athens, Rome could never be other than Rome, Paris will be forever Paris, London is London, New York has a personality completely her own, and each one is individual, distinct—but the slums are universal. They are simply the slums. The pattern of civilisation which society has so laboriously wrought for itself falls short there and the loose, tattered skeins dangle forlornly. Just now the world is striving to gather up these skeins and weave them, piece by piece, into the prevailing pattern. Sociologists are busying themselves with the problem as never before. But sociologists approach the subject coldly, with merciless logic, and a profusion of theories. There is another class, however, taking intimate heed of the slums: The artists. They approach this little understood aspect of life quite differently. They go with a sympathy eager to be transmuted into that comprehension which can render average art great and great art sublime. Wherefore, their proletarian impressions become distinctly important, if only for their disinterestedness.

At one time or another the appeal of the proletariat has touched almost every modern painter who aspires to create things which shall be vital and lasting. And here and there among the number can be found those who, for one reason or another, stand out. There can be no argument that into this category falls George Luks. George Luks knows the slums, and his canvases are vibrant with that knowledge. They possess, every one, that rare, intangible something which we term atmosphere, and beneath his uncompromising brush the mute, haggard creatures of what polite society is pleased to dub "low life" quicken into coherent being.

"To the average person," he says, "the slums represent filth, squalour, and uncleanliness; to the philosopher they represent simply a refuge. In the sense which strives to make of them a thing apart—of a different order—there are no such things. Life in the slums is precisely what it is 'up-town,' save that 'up-town' it has the advantage of a protecting mantle of prosperity, or at least the semblance of prosperity, whereas in the slums it is bared to the nudity of abject poverty. That is the slums' only real distinguishing trait: Poverty. Filth and dirt are quite unessential and incidental. There are plenty of fashionable women who, returning from some ball, throw their evening clothes over a chair for a maid to pick up whose homes would be quite as dirty as the worst of the sort they deplore were their sphere of life suddenly changed. Humanity is essentially the same. The same types will be found in every walk of life, only when they are desperately poor they will more explicitly and unmistakably demonstrate their true selves. The proof of this, if any proof is needed, lies in the fact that the upper classes are constantly filling their ranks from the people of the slums, while simultaneously the slums are recruiting their denizens from the upper classes. That's one of the most significant facts about the whole thing: The

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HER CHRISTMAS. BY JEROME MYERS

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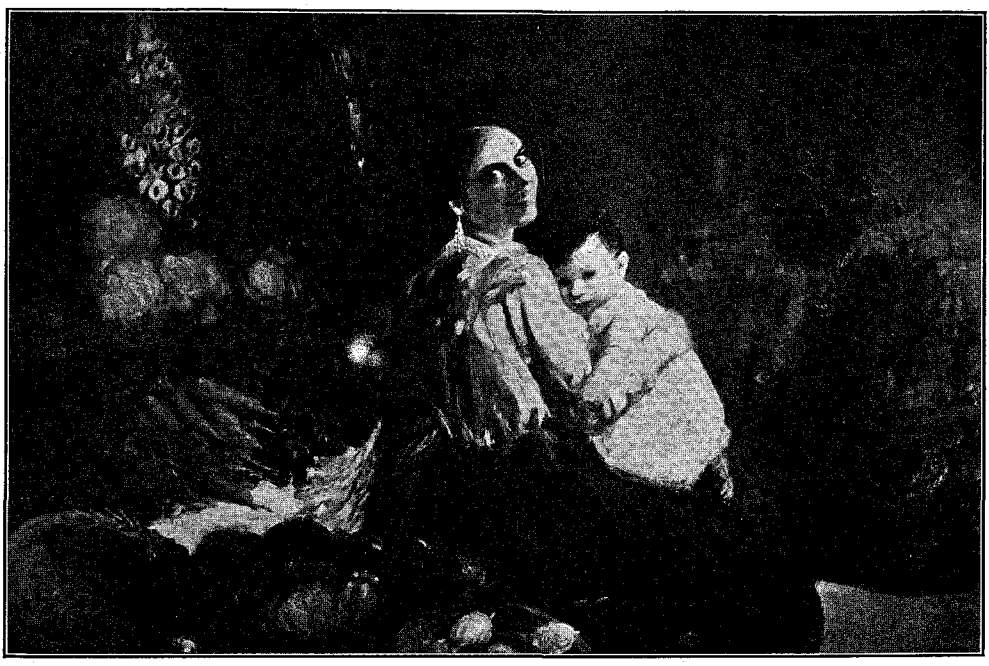

THE MADONNA OF THE MARKET PLACE. BY GEORGE LUKS

personal of the proletaire is forever shifting. No sooner has a place been vacated by one who has gone beyond than there slips into it some other who is sinking.

"No man—at least, no man who has anything at all to him—wants to proclaim the fact that he is 'down and out.' When he reaches that stage his desire is to hide his condition, to crawl away somewhere out of sight where the fact that he is a failure will not make him liable to constant taunts and sneers, where he can have a chance to recuperate before he throws himself once more into the universal struggle for success. So he turns naturally to the slums. It is the place where he belongs—where his poverty is eminently in character. He can live cheaper there than anywhere else. With a penny in the slums a man can buy something that will help sustain life. Can he do that 'up-town'? Not a bit of it! Even a single roll will cost him two or three cents in the 'better' sections. That is simply one reason why the slums form a veritable haven for the temporarily 'down and out'—a refuge in the hour of their need.

"The poor classes, however," proceeds Mr. Luks, "are not composed exclusively of those who have lost their money or their standing. There are hundreds of thousands who have been born poor, and these, too, claim the slums as their abode. But that does not for a moment indicate that they're satisfied with such an abode. From the beginning their chief object is to work their way out of the slums, leaving behind all connected with them. Endlessly, tirelessly the struggle for betterment goes on among them. The spirit of it communicates itself to the others, too. It is not in human nature to repose, passive and resistless, on the bottom. The result is that all hands go to work to pull themselves up out of their rut of poverty, and the dominant message of the slums, in so far as it can be confined to the bounds of one sentence, becomes: 'We strive.' There are many other notes in the song that the slums are singing, but that one expresses the prevailing spirit of it all. And that spirit bears fruition, too. The people do overcome their poverty and pass on into other spheres. It is this which accounts for the changing nature of slum populations. Happy it is for humanity, though, that the slums themselves remain. There will always be people who will go 'down and

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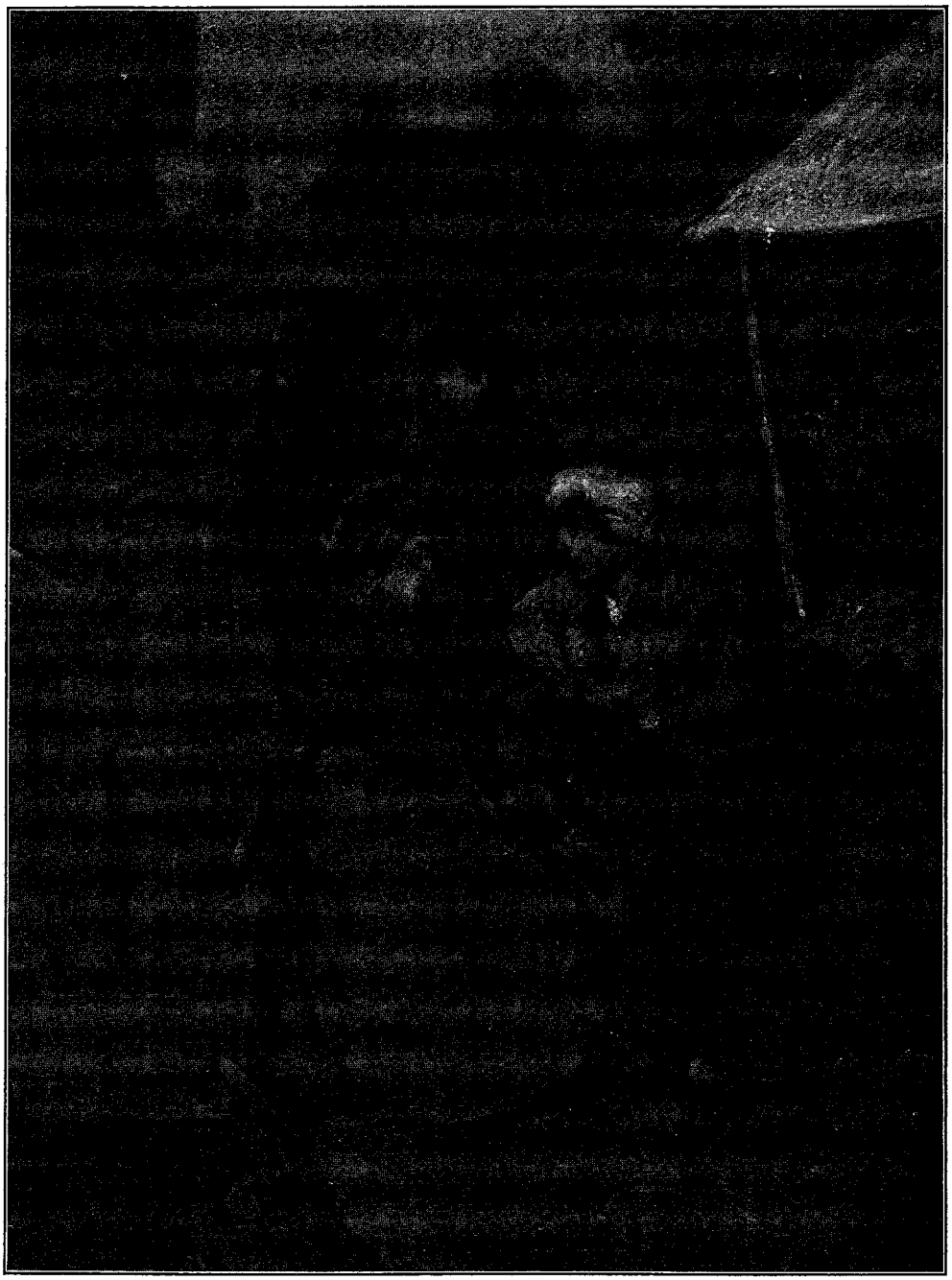
out,' and it is well that there should be a refuge ready at hand for them."

That this refuge is a ghastly one Mr. Luks does not believe.

"Down there people are what they are," he holds. "In more polite circles it is easy to pose and deceive, but in the slums a man must stand upon his merits.



THE UNLEVELLED. BY JEROME MYERS

"It is these people who give the slums their distinction—their unique qualities. They have never warped their natures in conformance to any set standard."

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He has nothing else upon which to stand. The poseur is distinguished at once and he is practically the only type that will not be tolerated, for the people there possess appreciation—keen appreciation—and brains of an excellent order. I do not believe that starved and neglected genius abounds in the slums as you sometimes hear it stated that it does. Genius is a thing that is bound to come out. Starvation won't keep it down. But there are splendid active minds there—hundreds of them—and there is a commercial sense in all slums which is deep, far-seeing, and highly developed. It is this which enables so many to work their way up to prosperity."

One of the facts which so strongly engages Mr. Luks's attention herein—the shifting, uncertain quality of the population—appeals with like import to Jerome Myers. The latter, however, would assign a somewhat different reason for this. Jerome Myers, who has confined his work almost exclusively to delineations of the lowly, is among the really significant figures in the art world of to-day. There is stability and character to his work and his slightest sketches evince a depth and æsthetic sensitiveness rare in a generation so appallingly devoted to the superficial and the trivial. To him it is inevitable that the slums should appear as a rôle in a great sociologic drama.

"The whole inclination of modern civilisation," begins he, "is toward a systematisation—a levelling of all things to one plane. Theoretically such a system may have its virtues. Practically it sounds the death-knell of the individual as such—and individuality seems to me a thing which we can ill afford to relinquish. The slums are the sole human unit at present standing out in anything like active protest against this tendency. One who would put this to the test has but to compare the costumes of the East Side of New York with those he will encounter, say, on Fifth Avenue or Broadway, in the same city. Along the latter thoroughfares there is very little dissimilarity worthy the name. The mentors of fashion have decreed at just what point the waist line shall be for that particular season, how wide hats shall be, how long coats and of what cut. And every waist line you see is exactly where this latest whim of fashion said it should be, every hat of the precise dimensions stipulated, every coat of the exact length and cut ordained. There is even a fashionable colour for the season, and every woman affects it, regardless of whether it becomes her or not. How different all this is in the slums! There the waist line remains where nature placed it, the hat or piece of lace which adorns the head is in character with the wearer, and the garments, even though they be frayed and worn, fall into loose, easy lines. In the one place there is an even level; in the other character."

In this connection Mr. Myers takes occasion to comment upon the sense of appreciation in the slums to which Mr. Luks also pays tribute. To Jerome Myers this betrays itself in a thousand little incidentals—the cherishing of a rich-hued scrap of old brocade, the presence of truly beautiful laces, the exquisite little touches of embroidery with which the women's aprons and shawls are so frequently embossed. But this he finds only in the older people. The younger ones succumb to the levelling forces rampant about them and forfeit this delicately attuned sense for beauty in the transition.

"It is natural for man to bow to the major authority about him," goes on Mr. Myers. "Warm-blooded Latin peoples migrate to the slums of America, bringing with them their own customs, manners, and modes of thought. Then they have children. But upon these the same influences are not at work. Schools, missions, settlement-houses, and slum workers bring to bear upon them the levelling, systematising tendencies of the country and the time. The elders resent such intrusions, but what can they do? Nothing! The children naturally bend to the authority imposed upon them and go through the popular levelling processes. They become like all the rest and, accepting the standards of the other life, pass out of the slums forever. Harlem and the Bronx are filled with those who have come from the East Side and left their character behind them. If it were not for immigration—the daily influx of men and women from the old

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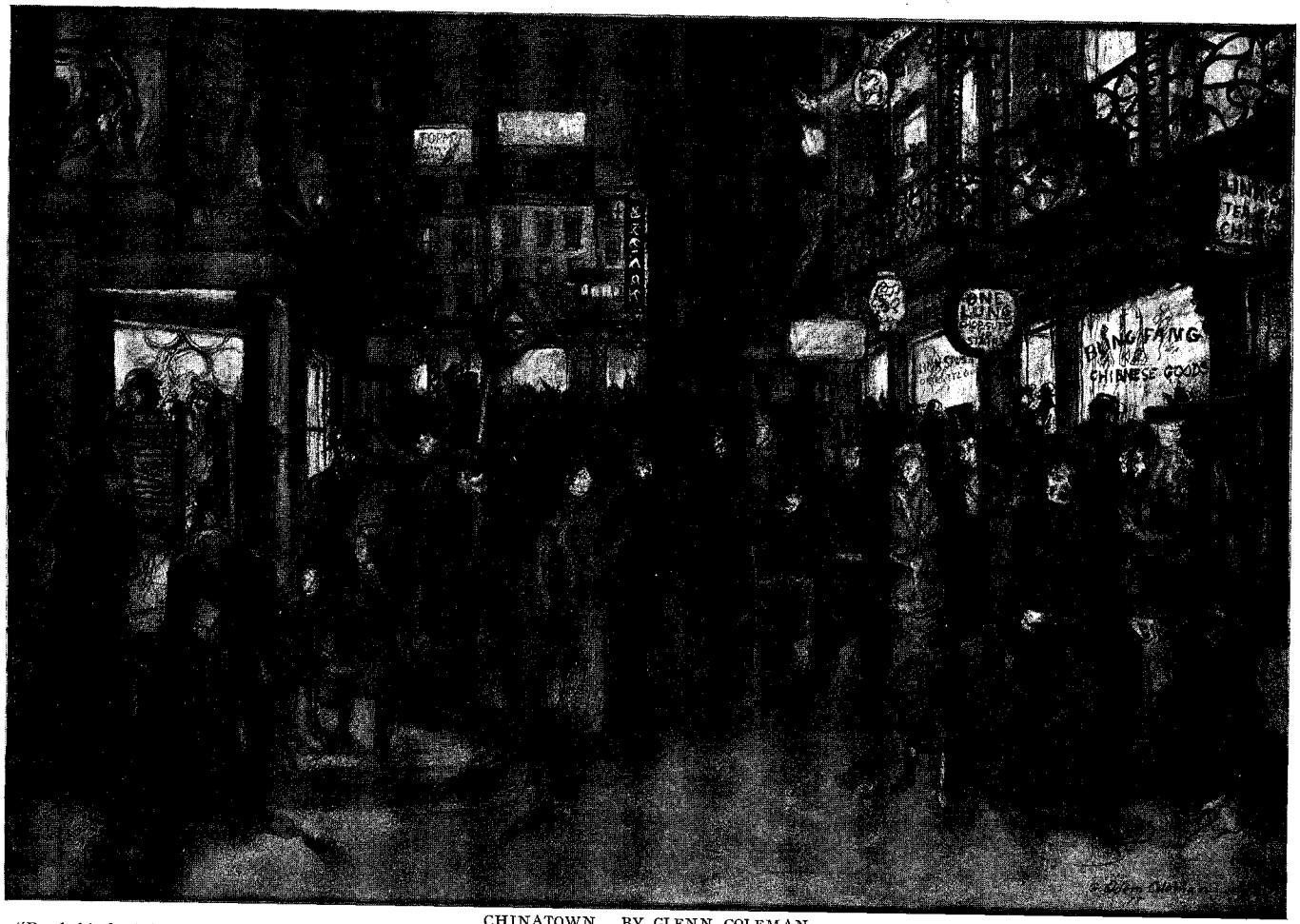

CHINATOWN. BY GLENN COLEMAN

"But behind all this, carefully shielded from any prying Occidental eyes, the life of the Orient is going forward exactly as it does in the mother country."

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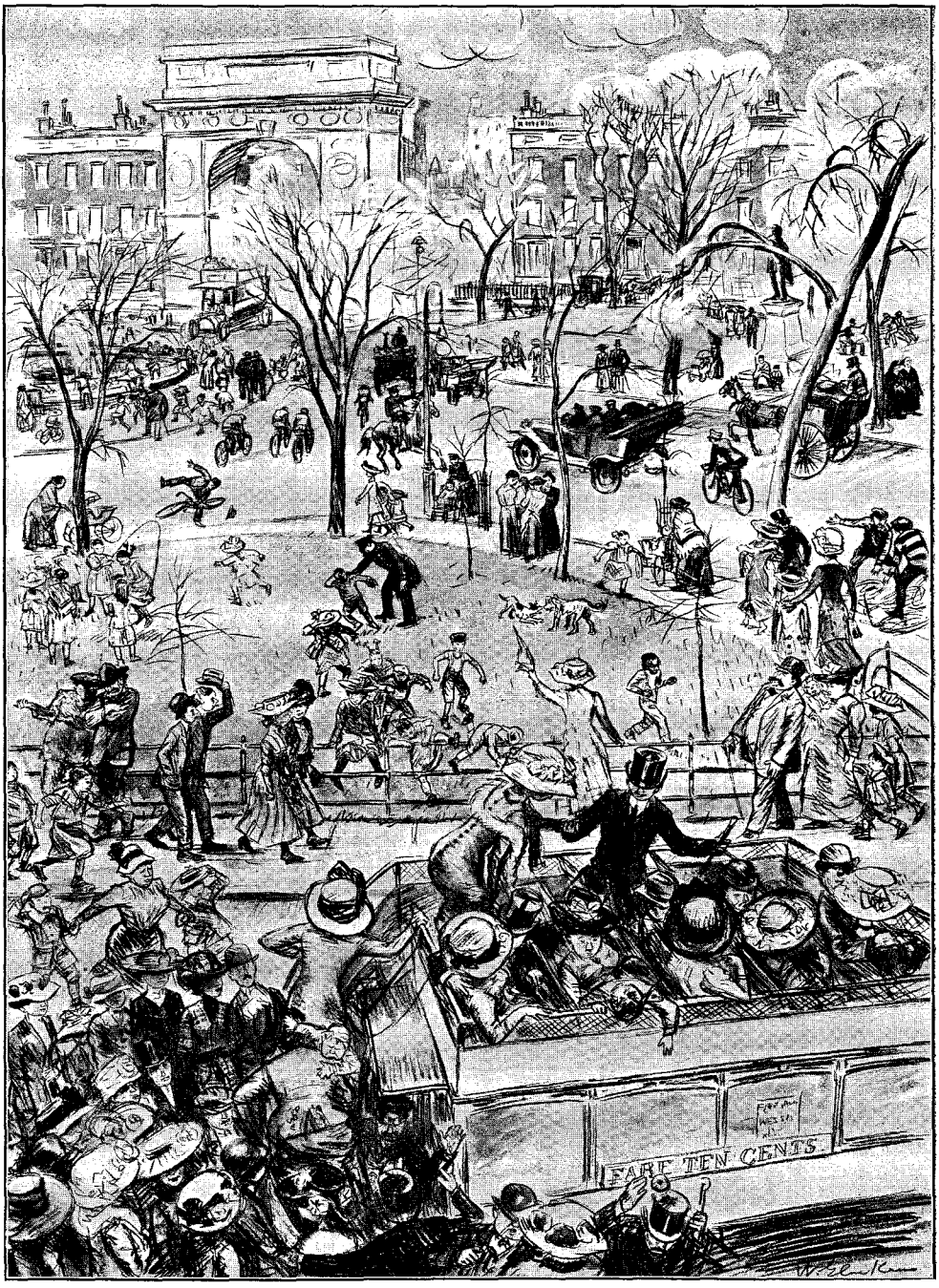

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SPRINGTIME IN WASHINGTON SQUARE. BY W. GLACKENS
"They do just exactly as they please in exactly the way they please."

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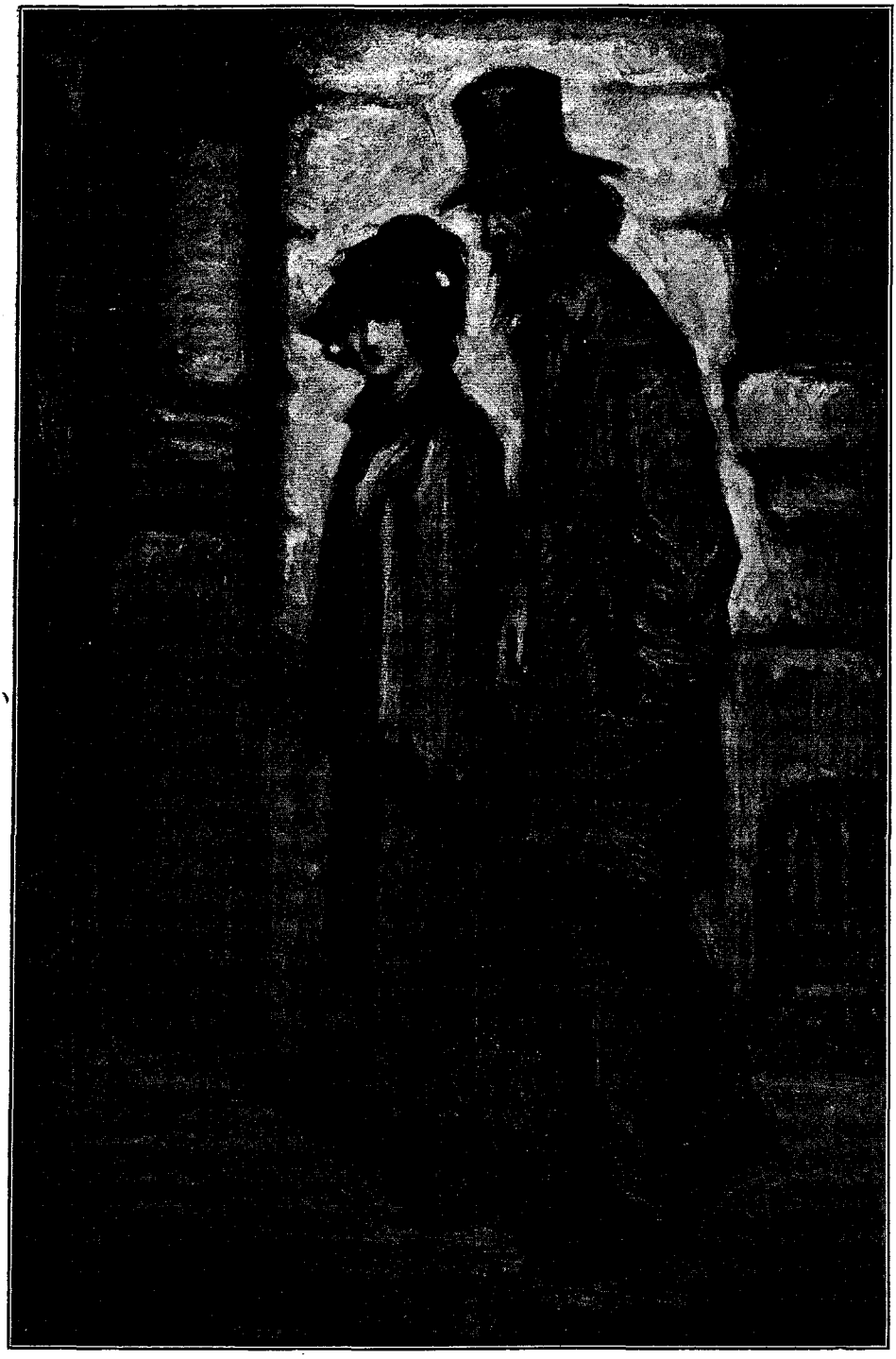

VICTIMS. BY EUGENE HIGGINS

"There is struggle and strife, horrible suffering, livid agony of soul and body, want, misery, and despair going on there in monotonous, killing repetition"

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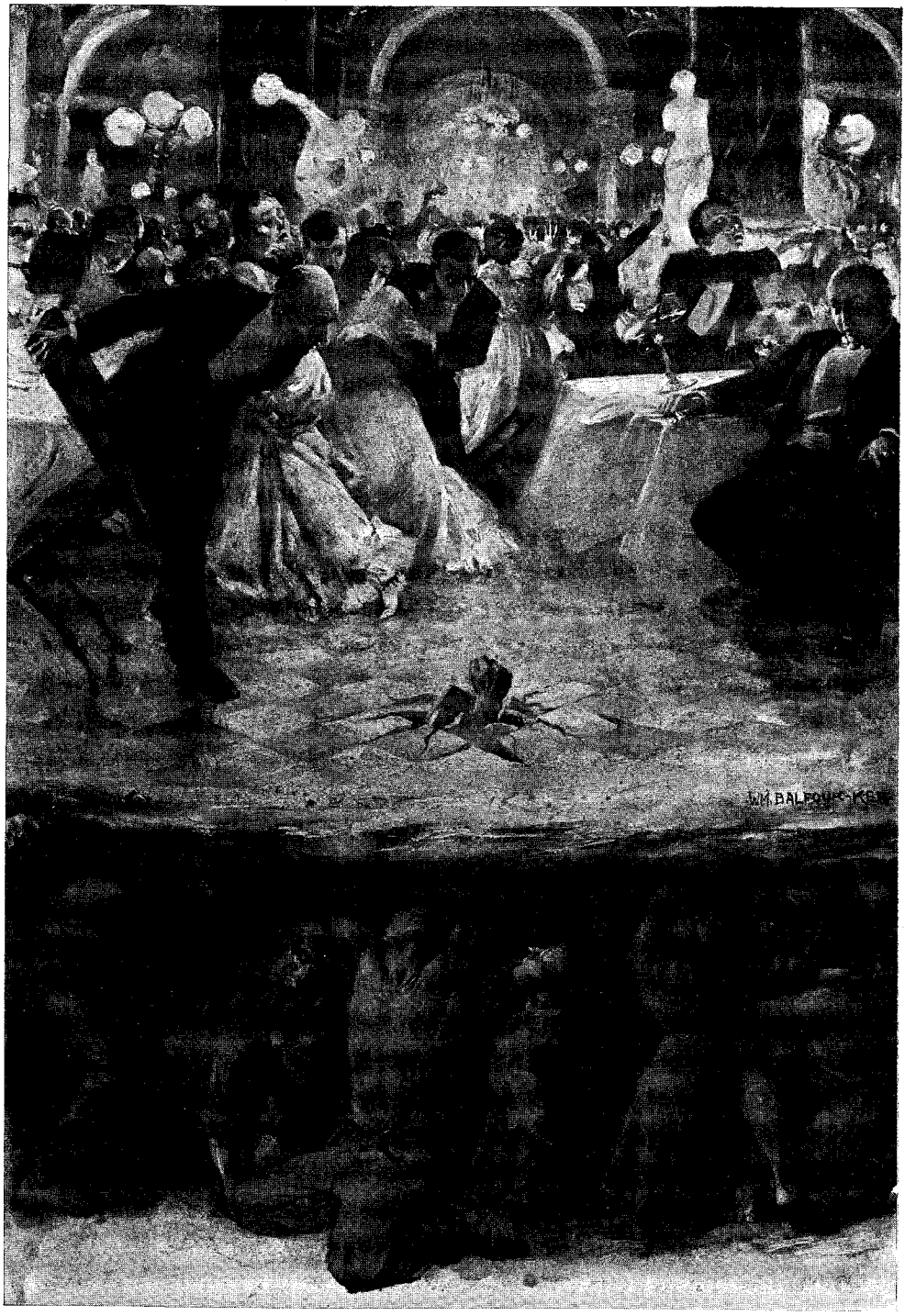

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FROM THE DEPTHS. BY W. BALFOUR KER

"But to-day Proletaire is beginning to sense its power. The giant is rousing—rousing with the accumulated anger of the years striving within him."

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world who have never as yet been subjected to the levelling influences—the slums as the picturesque, quaint quarter which we know them would disappear altogether.

"It is these people who give the slums their distinction—their unique qualities. They have never warped their natures in conformance to any set standard. The result is that they show on the surface exactly what they are. The essentials of their lives are no different from those in the lives of people with far more money. Life is pretty much the same everywhere, and no matter where one lives he will experience joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, in pretty much the same proportions. The slum folk are not to be pitied. Far from it. Generally speaking, they are better than we—better because more genuine. Yes, it seems to me that that is their message to the world: 'We are genuine.' One glance, and you can tell what they are. Of whom else is this true here in America? Of course, though, this does not apply to the younger generations of them—those bred on the soil here—for the reasons that I have mentioned. This character, this openness, this genuine element in the slum make-up is sustained by the leavening of Orientalism."

And why not? Who save the Oriental can lend even to squalour the wondrous, elusive charm bred of warm, pulsating colours—primitive colours, expressing all the elemental passions and instincts of man in their vari-hued intensity? America has far to go before it will understand the Oriental, but even now the spell of his fantastic splendour enthralls. The slums throughout are instinct with this atmosphere, as Mr. Myers says, but there is one little corner to which the lover of colour turns when he would see it blossoming in the fullest flower of development. That corner is "Chinatown." Most Oriental of all phases, "Chinatown" alone has remained impassive and changeless against the inroads of those apostles of standardisation against whom Jerome Myers so justly protests. Very few artists have penetrated this exotic, subtly scented realm; but of the few who have none has better revealed its strangely assorted spirit than Glenn Coleman, one of our younger painters of a far more than ordinary facility.

"The message of 'Chinatown,'" he declares, "is: 'Let us alone.' Sight-seers are continually touring 'Chinatown' and detectives prowling through it, but neither the one nor the other really knows anything essential about it. The 'opium dens' and 'gambling houses' and other dread resorts through which credulous visitors are escorted are all the most palpable shams. The guides, or their employers, support them for the express benefit of the tourist. The tourist appears properly thrilled and entirely satisfied, so probably no harm is done. The Chinaman reaps rich, golden harvests from every party of tourists, so he, too, is happy. For that is his one object in America: To amass a sufficient supply of American dollars to enable him to return to China and thereafter live in lordly luxury. This intent to return to his native land of the poppy never deserts him, and meanwhile he alters his manner of existence no whit.

"Vice there undeniably is in 'Chinatown' in plenty and, together with the sight-seers, in and out through it float the riff-raff of a great city, the lowest of the country's criminals, adding their note to its atmosphere. But behind all this, carefully shielded from any prying Occidental eyes, the life of the Orient is going forward exactly as it does in the mother country. The secret societies and tongs are carrying on their mysterious businesses, and there is not a Chinaman in America who is not in some way involved in their operations; real opium dens and real gambling houses are being conducted under close cover; strange crimes are committed and strange joys experienced; the delicate arts and handicrafts of the Chinese are being worked out; all Oriental life is silently, unostentiously being lived, and all the while every deed and act of every man who lives or passes through there is watched and known and tabulated. All that the Chinese asks of the white man is that he leave him alone. What his pursuits and desires are in the undisturbed company of his own countrymen he quite successfully masks behind his inscrutable Oriental countenance."

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In all this lie eeriely fascinating hints of sandalled feet purring softly over mattinged floors, of immobile yellow faces pressed flat to some hidden window-pane, of beady, angular brown eyes that peer stealthily from crevices, of a bizarre, unfathomable life lived behind a veil, reeking with all the strange glamour of the unknown. Contrast with this the slums upon which William Glackens gazes. Or perhaps more fairly, contrast them with what the eyes of Luks and Myers behold, for it is with the more cosmopolitan sections that Mr. Glackens's art concerns itself. Glackens is one of the important American painters of the present. He was among the first to break away from the narrow limits of the "old school" and his canvases, strong, realistic, never lack interest. In approaching the slums he does so purely as an artist. To him they appear simply as an artistic effect, particles of structure and humanity which can be welded into works of art—more interesting than their counterparts in more ordinary surroundings merely because more colourful, more active. Beyond this he does not care to penetrate, and what he knows of slum people, he is careful to state, is altogether incidental. Mr. Glackens is a logical impressionist—one who could never be anything else. He does not see detail at all. He receives simply general impressions.

"But," exclaims he, "from what I've seen of them as a painter, I can't see any sense in weeping over the people of the slums. We who pretend to pity them are conventional—they're not. That's about the only difference. A man who can be unconventional is apt to be more satisfied than one who cannot. I haven't noticed as much suffering in the slums as one hears about. It seems to me that the people down there have a pretty good time—assuming that they can stand the dirt. I can't see that they work so terribly hard. A good part of their time is spent in exchanging philosophical observations and taking their ease in the wine-rooms. They're probably more primitive than we are and less civilised, and they happen to make good subjects for pictures. But they don't have to worry about keeping up appearances and conforming to conventions. They do just exactly as they please in exactly the way they please, and any one who can do that certainly ought to be far happier than the harassed business man, for instance. Personally, I shouldn't care to live among such people, because I haven't been brought up to that sort of life, but, for all that, why isn't their message—in a primitive sort of way, at least—'Here is the joy of living'?"

J. R. Shaver also sees in the slums a gladsome thing; but in his case little children furnish the reason for the joyful impression. Children are Mr. Shaver's specialty. As an artist he cannot be classed with Luks or Myers or Glackens—his work is entirely different for one thing—yet not since the pencil of Wolf ceased giving us those vivid, sympathetic little glimpses into the slum child soul has there been an artist who has depicted the children of Proletaire as he is depicting them to-day. Scientists and physicians may look into their heredity and examine their teeth, discourse of "proper nourishment" and "sanitary housing," educate them, theorise about them, and write formidable tomes on their propensities, yet remain all the while as far from understanding them as before ever they began. But Shaver feels with these shy, reticent little folk who cast their gay smiles against backgrounds of grey. They are "his kids." The poignant pains of their intense little lives and the boisterous joys are his pains—his joys. Of the slum child as he actually is there is more to be learned from a single rough sketch in Mr. Shaver's quaint style than from the clinical records of a dozen settlement-houses. They are his love.

"You can't help but love them," he cries, "because they're so appealing and so absolutely natural! Their unalloyed naturalness is their principal characteristic. Of course, in a sense, all children are natural, but all children are not natural with the naturalness of the slum kids. Yes, 'kids' is the word! Children is too stiff and stilted a classification to suit them. They're just kids. That's where the difference comes in. A kid is a much nicer thing than a child.

"There's a great deal of pity wasted

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on the kid of the slums. So much has been said about the horror of his condition, the misery and drudgery of his life, that people have come to look on him sort of like a starved street dog with a tin can of woe trailing behind and refusing to be shaken off. A great part of all this may be true, of course. Personally I can't say with any authority. It's a subject I've never happened to investigate. But this I can say, that if it is so it doesn't appear on the surface; and children are not good at dissembling, particularly when they're unaware that they're being watched. The slum kid as you see him running through the streets is the happiest youngster alive.

"His face may be begrimed with dirt, but underneath that coating it's ruddy and care-free. If he actually has to bear all the burdens of which we're told they sit very lightly upon him. He's earnest, eager, and happy. As he appears in the streets his chief business in life is play, and his assiduity in attending to that business is really astounding in its vigour. He frolics and romps and enjoys himself. He gets into fights and fights his way through them like a little man. Partaking of his recreations, as he needs must, on the street corners and in playgrounds wherein are perhaps a thousand other kids at the same time, he naturally becomes self-reliant and ingenious. Such a robust, active, helter-skelter, out-door life as he leads inevitably makes him sturdy, hardy, and strong. There may be as much sickness among slum children as investigators would have us believe. As I say, I've never looked deeply into those things myself; but on the surface it doesn't appear. From what I've seen of slum children—and I've observed them very carefully and very, very often in making studies for my sketches—I should say that they are the healthiest specimens of young America running around anywhere. Yes, healthier even

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WHEN THE SLOT MACHINE STUCK. BY J. R. SHAVER
"All children are not natural with the naturalness of the slum kids."

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than country children, and certainly much keener, much more quick-witted. When one contrasts the speed and swift change of metropolitan life with the even tenor of rural existence it seems clear that that couldn't very well be otherwise. Furthermore, unlike their more prosperous city cousins, the kids of the slums have no nurses nor watchful mammas forever hovering about them with, 'Don't do this,' and 'Don't do that,' and 'Don't soil your hands,' and 'Don't spot your clothes.' They do exactly as they please —at any rate during the time that they spend in the streets—and in so doing they naturally follow the normal instincts of normal childhood. And so, although it seems rather hard to burden such tiny things with anything so grave as a message, the message of their lives would seem to be a profoundly simple, and at the same time profoundly significant, one—namely, 'We're *real* kids'."

It is interesting, however, to note that both of these men who find the slums a place of supreme happiness are admittedly judging only from externals. Quite a different vein is touched by Eugene Higgins, and he is one who, having lived in the slums himself, knows them first hand. There are persons who call Mr. Higgins's paintings grewsome and unpleasant. Perhaps they may be from a certain standpoint. The truth is rarely pleasant, though, and the truth they certainly are—one side of it, at all events.

"A few days ago," remarks Mr. Higgins in explaining the slums, "I passed a man whose scant clothing was worn and ragged, whose bare toes protruded from his dilapidated shoes, and in whose eyes was the hunted, hungry look of the oppressed. He was looking in the shop window of a fashionable jeweller's shop, resplendent with the costly trinkets with which the rich adorn themselves. For several minutes the man gazed as one spellbound, insufferable longing in his look. Then he turned suddenly and hurried off with bowed head. *That* was the slums. Later during the same day I came across another man—this time an old man. He was sitting on a street corner, playing a violin. He took no heed of the coins which every now and then stray passers-by tossed him. He was needy and dirty, a miserable creature; but the music which he was eliciting from his battered instrument came very near being beautiful. As his tremulous bow unfolded the strains the old man seemed somehow exalted. All the misery of his life, all the unappeased desires, had slipped from him for the moment, and he was far away from the sordidness of reality—glorified, happy. And *that* was the slums. There is longing, envy, and unrest in the slums, and there is feeling, sentiment, and poetry as well.

"But considered in the bulk," continues Mr. Higgins, "the slums are hell—nothing less. There is struggle and strife, horrible suffering, livid agony of soul and body, want, misery, and despair going on there in monotonous, killing repetition. To my mind the message of the slums is: 'We know pain.' Very little occurs to relieve this pain. Suffering is the normal lot of the slum people. They are the victims of conditions. But when suffering and pain are united with poetic feeling, as is the case in the slums, then the result is a great artist. I believe that out of this melting pot of the races, this caldron of affliction, will arise before long a true artist, a genius of supreme power who will show humanity to itself as it is, and beautify and purify the world in so doing."

This view of Proletaire which Mr. Higgins presents cannot well be slighted. It is born not of idle theory, but from out the travail of bitter experience. He knows; and his remarks, like his pictures, are pregnant with undraped truth. And as a logical climax to this truth comes the view of W. Balfour Ker.

Mr. Ker is a gentleman who, both as man and artist, is impatient of middle courses. He has drawn those saccharine "love" cartoons with chubby Cupids skipping sportively about the margins which so delight the soul of the boarding-school girl. It is doubtful if Mr. Ker himself can regard this portion of his work seriously. But when he goes to the other extreme and chooses for his theme some phase of Proletaire the depth of feeling underlying his attitude seems to take possession of the pencil, resulting in a brute sincerity which compels attention. The slums to Mr. Ker are quite as hide-

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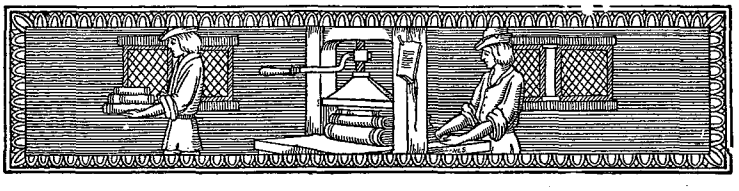
ous as they are in the eyes of Mr. Higgins.

"They are society's disgrace, the blot on the escutcheon of civilisation," is his estimate. "It is through the hard labour of the proletarians, through the excessive rents they are forced to pay for vile quarters, through the money wrung from them at extortionate rates for the bare necessaries of life, that the idle rich are supported in luxury. The labour of Proletaire is what keeps the mechanism of society in motion, and Proletaire's reward is a condition little better than slavery. Whether such a condition is the result of ignorance in the upper circles of society, or of indifference, or of selfishness, or of downright viciousness makes no difference. That such a thing can be is the shameful fact. That such an order has been so long sustained is the world's great tragedy. However, the balance of power lies with the proletarians, since they are the workers. For long they have been unconscious of this, like a slumbering giant whom pigmies pillage while he sleeps. But to-day Proletaire is beginning to sense its power. The giant is rousing—rousing with the accumulated anger of the years stirring within him. He can feel the virus of his pent-up strength, and he is learning the rights which are his. Unless these rights are voluntarily accorded him soon he will utilise his strength to secure them. That is the striking thing to me about Proletaire at present, the spirit which pervades it and waxes stronger day by day. The giant is clenching his teeth. He is snarling ominously, maddened by the wrongs of the ages, and his snarl says: 'Beware.'"

That such a spirit of unrest is taking more and more definite shape among the ranks of Proletaire all people are slowly coming to realise. It may not as yet have reached the stage which Mr. Ker would indicate, but still—close your eyes to it though you will—it is there, menacing, undeniable. Reforms may be put in motion to propitiate it and charities organised to alleviate the conditions of which it is generated, yet will it not down. High and low alike are striving more ardently each day to consummate the passing of the slums, and, soon or late, through violence or humanity, they will be no more. They are foredoomed. Ultimately, together with all other forms and degrees of slavery they will fade into history. But the memory of them must remain forever potent—their gaunt pathos, their crimson tragedies, their lurid joys. They have been picturesque; they have had character, they have formed the basis for much art that is great. To have done this is, after all, worth while. Not all suffering has been so fruitful.

Meanwhile the proletaire accepts the Christmas baskets of prosperous Christendom, and mutters thanks with what grace it may. If warmth seem somewhat lacking in that gratitude and the manner of expression a trifle abstracted one should not censure too severely. The slums are thinking—thinking.



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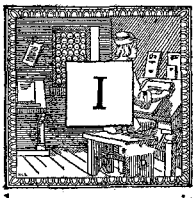
THE MAGAZINE IN THE MAKING

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



IT has been said that there is nothing more mysterious to the mind of the layman than the intrinsic nature of the manner in which the daily newspaper in a large community is filled. It has not been said that there is nothing more mysterious to the mind of the layman than the intrinsic nature of the manner in which the monthly magazines are filled. Yet, from numerous observations and conversations, the fact has crept through the doors of the magazine editorial offices that the general public, where it is concerned at all, labours under a misconception as delicious and profound in the instance of the magazine schedule as in that of the newspaper. There is extant a prosperous and persistent hallucination, it seems, that magazines are "made up" each month from the manuscripts that are sent by mail or delivered in person to the editors and their assistants by volunteer contributors. That this phantasm is more widespread than even the semi-layman may believe is indicated with no small definiteness by letters from volunteer (or directly uninvited) contributors. It appears opportune, therefore, that the doors of the editorial rooms be opened a little way so that the layman public may be afforded a peep into the general mechanics of the system whereby the periodical publications are filled from month to month.

THE "STAFF SYSTEM"

Inasmuch as the present subject and the present canvas are in anything but proper proportion for a thorough treatment, this paper must confine itself in the main to outlining with a broad brush. Let us consider, first, the so-called general magazines, the monthly journals of the class typified by *The American, Everybody's, Munsey's, McClure's* and the others like these. Among publications of this class, there has been developed within the last decade a gradual tendency toward the staff system, a gradual tendency that, in its limited way, has followed in the footsteps of the newspaper. Within the last two or three years, the staff seed that was planted in that portion of the decade preceding this period has sprouted into a lively plant. In some instances, in the cases of such magazines as devote themselves with considerable seriousness of effort to "special articles" requiring deep and protracted study and investigation, the staff system, whether limited or elaborated, is practically a necessity. Where such staffs exist, the special article subjects are assigned by the editor or publisher months ahead, the whole scheme, in its restricted way, following out the city editor methods of the newspaper office. Where no definite staff exists, the managing editor, when pursuing the important special article, enlists the pen of one of the small group of recognised free lance special writers whose names are closely identified with this style of investigation and writing. Sometimes, the suggestions for special articles come from these free lance workmen; sometimes, they come from a contributor whose name probably is only fairly well known in the magazine world. But the acceptance of important special articles from "outsiders" is the great exception in the case of the general magazines of first rank.

"FRENZIED FINANCE"

"Big features," as important and comment-arousing articles are known in the magazine vernacular, are almost always born in the editorial office rather than out of it. Promising newspaper items are clipped and discussed and every similar avenue of "magazine news" is patrolled with the thoroughness of the newspaper editorial office that concerns itself with Sunday "features." Take, for example, the famous Lawson articles upon which the foundation of a magazine's future was laid. Read this paragraph from *Astir,* by John Adams Thayer, at the time one of the owners of *Everybody's:*

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When Thomas W. Lawson . . . told the press of America that he meant to spend the rest of his life in showing up Standard Oil, our silent partner, Mr. Wilder, was struck with an idea. Dining with me that evening, he suggested that if we could get Tom Lawson to write the story of Amalgamated Copper for our magazine we should have something worth telling, something people would be eager to read, something which would boom our circulation. The idea made an instant appeal to me, and the next morning I mentioned it to Ridgway, saying I approved of it and that, if he agreed, I would attempt to secure the story. He replied that Wilder had telephoned him about it the day before and that while he doubted if he could get it, he saw no harm in trying. That night, notwithstanding I had received no answer to a telegram inquiring whether Mr. Lawson was there, I went to Boston, taking with me the editor.

The Burns detective series in *McClure's*, on the other hand, to cite a case out of the ordinary, had its inspiration in several articles submitted by a young woman who had no connection with the magazine. The latter accepted these articles, printed them and then called in one of the affiliated free-lance special writers to carry on the work of the series.

VERSE AND SPECIAL ARTICLES

So far as special articles of a lighter nature are concerned, the magazine editors rely to a considerable degree upon the suggestions brought in to them by writers in New York who specialise in the various channels of this species of work. Thus, there are a half dozen writers who concern themselves chiefly with special articles on the theatre, two or three who specialise in aviation topics, three or four who centre their endeavours on business articles, a larger number who make a study of agricultural "specials"—and so on. As has been said, the casually mailed-in special article that subsequently sees itself in print is the large exception to the running case.

The magazine editors have their lists of writers upon whom they may call for work just as the newspaper editors have their assignment books of reporters whose services are at their beck and call. Of course, every now and then one of these writers finds himself unable to meet the "order," and in such instances the "order" is passed on to one of the other writers known to the office. Curiously enough, this holds true frequently even in the case of humour. For a Christmas number, for example, invitations to contribute humorous articles on, let us say, Santa Claus, may be extended (really *assigned*) to such men as George Fitch, Kin Hubbard, George Ade and others of the established comic coterie. And there are numerous cases on record where "poetry" has been actually ordered from the better known magazine stanza contributors by the editors. The queer sound that this may produce in the ear of the layman is, however, not entirely without its justification, its sound sense, as it were. The subject matter of a poem may be suggested to a verse writer by an editor despite the loud wails that have to do with "inspiration." The editors, remember, print verses for the pleasure of the present reading generation, not for posterity—and the pleasure of the present reading generation has permitted itself to be analysed and defined with no mean amount of accuracy.

THE PURSUIT OF FICTION

One of the most able of the metropolitan magazine editors assured the present writer recently that it was becoming more and more necessary every year for the magazine possessed of ambition to "go out and search for its own material." "Yes," he supplemented, "and I speak of fiction as well as of special articles." Desirable fiction is "so few and far between and in such demand" (to quote the editor's phraseology) that it must be pursued, literally. Under the head of fiction is included, in the editor's category, both the serial story and the short story. It has become no uncommon thing among the magazines to bid for stories from the pens of established writers. The drab fact always remains that small reliance may be placed by the editors on the contributions from the climbing set of writers of fiction. Out of five hundred casual fiction manuscripts received in a magazine of-

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fice, manuscripts from the great and growing volunteer army of contributors, it is the exceptional moment that reveals one fit for use. Indeed, things have recently arrived at the point where a fiction staff has begun to spring into magazine being. One publishing house that concerns itself with the so-called "popular" fiction pays a certain number of writers a regular weekly salary, and thus practically controls their work. Another relies on five or six men to supply it regularly with the longer fiction. Of course, the products of both of these publishing concerns, as already mentioned, are of the so-called "popular" variety, but these cases are straws that indicate which way the correlated editorial wind is blowing. One monthly magazine has "tied up" all the work of a well-known writer of fiction until October first, nineteen twelve, and has purchased in advance the next six short stories of one of the fiction leaders. Only one of these stories has been written at this date; the other five have not even been outlined. Not long ago a monthly magazine placed orders with three recognised writers of fiction for as many series of short stories on assigned topics. One of the most widely known of American periodicals, in an extremity for adequate fiction, has arranged with a not very well-known but fairly adept writer of character stories for most of the latter's literary production. Two other publications have scouting editors in their employ, men whose mission it is to keep in touch with some of the popular fiction writers and, as the office phraseology goes, "get an advance line" on their material. Another publication has on its staff a widely read writer of humorous fiction, all of whose work it controls. What holds true of the monthly publications, holds true as well with the weekly publications so far as the general character of the method of "filling" is concerned. In the instance of the weeklies, however, this may have been more readily sensed by the layman, by virtue of the fact that a comparatively quadruple speed is obviously vital to the regular issue of such periodicals.

MAGAZINE ASSIGNMENTS

There is a monthly magazine of "popular" fiction published in New York—a magazine of wide circulation—whose editor not only "assigns" writers to the task of supplying his publication with fiction, but also "assigns" these writers to the "plots." It might be more accurate, possibly, to reverse the order and say that he assigns the plots to the writers, but the fact remains that the fiction for this particular magazine is "assigned" for all the world like a newspaper story of a fire in a shirtwaist factory in Broome Street, New York, or Fifth Avenue, Chicago. Although not directly relevant to the present chronicle, it may be said for the benefit of sceptics that the assignment idea in point has been found to fill the magazine with greater effectiveness and satisfaction than had been the case before the system had been introduced into the editorial room. There is a monthly magazine that calls into its offices at intervals members of a group of writers who have been on its contributing list for many years and asks them "what they have got on their minds," or, in other words, what ideas they may have that may be turned into the form of articles and stories for the publication's use. Numerous other methods that the magazines pursue in taking the initial steps toward filling themselves might be cited, but a further intimate elaboration of illustration seems unnecessary. A survey of the situation in its entirety reveals the summarising facts that magazines to-day are being filled more and more as newspapers are filled—by "assignments," more and more by the members of regularly employed staffs—or, if not "staffs," by groups of associated free-lance contributors, more and more through direct business contracts or friendly affiliations with writers possessed of reputation or gradually mounting ability—and less and less through the propitious accidents of the United States mail.

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BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

II—John Collis Snaith

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming into prominence, The Bookman *has begun the publication of a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.*

I. Published Volumes, with Reviews

Mistress Dorothy Marvin, Excerpts from the Memoirs of Sir Edward Armstrong, Bart., of Copeland Hall, Somerset. London: Innes, 1896; New York: Appleton (in Town and Country Library, No. 188) 1896. Reviewed, *Athenæum*, '95, 2, 897.

Fierceheart the Soldier. London: Innes, 1897. New York: Appleton (in Town and Country Library, No. 217) 1897. Reviewed, *Athenæum* '97, 1, 804; *Literary World* (London), *N. S.* 55, 530.

Willow the King. The Story of a Cricket Match. London: Ward, Locke, 1899. Reviewed, *Athenæum* '99, 2, 96; *Lit. World* (London) *N. S.* 60, 30; *Spectator* 83, 352.

Lady Barbarity. A Romantic Comedy. London: Ward, Locke, 1898. New York: Appletion (in Town and Country Library, No. 271) 1890. Reviewed, *Athenæum* '99, 2, 584; *Literary World* (London) *N. S.* 60, 329.

Wayfarers. London: Ward, Locke, 1901. New York: Appleton (in Town and Country Library, No. 307) under title *Love's Itinerary*, 1901. Reviewed, *Lit. World* (London) *N. S.* 66, 225.

Patricia at the Inn. London: Arrowsmith, 1901. New York: B. W. Dodge, 1906. Reviewed, *Lit. World* (London) *N. S.* 64, 443.

Broke of Covenden. London: Constable, 1904. Boston: Turner, 1904. Reviewed, *Academy* 67, 49; *Critic* 45, 557; *Lit. World* (London) *N. S.* 70, 183; *Sat. Review* 98, 85; *Spectator* 93, 259.

Henry Northcote. London: Constable, 1906; Boston: Turner, 1906; New Ed., New York: Moffat, Yard, 1911. Reviewed, *Bookman* (London) 30, 118; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 42, 144; *Lit. World* (London) *N. S.* 72, 202.

William Jordan, Junior. London: Constable, 1907; New York: Moffat, Yard, 1908. Reviewed, Chicago *Post*, May 5, '08; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 44, 351; Hartford *Courant*, April 4, '08; N. Y. *Evening Sun*, May 16, '08; *Outlook*, May 9, '08.

Araminta. London: Smith, Elder, 1909; New York: Moffat, Yard, 1909. Serialised in the *Forum*, 1908-9. Reviewed: *Athenæum* '09, 1, 312; *Atlantic* 103, 702; *Bookman* 29, 315; *Book News Monthly*, April, '09; Chic. *Evening Post*, Mch. 13, '09; Chic. *Record-Herald*, Feb. 25, '09; *Current Lit.* 47, 340; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 46, 369; *Independent* 66, 707; *Nation* 88, 337; N. Y. *Evening Post*, Apr. 30, '09; N. Y. *Times*, 14, 134 and 379; N. Y. *Tribune*, Mch. 13, '09; *Outlook* June 19, '09; *Saturday Review* 107, 469; *Spectator* 102, 504.

Fortune. London: Nelson, 1910; New York: Moffat, Yard, 1910. Reviewed, *Bookman* 31, 525; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 48, 394; *Nation* 91, 35; N. Y. *Times* 15, 241; *Saturday Review* 109, 665; *Spectator* 105, 359; *Times* (London), Apr. 28, 1910, 154c.

Mrs. Fitz. London: Smith, Elder, 1910; New York: Moffat, Yard, 1910. Reviewed, *Athenæum* '10, 2, 551; *Atlantic* (Margaret Sherwood) May, 1911; *Dial*, Feb. 1, '11; Hartford *Courant*, Dec. 3, 1910; *Metropolitan Mag.*, Jan. 1911; N. Y. *Evening Post*,

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Nov. 26, '10; N. Y. *Times* 15, 712; N. Y. *Tribune*, Oct. 23, '10; *Spectator* 105, 865; *Times* (London) Oct. 20, 1910, 392b.

The Principal Girl. Serialised in the *Atlantic* 1911-12. To be published, in the spring of 1912, London: Methuen; New York: Moffat, Yard.

II. APPRECIATIONS, ETC.

Peattie, Elia W. Article based on *William Jordan, Junior,* Chic. *Daily Tribune,* Apr. 25, 1908.

Seccombe, Thomas. Article based on *Araminta, Bookman* (London) 36, 38.

Tennyson, A. B. S., Article based on *Araminta,* in *Contemp. Rev.* 95, sup. 8.

A CORRECTION. In the Bibliography of Arnold Bennett, published in the November BOOKMAN, through a typographical error a headline, "In Collaboration with Eden Phillpotts," was run in as part of the text following the novel, *Hilda Lessways.* This headline, of course, refers, not to *Hilda Lessways,* but to the two following titles, *Sinews of War* and *The Statue,* both of which are the joint work of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Phillpotts.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

BERNARD SHAW*

Not many Americans have any real acquaintance with Bernard Shaw. They know him as novelist, playwright, jester, disputant, iconoclast, but of any continuity in his purpose, or method in his madness they are ignorant. The great mass of printed rubbish that has accumulated about him has only confused them. For years past it has seemed a waste of time to read a word that any other professional writer had to say about him. Shavianism of course was simply a nuisance, and, fortunately, is now dead. Nobody wants a Shaw notion expounded by any other person than Shaw, and Shaw himself apparently feels in the same way about it. As to his critics, they have consisted, in this country, chiefly of academic Thebans who have emerged only to ejaculate "Mountebank!" and then returned to their congenial routine of expounding the leading thoughts in *In Memoriam* or what Thackeray owed to Sterne. To be sure, there was Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but his is the opposite extreme to the academic, the extreme of unconscionable and often irrelevant vivacity. While our "Cultured" critics could take no pleasure in Shaw, because he was not long enough dead and decided upon, Mr. Chesterton's easily stimulated mind became as gloriously drunk on Shaw as it did on Dickens or the Roman Catholic Church or Woman as the Mainstay of the Cosmos. People do not read Mr. Chesterton for knowledge of a subject but only to see the colours he throws on it. So it came to pass that little could be made of Shaw when viewed through the minds of his commentators, whether reflected in frozen academic puddles or with the Chesterton rainbow on him.

Now comes Dr. Archibald Henderson to the rescue of the inquisitive, with the first adequate and lucid report of Shaw that has appeared in print. He spent six years in preparing it and it fills a volume of more than five hundred pages, which nevertheless seems too short, for a more entertaining narrative, whether in biography or fiction, has not appeared in recent years. Shaw has aided the author in its preparation and has approved the result. Much of it is in Shaw's own words, quoted from his conversations, letters and books. Much of it is summary of Shaw's views as expressed in his professional writings as art critic, music critic, dramatic critic and playwright. In general, though Dr. Henderson calls it a "critical" biography, Shaw speaks for himself and the writer's views are not intruded. If, as he says, his own views are in "hearty disagreement" with Shaw's on many points, he has shown admirable self-repression. He is loyal

*George Bernard Shaw. His Life and Works. A Critical Biography (Authorised). By Archibald Henderson, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1911.

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to his subject, sometimes even slavish, and he has kept his own colour out of the picture. To be sure, one must take it for granted that Shaw is a very great person, that is the premise of the entire work. But it is implied, not insisted upon in rapturous adjectives.

"I cannot begin, like Ruskin, by saying that my father was an entirely honest merchant," said Shaw in one of his confessions. "I don't know whether he was or not; I do know that he was an entirely unsuccessful one." The best thing Shaw could say of his father was that he might have been a weaker brother of Charles Lamb. His mother was a woman of strong character, self-reliant, indifferent to conventional opinions, and with unusual talent as a musician. He was brought up in an atmosphere of class prejudice and genteel poverty, and the main thing that he learned from it was hatred of respectability. The glimpses Dr. Henderson gives of his environment explains in part his scorn of class distinctions and fashionable society.

One evening, says Shaw, I was playing on the street with a school-fellow of mine, when my father came home. He questioned me about the boy, who was the son of a prosperous ironmonger. The feelings of my father, who was not prosperous, and who sold flour by the sack, when he learned that his son had played on the street with the son of a man who sold nails by the pennyworth are not to be described. He impressed on me that my honour, my human dignity, all stood upon my determination not to associate with persons associated in retail trade. . . . Imagine being taught to despise a workman, and to respect a gentleman, in a country where every rag of excuse for gentility is stripped off by poverty! Imagine being taught that there is one God—a Protestant and a perfect gentleman—keeping Heaven select for the gentry; and an idolatrous impostor called the Pope, smoothing the hellward way for the mass of the people, only admissible into the kitchens of most of the aforesaid gentry as "thorough servants" (general servants) at eight pounds a year!

He went to four successive schools, at which, according to his own account and that of his biographer, he learned nothing. He says they were merely *crèches* at which his parents got him out of the way for half a day. He thinks they did him a good deal of harm and no good whatever, and he tells his biographer, "If you can in any public way convey to these idiotic institutions my hearty curse, you will relieve my feelings infinitely." The two chief educational influences in his early life were music and painting. Mrs. Shaw led the chorus at a musical society and young Shaw heard the works of the principal composers constantly rehearsed at home. Before he was fifteen he knew by heart many operas and oratorios. He was also familiar with a considerable number of Italian and Flemish paintings and with the history of art. When a boy he haunted the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin, and spent his spare money on volumes of Vasari in the Bohn translation. But of education in the usual sense, he had none. His people could not afford to send him to the university, and he never regretted it, being as sceptical of university ideals as of others. He held that the knowledge which he picked up of his own accord did not place him "at the smallest disadvantage with men who only know the grammar and mispronunciation of the Greek and Latin poets and philosophers" and that the university turned out men who all thought alike and were snobs. Eager but unsystematic reading, an intense love of music and a keen interest in painting characterised his early life, which was wholly lacking in the usual active pleasures of boyhood.

In the conventional sense he was never "reared" at all; he simply "grew up wild." No effort was made to form his character; he developed from within, strangely aloof in spirit from the healthy gaieties of the normal lad. Thus was bred in him, even at an early age, a sort of premature ascetism, which left its indelible mark upon his character.

At the age of fifteen he became a clerk in the office of an Irish land agent and for five years did his work faithfully and well, though utterly despising it. Meanwhile his father's income being hopelessly insufficient for the support of the household, his mother had gone to London and become a professional teacher of singing. Young Shaw joined her

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there in 1876, and without the least compunction permitted her to support him for several years, while he pegged away as a literary free lance.

With that comic seriousness which always passes for outrageous prevarication, Shaw has related that during the nine years from 1876 to 1885 his adventures in literature netted him the princely sum of exactly six pounds. At first he "devilled" for a musical critic; but his notices "led to the stoppage of all the concert advertisements and ruined the paper"—"which died—partly of me." He also began a Passion Play in blank verse, with the mother of the hero represented as a termagant. . . . "I was always, fortunately for me," Mr. Shaw once remarked, "a failure as a trifler. All my attempts at Art for Art's sake broke down; it was like hammering tenpenny nails into sheets of notepaper."

He was, moreover, quite unfitted by training for competition in this field.

I was a foreigner—an Irishman, the most foreign of all foreigners when he has not gone through the university mill. I was . . . not uneducated; but unfortunately what I knew was exactly what the educated Englishman did not know, and what he knew I either didn't know or didn't believe.

During this period he received his largest fee, £5, from a patent medicine advertisement. A publisher once asked for some verses to accompany some old blocks that had been purchased for a school prize book. Shaw sent him a parody, as a joke, but to his amazement the publisher took it seriously and sent him a fee. Thereupon Shaw in gratitude wrote him a serious verse for another picture. The publisher took this as a joke in rather bad taste. Shaw's uncompromising attitude at this time is likened by Dr. Henderson to the character of the "true artist" as described by Tanner in *Man and Superman.*

"The true artist," runs the passage, "will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art. To women he is half vivisector, half vampire. He gets into intimate relations with them to study them, to strip the mask of convention from them, to surprise their inmost secrets, knowing that they have the power to rouse his deepest creative energies, to rescue him from his cold reason, to make him see visions and dream dreams, to inspire him, as he calls it. He persuades women that they may do this for their own purpose, whilst he really means them to do it for his."

Shaw did try, to be sure, to "earn an honest living," but regarded it the while as a "sin against his nature," and soon gave up the attempt. He then determined to write as he wished to write, regardless of the time spent or the rewards forfeited.

I was an able-bodied, able-minded young man in the strength of my youth; and my family, then heavily embarrassed, needed my help urgently. That I should have chosen to be a burden to them instead was, according to all the conventions of peasant fiction, monstrous. Well, without a blush I embraced the monstrosity. I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age; I hung on to his coat tails. His reward was to live just long enough to read a review of one of these silly novels written in an obscure journal by a personal friend of my own. . . . People wondered at my heartlessness; one young and romantic lady had the courage to remonstrate openly and indignantly with me, "for the which," as Pepys said of the shipwright's wife who refused his advances, "I did respect her." Callous as Comus to moral babble, I steadily wrote my five pages a day and made a man of myself (at my mother's expense) instead of a slave.

He says elsewhere—

My mother worked for my living instead of preaching that it was my duty to work for hers; therefore take off your hat to her and blush.

During this period he wrote the five novels of which the first, written in 1879 and called "with merciless fitness" *Immaturity,* was never published and the four others were all rejected at first by the publishers and did not find their way into print until 1884-1886, when they ran as serials in the Socialist magazines. By that time or a little later he had repented of them and he never ceased to express contempt for them. He told his present biographer that he always regarded admiration of *Cashel Byron's Profession*

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the mark of a fool. Meanwhile Shaw had been cultivating his musical and artistic tastes and saturating himself with the doctrines of Henry George, Karl Marx and the spirit of Ibsen. He belonged at this time to a little band of intimates who revelled in the discussion of land nationalisation, Socialism, vegetarianism, humanitarianism, Wagner, Walt Whitman, and what not. It was Shelley's example that made Shaw a vegetarian. For twenty-five years he confesses with shame, he had been a "cannibal," but thenceforth he became a strict vegetarian. It did not, according to him, require any self-denial. He declared that "the enormity of eating the scorched corpses of animals—cannibalism with its heroic dish omitted—becomes impossible the moment it becomes consciously instead of thoughtlessly habitual."

These novels, despite his repudiation, contain many of the elements of his mature work. Thus *An Unsocial Socialist,* written in 1883, when he was twenty-seven, is marked by many of the anarchic dogmas, the oddities, and the seeming paradoxes of his plays. Its hero, Trefusis, the apostle and philosopher of the New Order, expounds the same doctrine that runs through *Man and Superman,* namely, that woman at the behest of the Life Force is forever pursuing man. Shaw said his purpose in writing it was "to produce a novel which should be a gigantic grapple with the whole social problem," but after finishing two chapters, he tells us, he "broke down in sheer ignorance and incapacity." These two chapters were published serially in 1884 and later appeared in book form. Trefusis, like Tanner in *Man and Superman,* finds that marriage means "apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of his soul, violation of his manhood," etc., and Henrietta, like Gertrude in the later play, shamelessly pursues her fleeing man.

One has only to pass in review Shaw's work, from *An Unsocial Socialist* to *Man and Superman,* to discover that persistent exemplification of his theory that "woman is the pursuer and contriver, man the pursued and disposed of." . . . It is highly unreasonable to suppose that the exploitation of such a theory on Shaw's part is a perverse and impish trick, designed solely *épater le bourgeois.* Shaw has driven home his theory in countless deliberate statements.

The iconoclasm of *An Unsocial Socialist,* the sneers at custom and at conventional morality, the doctrine of the rottenness of our civilisation, run straight through all Shaw's work down to the present day. It may be that Shaw is mad, as he himself has frequently conjectured. One evidence of it is that he believes all the rest of the world to be. But the hypothesis that a man is a mere jester or intellectual acrobat when he has remained for thirty years loyal to the same purpose and constantly expounding the same doctrines is altogether too absurd. He is and has been for a whole generation a sectarian bigot of a well-defined branch of Socialism, as deeply attached to his opinions as was John Calvin. What he said in earnest was from the very first taken as a joke. He soon saw that thousands welcomed as a joke what they would have resented as a serious doctrine. So he became a propagandist by the simple process of asserting in the most uncompromising manner his own beliefs, which seemed so preposterous as to be quite safe, and at his fiercest moments, when he was storming against property, marriage, and morals, everybody felt happy and secure, remarking that it was capital fun and he a harmless fellow.

The writers and artists who left the deepest impression on Shaw in his early life were Shelley, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Marx, Wagner, Mozart and Michael Angelo. He owed the implse that drove him into economic studies to Henry George, whom one evening in the autumn of 1882 he chanced to hear lecture in London. This changed the whole course of his life.

It flashed on me then for the first time that the "conflict between Religion and Science" . . . the overthrow of the Bible, the higher education of women, Mill on Liberty, and all the rest of the storm that raged round Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, on which I had brought myself up intellectually, was a mere middle-class business. Suppose it could have produced a nation of Matthew Arnolds and George Eliots!—you may well shudder. The importance of the economic basis now dawned on me.

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Then began a most assiduous study, first of *Progress and Poverty,* then of Marx's *Das Kapital* and the writings of Socialists. He rapidly passed from a Single Tax convert to Marxist enthusiast, but joining the Fabian Society and reading more widely he became the leading exponent of the practical, opportunist school of Socialism, which he represents to-day. His industry as a student of economics was remarkable, and he was even more indefatigable in pushing the programme of the Fabians by acts and words. He laboured for it day and night for years. He forced himself in spite of what he regarded as grave natural disadvantages to speak in public on every occasion that presented itself. He attended countless meetings and heard and made endless arguments. When not reading economic writings he was "picking the brains" of those who had, particularly the encyclopædic brain of Sidney Webb, with whom he was intimately associated and to whom, he tells us, he owed more than to any one else. He has always maintained, and his biographer agrees with him, that he owes his remarkable abilities to his persistent, unflagging toil. Shaw indeed attributes his success wholly to the rigorous training to which he subjected himself.

It has enabled me to produce an impression of being extraordinarily clever, original and brilliant, deficient only in feeling, whereas the truth is that, though I am in a way a man of genius—otherwise I suppose I could not have sought out and enjoyed my experiences and been simply bored by holidays, luxury and money—yet I am not in the least naturally "brilliant," and not at all ready or clever. If literary men generally were put through the mill I went through and kept out of their stuffy little coteries, where works of art breed in and in until the spiritual and intellectual product becomes hopelessly degenerate, I should have a thousand rivals more brilliant than myself. There is nothing more mischievous than the notion that my works are the mere play of a delightfully clever and whimsical hero of the *salons;* they are the result of perfectly straightforward drudgery, beginning in the ineptest novel writing juvenility, and persevered in every day for twenty-five years.

As to his capacity for feeling, there is little evidence in this long record of his life that he valued persons for anything but their intellectual attainments. Certainly he had no irrational family attachments and only scorn for the sentiment that blood was thicker than water. One strong passion he professed and this was an eager desire to remove the intolerable burdens of the poor. His biographer once asked him what he had to say in answer to the charge that he was a passionless and bloodless intellectual machine. Shaw replied in a parable about two men walking down the Strand, looking at the throngs. One saw only a crowd of men, women, and children. He passed a starving child. He tossed it a penny, drew his coat tighter around him, and went on, thanking God that his own lot was comfortable.

The other sees in the spectacle a company of men and angels ascending and descending an endless ladder, which reaches from earth to heaven. . . . [He] regards the little waif with infinite compassion, his heart goes out in profoundest sympathy, and his whole being protests against the social system which makes such things possible. And he devotes his life not to giving pennies to individual sufferers, but to exposing the conditions which produce such horrors and to agitating for such reforms as will mitigate these horrors and eventually render them impossible.

Shaw always resents the charge of cynicism or essential levity. "I am not a cynic at all," he said, "if by cynic is meant one who disbelieves in the inherent goodness of human nature." As to his alleged levity, he admitted that he enjoyed mystifying people who have no sense of humour, particularly if they ask him silly questions. It seemed to him the height of folly to try and convince people that he was serious. Once a young man went into a bookstore for a work on natural history and asked ignorantly if they had any books by the great Buffoon (meaning Buffon), whereupon the clerk without the least hesitation handed him a volume by Bernard Shaw. The view is too deep-rooted and widespread in many quarters to be corrected by Shaw, obviously an interested party. And of course Shaw is himself to blame for the suspicion that he is never serious. His inveterate habit of chaff, of teasing

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and baffling persons in conversation, of finding out their especial objects of reverence and making fun of them, and doing and saying the unexpected of set purpose have quite naturally made it difficult for an ordinary person to tell where the joke leaves off. In his witty encounters with others he generally has come off in triumph, but Dr. Henderson has collected some instances of defeat. Once after listening at a dinner in Paris to an amusing discourse by Anatole France on the strange type of men considered men of genius, Shaw remarked that he knew all about them, for he was one himself. France, who knew little or nothing of Shaw's work, replied, *"Mais oui, monsieur, et une courtisane se nomme une marchande de plaisir."* Lady Randolph's prompt rebuke of his rudeness when she invited him to luncheon is better known. His answer to the invitation was: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack upon my well-known habit?" To this she replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not so bad as your manners," and he tried afterward to make an explanation. He was always appreciative of a joke at his expense and ready to admit that he was floored. Of false dignity he had not a jot.

The extravagant braggart and arrant *poseur* of the Shavian myth vanishes in the presence of the real Shaw. His playful pretence of vanity is a source of great amusement to himself and his friends. Socially, it is an admirable resource in the art of entertainment. "I have never pretended that G. B. S. was real," said Shaw the other day. "I have over and over again taken him to pieces before the audience to show the trick of him. And even those who, in spite of that, cannot escape from the illusion, regard G. B. S. as a freak. The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion. Clearly such a monster could do no harm, even were his example evil (which it never is) . . . G. B. S. sometimes gets on my nerves; but he is a great source of amusement to a small but highly enlightened audience. Of course, there are lots of people in the world who regard me as a huge joke; and perhaps I am as much responsible for the G. B. S. legend as anybody else. But the vast majority of my readers are serious persons, who regard me as a serious person who has something serious to impart."

The contradictions, absurdities, and apparent wildness of Shaw are due in part to the fact that he expresses himself more fully than do others, gives vent in words to every mood, whim, half-thought, that occurs to him, shows his mind when it is not made up but only groping or fooling, gets himself on paper when another man would get himself to bed, or go a-fishing or talk to a dog or play with a baby. And having an amazing gift for sheer words, he can contrive to express in an amusing or arrestive way mental processes which most men would never dream of putting into language. The more completely a man expresses himself in words the queerer he is bound to seem. It is probable that Shaw has lived less than many quite ordinary persons, being more eager to word a pleasure than follow it out, and ready at any moment to arrest his life in order to write about it.

There is something strikingly transitory about his presence: one always feels that he has just managed to catch Shaw "on the fly."

Some one has compared him to New York, always full of hurry and work. Empty Shaw and New York of hurry and work, and the "city is a desolation" and the man "feels no reason for existence." His friends look upon him as an engine "running with lightning speed."

Shaw is the quintessence of vital energy. He rushes hither and thither, from one task to another, with a feverish, almost frenzied activity.

It is a life dedicated to intellectual efficiency and on the whole the impression it leaves is rather pathetic. Shaw has quoted of himself Napoleon's question, "Could I be what I am, little one, cared I only for happiness?" He was wise enough in not consciously pursuing his own happiness, but he might at least have slid comfortably along the line of least resistance now and then and learned something, too, in transit.

As to Shaw's philosophy, Dr. Hender-

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son likens it in some respects to the Pragmatism of Schiller and James.

Shaw's philosophical ideas have generally been regarded by English and American critics either as of undoubted European derivation, or else as fantastic paradoxes totally unrelated to the existing body of thought. "I urge them to remember," Shaw remonstrates, "that this body of thought is the slowest of growths and the rarest of blossomings, and that if there is such a thing on the philosophic plane as a matter of course, it is that no individual can make more than a minute contribution to it." . . . Shaw's fundamental postulate is that morality is not a stagnant quality, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, but transitory and evolutional. Morality flows. . . . History shows us a world strewn with the wrecks of institutions whose laws, upheld for a time as fixed, were eventually broken by the triumphant assertion of the crescent will of man. . . . "The ideal is dead; long live the ideal!" is the epitome of all human progress. . . . The keynote of the Shavian philosophy is the pursuit of life for its own sake. Life is realised only as activity that satisfies the will; that is as self-assertion. Every extension or intensification of activity is an increase in life.

C. M. Francis.

II

Lombroso's "Criminal Man"*

In this remarkably lucid and concise summary Madame Ferrero has presented all the chief points in her father's three volumes on *Criminal Man,* and in an Appendix she has given briefer summaries of several of his other works which have not yet been translated into English. Lombroso in the Introduction, which was the last thing he ever wrote, vouches for his daughter's accuracy and her fidelity to the spirit of his work. She had collaborated with him from childhood and he attributed to her a large share of his success. The first suggestion of his theories came to Lombroso in 1864 when as an army doctor he began a series of studies of Italian soldiers. He was struck by the physical differences between the honest and vicious types that came under his notice. Later on studying insanity he was impressed by the necessity of directing attention to the patient rather than to the disease, and began the study of the skulls of the insane. Then he applied the same methods to criminals. Gradually he came to think that the *a priori* methods employed by criminalogists hitherto were of little value, and he began a careful analytical study of criminals in the Italian prisons. There he made the acquaintance of the brigand Vilella, an Italian Jack the Ripper, whose atrocities had terrorised the inhabitants of Lombardy. This man had most extraordinary physical characteristics. He could scale precipitous mountains with a heavy sheep on his shoulders and when over seventy could climb cliffs with the agility of a goat. On opening his skull Lombroso

perceived at the base, in the spot where the internal occipital crest or ridge is found in normal individuals, a small hollow, which he called median occipital fossa. This abnormal character was correlated to a still greater anomaly in the cerebellum, the hypertrophy of the vermis, i. e., the spinal cord which separates the cerebellar lobes lying underneath the cerebral hemispheres. This vermis was so enlarged in the case of Vilella that it almost formed a small, intermediate cerebellum like that found in the lower types of apes, rodents and birds. This anomaly is very rare among inferior races with the exception of the South American Indian tribe of the Aymaras of Bolivia and Peru, in whom it is not infrequently found (40 per cent.). It is seldom met with in the insane or other degenerates, but later investigations have shown it to be prevalent in criminals.

This discovery was like a flash of light. "At the sight of that skull," says my father, "I seemed to see all at once, standing out clearly illumined as in a vast plain under a flaming sky, the problem of the nature of the criminal, who reproduces in civilised times characteristics, not only of primitive savages, but of still lower types as far back as the carnivora."

Another case that guided him toward the solution of the problem was that of the young Italian soldier Misdea, a man of low intelligence but not vicious, who though subject to epileptic fits had served

*Criminal Man. According to the Classification of Cesare Lombroso, briefly summarised by his daughter, Gina Lombroso Ferrero. With an introduction by Cesare Lombroso. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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for several years in the army, when, suddenly angered by some trifle, he killed eight of his officers and fellow-soldiers. Thereupon he fell into a deep sleep and on waking had no recollection of what had happened. This led Lombroso to infer that criminal characteristics were associated with epilepsy as well as with atavism, and after years of further investigation he formulated the following conclusions: Epilepsy is "the genus of which criminality and moral insanity are the species." The born criminal is an epileptic, possessing the physical and moral characteristics peculiar to the recognised forms of epilepsy. The sudden motor attacks of the epileptic are, however, attenuated in the criminal, who exhibits the minor symptoms. After the violent seizures the mind of the epileptic regains its healthy tone. The criminal on the other hand is free from these violent seizures and the irritation is constant and affects the entire physical and psychic life. He has the desire for evil for its own sake, which is unknown to the usual epileptic. The relation between ordinary and criminal epilepsy is analogous to that between the two forms of tuberculosis, quick consumption and scrofula, whose symptoms are frequently alike, but while quick consumption soon destroys life, scrofula proceeds very slowly. While in ordinary epilepsy the mental explosions accompanied by unconsciousness may lead rapidly to decay, they are weakened in the criminal and spread over his entire life, which may run the usual span.

The perversity concentrated in one record in the motor attack, is attenuated in the second form, but spread over the whole existence. We have therefore an epilepsy *sui generis*, a variety of epilepsy which may be called criminal.

Thus the primitive idea of crime has become organic and complete. The criminal is only a diseased person, an epileptic, in whom the cerebral malady, begun in some cases during prenatal existence, or later, in consequence of some infection or cerebral poisoning, produces, together with certain signs of physical degeneration in the skull, base, teeth, and brain, a return to the early brutal egotism natural to primitive races, which manifests itself in homicide, theft, and other crimes.

From the great mass of evidence pointing to this conclusion Madame Ferrero has gathered and classified a sufficient number of typical instances. The physical abnormalities of the born criminal include peculiarities in the skull, face, hair, thorax, limbs, feet, hands and especially the brain. Many of these are familiar to the general reader, such as prognathism, facial asymmetry, misshapen ears, adhesion of the lobe of the ear to the cheek, flattened nose, receding chin, etc., as signs of degeneration. As to the brain there is in born criminals and epileptics an abnormal arrangement of the layers of the frontal region of the brain. The cells are differently distributed. For example, nervous cells which in normal persons are scarce or altogether lacking in the white matter of the brain are found there in great numbers in the brains of born criminals and epileptics. The obvious objection that many of the peculiarities are also to be found in persons of good character leading normal lives is met by the answer that they are not found in the same proportion.

In normal individuals we never find that accumulation of physical, psychic, functional, and skeletal anomalies in one and the same person, that we do in the case of criminals, among whom also entire freedom from abnormal characteristics is more rare than among ordinary individuals.

What is said of the moral sense of the born criminal also has a familiar ring. The sense of guilt is lacking. Criminals notoriously take pride in their misdeeds and are rarely, if ever, tortured by remorse. "Nothing resembles the sleep of the just more closely than the slumbers of the assassin." The vanity of criminals is extraordinary. Cracco tried to save his brother, saying, "Lest my race should die out." "I do not fear being hated," said the noted criminal Lacenaire, "but I dread being despised—the tempest leaves traces of its passage, but unobserved the humble flower fades." He was less affected by the death-sentence than by the criticism of his bad verse. Insensibility to touch and pain is a characteristic shared by born criminals with other degenerates—epileptics, imbeciles,

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and the morally insane. Moreover, their wounds heal with astonishing rapidity, and their peculiarity in this respect has been regarded as a reversion to the stage of animal life in which, as in the case of lizards and salamanders, severed joints are replaced by new growth. This insusceptibility to pain accounts in part for the cruelty of criminals.

The post of executioner was eagerly competed for at the prison of Rochefort. Mammon used to drink the blood of his victims and when this was not to be had, he drank his own. The executioner Jean became so maddened by the sight of blood flowing beneath his lash, that guards were stationed to prevent undue prolongation of the punishment. Dippe wrote: "My chief pleasure is beheading. When I was young, stabbing was my sole pastime."

But born criminals make only one-third of the criminal class. Fully one-half of it consists of those whom Lombroso terms criminaloids, in whom the "virus" of crime is "attenuated." It is necessary according to Lombroso's theory that any man who commits a crime should be found to have something the matter with him. Accordingly, however normal these offenders may seem to be, they are "epileptoids," suffering from a "milder form of the disease." The argument is that just as education cannot convert a born criminal into an honest man, so difficulties, temptations and the lack of education cannot make a criminal of an honest person.

Hypnotism, the most powerful means of suggestion, cannot induce a good man to commit a crime during the hypnotic sleep, but vicious training has an enormous influence on weak natures, who are candidates for good or evil according to circumstances.

These victims of circumstance are the criminaloids. The definition goes round in a circle. No good man can be tempted to commit a crime. Any one who is tempted to commit a crime is not a good man. The discussion of criminaloids is scientifically inconclusive, and even trivial. A certain Salvador without cranial or facial anomalies had led an entirely honest life till returning home one time after an absence he found that his wife had plundered the house and run away. He then entered on a life of crime and became the leader of a band of thieves. Criminaloids often have a sound moral sense, strong affections and a balance and lucidity of mind which fits them for "guiding the destiny of nations." Those involved in the French Panama scandal showed great sorrow and remorse. Men of talent and high position are often exposed to great temptations. When they yield to them it is proof that they are criminaloids. Madame Humbert, Lemoine, Köpenick, and a certain British Lord of the Treasury who forged to the extent of half a million sterling are cited as typical criminaloids. So are criminals of passion and all who break the law under peculiar provocation. In other words, it seems very probable that we and most of our acquaintances are potential criminaloids, and only the most conceited of persons can be sure that he is not. After much quasi-scientific grouping and sub-grouping, we arrive at the doctrine of Socrates that evil deeds spring from ignorance or may say with Robert Burns—

> Then at the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it.
> What's done we partly may compute,
> But never what's resisted.

Lombroso makes a careful distinction between the criminaloid and the born criminal. The latter begins his crimes almost from the cradle and always for trivial reasons. The criminaloid on the other hand commits his first offence later in life and for an adequate reason. This more or less obvious difference is established by many instances. Up to the age of thirty-one Olivo had led an irreproachable life. He then married a woman of low origin who was coarse and unfaithful. For years he endured her dishonesty, trickery, lying and wastefulness, but suddenly angered by some unfeeling words, he stabbed her to death. Upon his arrest he made a full confession, and showed genuine remorse.

Feuerbach's fine collection contains a description of the brothers Kleinroth, whose father cruelly ill-treated and starved his wife and family while lavishing his money on low women and their bastards. The sons were unwilling to run away and leave the invalid

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mother to bear the brunt of her husband's fury, and while they were in this terrible situation, a certain individual offered to assassinate their tormentor. After great hesitation this offer was accepted; when arrested, the youths immediately confessed their complicity and manifested deep repentance.

Born criminals on the other hand seldom show either hesitation or remorse. But between the criminaloid and the ordinary man the distinction is very hazy and the discussion as condensed in the present volume seems singularly pointless. Indeed one can find no good reason for using that absurd, mongrel word criminaloid at all.

The chapters on the origin and causes of crime, its prevention, its cure and repression deal with matters that have long since come under common notice, as for example, prison reform, social causes of crime, density of population, preventive institutions for children, colonies for unruly boys, juvenile offenders, Children's Courts, penal colonies, the probation system and indeterminate sentence, reformatories and penitentiaries. The writer has visited this country and speaks highly of its penal and preventive institutions.

America certainly does not lag behind Europe in the number and excellence of its organisations for rescuing the little derelicts of its cities. In every town of the United States visited by me, I had the pleasure of inspecting such institutions, all of which are kept with extraordinary care, and in some cases with elegance. Amongst others, I may mention the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society in New York City, and the George Junior Republic at Freeville, near Ithaca, both of which seemed to me the most original of their kind.

Crime, according to Lombroso, is a reversion to the conduct of more primitive races or of childhood. He gathers many instances, ancient and modern, of actions now regarded as criminal in civilised communities, but formerly or among savage tribes tolerated or even held in high esteem. Such are the practice of infanticide among the Chinese, Japanese, Hottentots, Bushmen, Fijians, Tahitans, and so forth; the human sacrifices of Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Cretans, Cypriotes, Rhodians, and Persians; the encouragement or permission of theft as among the ancient Egyptians and Spartans, and at present among the Balantes of Portuguese Guinea and the Zakka Khels of India; ancient and modern polyandry, polygamy, and so forth. As to children, nearly all would show the instincts of primitive savagery, if not influenced by moral training and example. Here again instances are cited somewhat superfluously. A baby girl had a very violent temper but reformed completely at the age of two. Another, when only eleven months old, flew into a towering rage because she could not pull off her grandfather's nose.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that civilised communities should produce a certain percentage of adults who commit actions reputed injurious to society and punishable by law. It is only an atavistic phenomenon, the return to a former state. . . . The criminal is an atavistic being, a relic of a former race. This is by no means an uncommon occurrence in nature. . . . The dog left to run wild in the forest will in a few generations revert to the type of his original wolf-like progenitor. . . . This tendency to alter under special conditions is common to human beings, in whom hunger, syphilis, trauma, and, still more frequently morbid conditions inherited from insane, criminal, or diseased progenitors or the abuse of nerves, poisons, such as alcohol, tobacco or morphine, cause various alterations. . . . The etiology of crime therefore mingles with that of all kinds of degeneration: rickets, deafness, monstrosity, hairiness, and cretinism, of which crime is only a variation. It has, however, always been regarded as a thing apart, owing to a general repugnance to admit that a phenomenon, whose extrinsications are so extensive and penetrate every fibre of social life, derives, in fact, from the same causes as socially insignificant forms like rickets, sterility, etc. But this repugnance is only a sensory illusion, like many others of a diverse nature.

On behalf of Lombroso and the Modern Penal School it is urged that they were the first to set forth the idea that crime is curable. So long as the world believed that the criminal was a normal and responsible individual who voluntarily broke the laws, there could be no thought of cure, but only of punishment, severe enough to prevent the repetition of the offence and to warn others. The

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present volume is an admirable summary of the evidence on which Lombroso bases his theories and of the practical application of his principles. It does not purport to be anything more than a summary. Its view is very restricted and unphilosophic. It does not answer the many questions that rise in the reader's mind or meet the objections of Lombroso's critics. But as a clear and very condensed statement, authorised by Lombroso himself, it is a very practical and useful little volume.

E. B. French.

III

Guglielmo Ferrero's "The Women of the Cæsars"*

Those who have acquaintance with the thought of Signor Ferrero will not fail to find in these brilliant historical studies the recurrence of that note of warning which he has repeatedly uttered to European-American civilisation, in whose riotous exhilaration we have, to our peril he believes, ceased to feel the tragic in life. In his own words, we no longer seek that "balance between the natural aspiration for freedom that is none other than the need of personal felicity . . . and the supreme necessity for a discipline without which the race, the state, and the family run the gravest danger."

As may be surmised from its title, the volume is a contribution of importance to, if somewhat contrary to the trend of, the feminist literature of the present day. To the author, who speaks with much emphasis, woman "is by nature the vestal of our species, and for that reason she must be more conservative, more circumspect, and more virtuous than man." There is no state or civilisation, he continues,

> which has comprehended the highest things in life which has not been forced to instil into its women rather than into its men the sense for all those virtues upon which depend the stability of the family and the future of the race. And for every era this is a question of life and death. . . . It is more difficult for a woman than for a man to succeed in fulfilling her proper mission, for she is more exposed to the danger of losing her way and of missing her particular function; and since she is more likely to fail in realising her natural destiny, she is more likely to be doomed to a life of misfortune.

Such was the fate of the family of the Cæsars. The women of Rome enjoyed a large amount of personal and economic liberty, and took great interest in public affairs, but matrimony was conceived of entirely from a political and economic point of view. A woman of high family was given in marriage solely with the idea of the best interests of the state and the political advancement of her male relatives, "and to no one did it occur that by it violence was done to the most intimate sentiment of liberty and independence that a human being can know." For the same reasons a marriage could be dissolved without formality if it was found not to suit the political interests of the husband. Therefore, as regards her future, no woman could have the slightest assurance—a situation which, it would seem, must have been "a continual incitement to frivolity of character, to dissipation, to infidelity."

But the Romans checked this in drastic fashion.

> It inculcated in every way by means of education, religion, and opinion the idea that [woman] should be pious, chaste, faithful, devoted alone to her husband and children, that luxury, prodigality, dissoluteness were horrible vices, the infamy of which hopelessly degraded all that was best and purest in women. It tried to protect the minds of both men and women from all those influences of art, literature, and religion which might tend to arouse the personal instinct and the longing for love.

Thus, puritanism was the means chosen to solve

> one of the gravest problems that has perplexed all civilisations—the problem of woman and her freedom, a problem earnest, difficult, and complex which springs up everywhere out of the unobstructed anarchy and tremendous material prosperity of the modern world.

And to read the story of the imperial women, as Signor Ferrero would have us do, in the light of his sage contemplation of this "modern world," we must always keep before us his thesis that a

*The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: The Century Company.

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woman to satisfy her personal desires abuses her freedom "more readily than a man does, and more than a man forgets her duties toward the human race."

She abuses it more readily for two reasons: because she exercises a greater power over man than he over her, and because, in the wealthier classes, she is free from the political and economic responsibilities that bind the man. However unbridled the freedom that man enjoys, however vast his egoism, he is always constrained in a certain measure to check his selfish instincts by the need of conserving, enlarging, and defending against rivals his social, economic, and political situation.

But the woman? . . . She runs the mighty danger of changing into an irresponsible being who will be the more admired and courted and possessed of power—at least as long as her beauty lasts—the more she ignores every duty, subordinating all good sense to her own pleasure. . . . This is the reason why . . . in times when social discipline is relaxed, she is, through ruinous luxury, dissipation, and voluntary sterility, the most terrible force for dissolution.

The days of the Cæsars marked one of those transitions from strong to weak discipline, which are always examples of existence in its most terrible mood, and in this instance the lives of the imperial women were of special import. In them we may observe perhaps the first stirring of the unborn modern world, as they took up the revolt against many of the ideas that had fostered and sustained the noble civilisation of Rome. Livia, shining example of its saving puritanism, is soon contrasted with her stepdaughter, Julia, a true product of the times that necessitated the Augustan laws against vice and luxury. Julia was of the new generation that brought with it the previously unknown spirit "which rendered very difficult, not to say impossible, the continuation of the aristocratic régime." But she was before her time and was sacrificed in consequence.

Our author points out the great mistake made by many historians in assuming that the Cæsars occupied a position in the state similar to that eventually won by such reigning families as the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. Augustus did not found a monarchy. "In order to bring back Rome's peace and to preserve her empire" his family was "fated to exalt itself a few degrees above the level of the ancient aristocracy." Therefore the first instincts of self-preservation demanded that its own laws be visited with unrelaxed severity upon its members, and Augustus was compelled to seal the doom of his only child.

When, with the passing of the years, we come to Messalina, wife of Claudius, how different is her case. Ferrero does much toward brightening the reputation of that famous lady.

She was a woman, in short, neither very virtuous nor serious. There are such women at all times and in all social classes, and they are generally considered by the majority not as monsters, but as a pleasing though dangerous variety of the feminine sex.

But in any case she was far removed from the old puritan standards. Yet we find that for seven years she remained with impunity "the weakness of a government which possessed signal merits and accomplished great things."

The reason for this is that the preceding emperor—the madman Caligula—succeeded in establishing what had long threatened to become the most powerful of factors for the destruction of ancient Rome. He brought the empire under the baneful spell of Egyptian civilisation, that noxious flower whose insidious perfume had already intoxicated more than one virile state. For a long time the Roman aristocracy had been combatting this evil—ever since, in fact, those early days when the infatuated Marc Antony had tried to shift the centre of Roman politics to Alexandria. Caligula brought Alexandria to Rome. In consequence the women of his family became public and official personages. They "acquired a sacred character, and a privileged position in the state." With the empress as invulnerable as the emperor the main supports of Roman civilisation completely collapsed.

Signor Ferrero's labours in the reconstruction of Roman history are too well known to require mention. He has made himself indispensable. With his supreme knowledge of the life and tenden-

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cies of the Latin race he continues, in *The Women of the Cæsars,* to correct and modify the statements of the older historians with surprising conviction and success. His rescue of the character and motives of the younger Agrippina—last of the house of Cæsar to uphold the ancient tradition—from the deliberate falsification of Tacitus, is a remarkable piece of constructive criticism and a model of historical method.

Absorbing as the whole narrative is, this work must be estimated and judged as more than a series of biographical and historical essays. It is a message to our own age from a profound and earnest thinker. The captivated reader finds himself enmeshed in the author's dominating idea that "the progress of the world is one of its most tragic phenomena," and the solemn appreciation of this, he believes, is especially necessary "to the favoured generations of prosperous and easy times."

George H. Casamajor.

IV

H. C. Merwin's "Bret Harte"*

Although Bret Harte left California forever while he was still a comparatively young man, his life there determined so completely the character of his work that Mr. Merwin does well to give a considerable portion of his excellent biography to an account of social conditions in the days following the discovery of gold. These have been described by other writers, to be sure; but some understanding of them is essential to a comprehension of Harte's work. The impress they made upon him was never obliterated; he wrote of California as he knew it to the end, and his few essays in another field might be ignored without doing him any injustice. Harte was not a realist in the rigid sense in which we have come to use the word; he had too much imagination for that. But the reader of Mr. Merwin's pages will easily discern how close to the ultimate truth his men and women were and how deftly he revealed the influences of their environment. One who knew nothing of the extent of the gambling fever in pioneer days and the character of the gamblers might well fancy that Jack Hamlin had been drawn with a measure of melodramatic distortion; but Harte had unquestionably known him in his habit as he lived. Harte had the artistic detachment which enabled him to put this and the other figures in precisely their right place; he was not so completely a part of the life he drew as to lose his perspective. When he came to leave San Francisco he apparently did so without regret; partly because of his financial embarrassments, partly because of a certain lack of strong feeling which often accompanies sentimental attachments.

This carelessness in money matters is a subject which cannot be ignored in discussing Bret Harte, for it is the key to many of his acts. Mr. Merwin makes a valiant defence, the substance of which is that the world owes an author a living, and that he must pick it up where he can, at whatever injustice to the individual whom he cheats out of his money. If this were the inevitable penalty for genius the world might pay it willingly. But it is ordinarily the second-rate writer who puts in so humiliating a plea for leniency. Mere money, it is true, will never recompense genius. An intellectual debt cannot be estimated, however, on a purely financial basis. Harte was well paid for his work, and only his own utter recklessness kept him perpetually in difficulties. Nor in his case was a tender nature or a too generous philanthropy to blame. Mr. Merwin admits that it is difficult to forgive him for selling all his books outright and making no provision for the family he had abandoned. We are told that he "would have risked his life for a present friend, but was capable of neglecting an absent one," and that, "in spite of his amiability, kindness, generosity, there was in Bret Harte an element of cruelty." This is a very discriminating judgment. Thus, after he left California he never wrote once to those to whom he was under deep obligations. As consul at Crefeld and at Glasgow his wife and children in America were to him almost as if they had never been. This is worse than irresponsibility; it is unscrupulousness. Bret Harte must

*The Life of Bret Harte. By Henry Childs Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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have been likable, because so many people liked him in the flesh; but the feat is difficult in cold print.

These things, after all, need not greatly concern us; the man is dead and his faults with him; his work remains to speak for him. Mr. Merwin exercises a nice critical discrimination in his estimate of Harte as novelist and poet. He well says that his faculty "was not so much that of imagining as of apprehending human character." In other words, he was not a creative artist like Thackeray or Trollope; he could portray character in a single phase, but he could not portray its development. Thus his best stories are episodic; when he tries to deal with men and women on a larger scale, as in *Gabriel Conroy*, he comes perilously close to failure. Mr. Merwin's conclusion that Harte lacked a profound knowledge of human nature is not too harsh. Indeed, it is a conclusion which the study of his life might quickly suggest. A writer cannot give out what he does not have. Nevertheless, Harte's stories remain the classics of the pioneer era in California. They are vivid, tense, brilliant, with touches of pathos and of humour, and with clear insight into some of the elementary principles of human conduct. The studies of people of another type—New Englanders, for example—are superficial and unconvincing. In his poetry, too, fine as it is at its best, his defects of temperament betray themselves. Mr. Merwin well says that there is little in it to show that he was ever deeply in love. He attained rare perfection of form in several instances, but seldom made any strong appeal to the emotions. "Perhaps, indeed," says Mr. Merwin, "the chief defect in his poetry is an absence of the personal or lyrical element. . . . His poetry lacks atmosphere." This is illuminating criticism.

One more brief quotation must suffice to indicate to the reader the high quality of Mr. Merwin's book as a piece of critical biography. He says the best that may be said of Bret Harte in a few lines:

> Bret Harte was one of that select band to whom the gods have vouchsafed a glimpse of perfection. All his life, from mere boyhood, he was inspired by a vision of that ideal beauty which is at once the joy and the despair of the true artist. Whoever realises that vision, even though in an imperfect manner, has overcome the limitations of time and space, and has obtained a position among the immortals which may be denied to better and even greater men.

It is not necessary to agree with all of Mr. Merwin's opinions in order to discern in this book a fine example of the very best kind of biographical writing. Mr. Merwin combines sympathy with his subject with an acute power of criticism and a lucid and well-proportioned style. There are a number of interesting illustrations in the volume.

Edward Fuller.

V

William H. Allen's "Woman's Part in Government"*

The writer once computed, according to the prescriptions of a popular beauty specialist writing for one of the big daily newspapers, how many hours it would require each day to keep well groomed; it took just twenty-six hours out of every twenty-four. One feels in somewhat the same predicament on reading Mr. Allen's requirements for good citizenship. This is in no way a criticism of the book, but a comment on how clearly he shows that our many years of absorption in private interest and indifferent neglect of public business has reaped us a harvest of problems which can be solved only by constant vigilance every day in every year on the part of every member of the community—voter or non-voter. Mr. Allen devotes a large portion of his volume to stating what ballots cannot do and what can be done and must be done on three hundred and sixty-four non-voting days if election day is to count; nevertheless, in reading his discussion of restriction of the franchise, one cannot feel that he underestimates the value of enfranchisement as an enforcing peace weapon to well-informed citizenship. One rather deduces so many thoughtless speakers and writers for generations have been teaching us the ballot in itself would solve all problems, that Mr. Allen is endeavouring to re-ballast the public mind

*Woman's Part in Government. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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and help to clear charlatan Fourth-of-July-spread-eagle shadows and to show the ballot is as useless a peace weapon in the hands of the uninformed citizen as a gun in the hands of an untrained marksman in battle. It holds, too, as many dangers; for he may easily turn it upon himself through ignorance. The author of *Woman's Part in Government* gives such specific and definite suggestions toward efficient citizenship that, if the book is as widely read as it should be, he will contribute much to his purpose.

Contrary to general opinion, the author sees most problems of government are sexless and thus the book keeps its wide appeal; but, as the title indicates, the emphasis is placed more specifically on still further heightening woman's civic efficiency without as well as with the universal suffrage which he believes inevitable. To him woman's relation to government depends on her sphere of activity whether as mother, sister, wage-earner, wage-payer or purchaser. This is supplemented by whatever part she plays in non-official organisations such as clubs, settlements, trade-unions, educational boards, and private charities. There is a further possibility, too, for potent influence through organising public opinion and by official action. Mr. Allen argues in this respect that her influence is limited or increased by what she wants throughout the whole year and that the most urgent need is to insure methods of straight seeing, thinking, and acting.

> To get rid of false distinctions between adequate public relief and adequate private relief is one of woman's civic opportunities. . . . There will never come a time when the most direct means of promoting health, education and opportunity will not be through government. . . . Wherever any considerable amount of graft exists the chief culprit, the steadiest, most trustworthy accomplice is the chief victim of the graft, namely, the general public. . . . An open public eye rather than an aroused public conscience is essential to the elimination of graft. . . . Balloting does not offer opportunity for continuous services or continuous educational work.

To illustrate these civic problems confronting women and the manner of efficiently meeting them Mr. Allen has gathered together a large number of current social issues. His treatment of these is unique in that while he forces the reader constantly to question the accepted and habitual mismanagement of civic institutions, instead of leaving one with a helpless sense of the futility of all combined action he constructively substitutes specific scientific and statistical means of improving or replacing the old method. The book will thus have a practical value for those who are interested in civic questions, and also for workers, in that it gives definite reference as to the sources of recent information on current movements. This material is difficult to locate readily through the ordinary library, as so much of it is in pamphlet form and not generally well classified.

Practically within the year we have had *The American Woman in Business, The Progress of Woman's Rights, Woman and Labor, Love and Marriage,* and *What Eight Million Women Want.* That there should now come also this book on *Woman's Part in Government* is a significant touchstone of the rapid progress of this "Woman Movement"—which some historians consider the most striking manifestation of the Twentieth Century. Whatever our convictions as to the good or evil results of this to the world we must recognise, with Mr. Allen, that "Women everywhere are waking up, thinking, judging, longing for activity. . . . Wake they will. Shall their waking create or solve problems?"

Fola La Follette.

VI

Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt"*

Readers familiar with modern Italian fiction are aware that several years ago Giovanni Verga, author of *Cavalleria Rusticana,* planned a series of five novels which, while unrelated in theme, social environment or caste of characters, were nevertheless grouped under one comprehensive title, *The Vanquished,* and had in common this basic idea, that in all the

*Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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different social strata there seem to be certain individuals and certain families that, while apparently as well fitted as the others for survival, are nevertheless doomed in advance to failure, destined to suffer a slow and inevitable disintegration. Mr. Theodore Dreiser has nowhere specifically expressed any similar social or artistic creed; and yet, in reading his *Jennie Gerhardt,* one's thoughts inevitably go back to Verga's doctrine of *The Vanquished;* in following the slow breaking up of the Gerhardt family, we see again in memory the dissolution as a social unit of Verga's *I Malavoglia,* and realise that, however far apart these two authors may be in the theory and practice of their art, they have a rather curious mental kinship in their outlook upon life.

Jennie Gerhardt is a novel possessing an interest outside and beyond the specific story it has to tell; it contains an answer to the not unimportant question raised by Mr. Dreiser's earlier volume, *Sister Carrie,* "What are the mental and moral measurements of this author? Has he reached the limits of his powers, or is he destined to go further, much further, into the higher altitudes of fiction?" The question is an interesting one because there can be little doubt that if the world at large had discovered promptly, instead of after a delay of nearly seven years, that *Sister Carrie* was a volume of some importance, we should not only have had *Jennie Gerhardt* a decade sooner, but other volumes besides of similar substance and intent.

A careful reading of *Jennie Gerhardt* is consoling to this extent: it does away with the illusion that Mr. Dreiser has or ever had much greater altitudes to scale; it shows more fully than his earlier book the whole gamut of his powers and his limitations; it is, of the two, a more ambitious effort, a more complex picture drawn on a wider canvas,—and its defects are proportionately more numerous and more apparent. Both books are stamped with a certain crudity, both in literary style and in the specific things which certain characters say and do: over and over again the reader finds himself involuntarily echoing Assessor Brack's familiar expostulation, "But people don't do such things!" And because *Jennie Gerhardt* has a more crowded canvas than *Sister Carrie;* because also, in a measure, certain characters are higher up in the social scale, the things that people do not do stand out rather more frequently and more obviously.

Nevertheless, *Jennie Gerhardt* is a rather big book,—not a great book, not a book worthy to stand,—as an enthusiastic English reviewer once said of its predecessor,—on a shelf between *Madame Bovary* and *Nana;* but a big book, undeniably, full of a rugged sincerity, a fearless devotion to the truth, and undisguised pity for the impotence of human nature under its double handicap of heredity and environment.

Jennie Gerhardt is one of those novels of which it is extremely hard to give the right sort of impression in a review, without letting the review run to altogether disproportionate length, because the specific story that it has to tell is one which necessitates a possession of all the facts before one may judge it fairly. In this respect it resembles life,—and the judgment of the hasty reader, who merely skims its pages, will also resemble the hasty judgments which in real life are passed upon the human derelicts that from time to time pass for a moment under our notice. Full knowledge means full sympathy, Mr. Dreiser would seem to say,—and to this end he multiplies little details unweariedly, endlessly, until there is at least one character in the story whom we know with something approaching the intimacy with which we know ourselves. And since this particular character is one foredoomed to be swept under in the current of life, the pervading atmosphere of the book is, as in Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger,* a wonderfully sustained sense of greyness, a fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of human tragedy.

Mr. Dreiser himself has defined his new volume as "the life story of a woman who craved affection." Jennie and Carrie, in the opening chapters of the respective volumes, are sisters in misfortune and in weakness; both have been born to a life of toil and temptation; both of them hunger for something different; and both of them, when temptation

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comes, succumb to it. But from this point onward the two stories are a whole world apart. And the difference lies in the characters of the two heroines who, if all womankind could for the sake of convenience be divided into two groups, would stand as representatives of these opposite types, the woman whose pleasure lies in receiving, and the woman whose joy it is to give. Carrie Meeber lived for herself alone. She yielded to temptation, not through love, or gratitude, or because it was a means toward helping others, but simply because she craved a winter coat, new shoes, gloves and ribbons, the petty vanities of a young woman who has awakened to a realisation that she is good to look upon. Jennie Gerhardt has the inborn instinct of motherhood; she must have, always, something or somebody to whom she may make sacrifice. In her case, it is no vulgar, flashy drummer who brings temptation through appeal to her sex or her vanity, but a man of importance, a mature and dignified United States Senator, whose attentions mean the lifting of a cloud of despair from the shoulders of an overworked mother and a sick father, food and clothing for half a dozen needy brothers and sisters. The senator has been attracted by the girl's beauty while staying at a hotel in which she is employed; and at first his interest in her is, or at least he cheats himself into thinking that it is, merely paternal. It is Jennie's own gratitude, when the senator crowns his many kindnesses by saving her brother from prison, that brings about the initial tragedy of her life. And when, shortly afterward, the senator dies, and Jennie finds herself facing the world single-handed, with the added burden of a nameless child, she is still unchanged, still the woman who will always pay in full for the privilege of a kind word, always sacrifice herself to the uttermost for the sake of those who are dear to her.

The main substance of Jennie's story, however, deals with that part of her life which follows upon the death of the senator, and after another man comes into her life, to whom she is able to give not merely gratitude but a mature woman's love,—the one and only love of her life. That a girl like Jennie could throughout a series of years live more or less openly with a man of such social and financial prominence as Lester Kane, travel with him as his wife, visit fashionable summer resorts in his company, and finally take a house in one of the city suburbs and be for a time on terms of intimacy with the neighbours, to whom she is known as Mrs. Kane,—all of this without exciting gossip, or arousing suspicions, or disturbing the tranquillity of her austere old father, who at this time lives with her,—is almost too much of a tax upon the reader's credulity. But, if we accept the situation, then the underlying tragedy of it, the abiding sense that it was foredoomed not to last, the daily lengthening shadow of the inevitable sacrifice she must sooner or later make for the best good of the man she loves,—all this is given to us with an assured touch, showing with quite wonderful insight how relentlessly the consequences of human errors tread on one another's heels. Over and over the story of Jennie makes the reader's heart ache with the helpless pity of it all. Yet at the same time, and this is perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to Mr. Dreiser, and in a measure offsets the strictures and reservations of an earlier paragraph,—it never occurs to the reader to ask, "Oh, why did he do it? Why was he so needlessly cruel?" One feels, on the contrary, that the cruelty in this book is not of Mr. Dreiser's making; it is the cruelty of life.

Calvin Winter.

VII

Henry James's "The Outcry"*

More than once in these later days Mr. James must have been prompted by the ironic spirit which has so often dominated him to reflect on the revenges which time brings. Remembering the outburst of abuse and ridicule which but a few years ago greeted the appearance of each successive book—the climax came, perhaps, with *The Golden Bowl*—one may fairly confess astonishment at the calm assurance with which he now

*The Outcry. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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holds his place secure, if apart, among the masters of fiction. In those days his admirers found themselves called upon to display some courage in his defence, and it is not strange that those who possessed the courage were led by their ardour into excesses of devotion. Now the burden of proof is thrown upon those who still blindly deny his patent if limited genius. Particularly since the publication of the collected edition of his works, with those so admirable prefaces in which he expounded his attitude toward the art he has practised, our understanding of the possibilities of fiction has grown along with our comprehension of the special intentions by which he has been actuated. Even the most ardent disciple may be embarrassed to justify faults which the master himself practically concedes. Mr. James cheerfully grants his special preoccupation with issues to be sought only through the medium of a highly sophisticated outlook, a richly mannered style. His social comedy is an artificial creation in exactly the sense that Wycherly's is, or Sheridan's. His favourite involutions are no more to be defended—and no less—than Shakespeare's gongorisms and euphuisms. His manner, which has of late slightly hardened into mannerism, is the inevitable accompaniment of his real accomplishment, which is to bring to light myriads of the sub-conscious or semi-conscious motives and emotions which underlie the thought of the most highly strung, the most finely organised society the present day knows.

Judged on this basis, *The Outcry* is not one of his great works, though it may well serve to extend his influence to some who have not been able to read him since the days of *Daisy Miller*. Simplicity, perspicuity are not the prime virtues for the hard task Mr. James once set himself. In this small, compressed story there is not the intensity, the mordant irony which have marked his biggest books. Its comedy is mellower, cheerier, than that of, for instance, *The Spoils of Poynton,* with which it at once ranges itself as to subject. It is, in the cant phrase of the crass realist, more "human." There are even critics who can see something a trifle journalistically vulgar in his utilising for a theme a "topic" so present to the public eye. But Mr. James has remained throughout his career amazingly contemporaneous, and his justification in the present instance lies in the refinement he has been able to impart to a theme of such obvious appeal. The newspapers have recognised dramatic values even for their purposes in the outcry raised in old countries at the rifling of their art treasures by rich Americans. Mr. James figures it in one of its acutest phases, and then gives the fable a characteristically subtle turn through the markedly personal elements he brings on the stage. Nothing could be more individual than the little group of characters—the finely drawn English peer, his daughter, her young lover and the American millionaire—who play the drama through to its surprising conclusion. It is capital social comedy, with its "point" explicit enough for the dullest comprehension. Above all it is representative, as Mr. James always is, by very reason of its definite individualisation in the concrete instance. It does not go deep into the personal life nor the social life; but it plays charmingly on the surface, not with flashes of brilliant wit, but with the glow of a genial humour. If it reminds us by its lessening of the spiritual tension that Mr. James is no longer young, it offers the recompense of showing him in the pleasantest mood of a ripened age. Perhaps, after all, its chief solicitation of our interest will prove to lie in the intimation that even this most inflexible artist has come in the end to the concession of a more "human" contact with his readers.

Ward Clark.

VIII

Mr. Ollivant's "The Taming of John Blunt"*

Genius is always a sufficiently rare commodity to make its possessor an object of regard; and there is a touch of genius in all that Alfred Ollivant does which invites respectful consideration of a new book from him. A flickering, uncertain genius, it must be confessed; a

*The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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genius that has thus far produced one masterpiece and two or three novels of questionable merit. Nobody nowadays questions the splendid vigour and life of *Bob, Son of Battle;* its position is secure as a sort of minor classic, and on it rests its author's claim to fame. There are those who profess to understand and enjoy the amazing allegory of *Redcoat Captain;* to most it is sheer gibberish. *The Gentleman* is three-fourths a great, stirring tale of the sea, worthy to stand on the same shelf with *Treasure Island.* The other fourth is banal sentimentality and drivel. But even in his most abysmal banalities Mr. Ollivant's courage inspires respect. He does not attempt trivial things, and he is not afraid to unbare himself in attitudes that would bring the blush of shame to any person with the least touch of self-consciousness.

Consequently there is always a certain excitement in looking into a new book of his, the awareness of a possible impending discovery. Perhaps he has done it this time, at last! is your thought. And this excitement is usually fostered by the arresting quality of the first few pages. It is so with his new book, *The Taming of John Blunt.* The rough outline of the principal character and his situation is set before you with clear certainty. Here is the germ of a capital story, none the less workable that it is based on a fallacy as old as the hills—the fallacy that the rough, plain speaking fellow who wears seedy clothes and has bad manners is in some way a finer, better man than the one who is decent and respectable. He is more "elemental," in the accepted phrase. John Blunt, "the Unspeakable Blunt," as he is called, fifty odd, grey and rugged, a man of the people in spite of his good birth, with a profound scorn and contempt for the ways of aristocracy and a singularly rude way of expressing his sentiments, is about the most elemental thing this side of the South Sea Islands. Lady Florence Brackenhurst, the stern old aristocrat, characterises him aptly.

"He's nobody—and never will be, as I told him. Absolutely unpresentable. Not a pretence—not a *pretence,* my dear boy."

Lord Hilliard dropped his eyelids.

"He is not one of us then."

Lord Hilliard, you see, was wiser than he looked. It is this simple unswerving outspoken honesty that makes John Blunt the hero of a novel—though he lies on occasion, insults his friends, and vents his jealousy by booting his rival in love. And, being a primitive man, he can uncover primitive depths of sentiment. The reader comes upon him at the deathbed of his mother, who has been his constant and only companion all his life. The scene is genuinely touching, for it is vividly etched, and the sentiment rings true. But sentiment has its limits, beyond which it becomes mush. When the Unspeakable Blunt, the most hated and feared radical in England, having put an end to the sufferings of a wounded hare, proceeds to bury it to an accompaniment of the same profound sentiment he had shed over his mother's grave, the thing has gone too far. And when John Blunt falls in love—but that deserves another paragraph.

Mr. Ollivant has an idea at the back of his hero's love-making: nothing less than that the really great natures are those that have in them most of the straight simplicity of the child. And his characters are all to be great natures—Blunt and his mate, the Lady Rachel Carmelite, even Lady Florence and Lord Hilliard, who had been lovers in youth and had never quite recovered from it. So they are all to be children at heart. Unluckily, he knows no way of showing them as children save to make them talk baby-talk. Their emotions are remarkably adult; they all sing the joys of parenthood, and are reminded of it by every feature of the landscape. But their talk—that of all of them at times, and of the younger lovers constantly, once they are in for it—is an exhibition of elaborate infantile inanity such as no thoroughly healthy-minded person could read, much less write, without a blush compounded of shame and disgust. Such enlightening and frequently repeated remarks as "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" from the girl, and "Diddle, diddle, diddle," from the man, are among the least offensive of these love passages. The great, strong man and the beautiful young woman turn before your eyes into horrible, gross, grinning caricatures of childhood. And

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the author hugs himself with fatuous complacency over the result.

It is such things as these that will prevent Mr. Ollivant forever from writing another great book, unless he mends his ways. It is a pity, for he has fine capabilities. He sees nature like a poet, keenly, with a sense for the little significant detail.

> Once a flood of sheep flowed down the road past them with rippling backs, a tall shepherd behind them, and a foxy dog fussing on their flanks.

There is a simple picture that is quite perfect in its unpretentious way. Any one who has ever seen a flock of sheep will recognise those "rippling backs." And the man can write. He has a style—an excessively bad style at times, to be sure, but yet a distinction. His sense of character is intermittently true and penetrating. There is a chapter in this book, in which Lady Florence sallies forth to meet the man she supposes to be her enemy, and finds him her friend. It is strong and fine and real. If Mr. Ollivant only had in him a critic equal to his task, he might stand well toward the head of our living novelists. Not one of his rivals has greater natural gifts. But because he cannot or will not exercise self-repression, because he does not discriminate and weigh and discard, he seems doomed to be surpassed by many a careful plodder with not a tithe of his native ability. His melancholy case prompts the obvious paraphrase of Pope:

> A little genius is a dangerous thing.

Burton Bancroft.

IX

Kathleen Norris's "Mother"*

Occasionally there comes along a book which for sheer beauty demands merely a record of its recognition rather than an extended review that might contain presumptive criticism. Mrs. Norris in *Mother* has produced just such a little story: its charm of treatment dignifying the old theme about which it is written. It seems only a frail story in outline yet it reflects so much observation of the tiny facets of human nature that it will, no doubt, float happily by a long stream of readers. Boss Tweed said he didn't care what was written about him, only he couldn't stand the cartoons. *Mother* suggests, in its picture of what is thought to be old-fashioned motherhood, more by the persuasion of its own beauty, the necessity of such an ideal, than all the theoretical discussions of motherhood from the statistical and sociological standpoint. And yet, granting this, we cannot help feeling while it moves us to tears and so serves its purpose of spiritualising our innate love of all mothers, that it remains only a picture—something we would hang in the gallery of our dearest wishes, possible to realise only in certain temperaments, not a conclusion or final statement of what should be or can be brought about in our economic scheme. Mothers *are* and are not made: motherhood is so often functional, accidental and not a profession, as Mrs. Paget makes it. The restlessness of so many women, under modern conditions, cannot find its expression in a family life, like the Pagets, and we are not sure the forceful utterances of men against "race suicide" and unbearing wives, or the more subtle delicate protests of such writers as Mrs. Norris, are not a bit unjust and uncomprehending. The boy of this large family is due to an idealised mother, but, unfortunately, successful motherhood, like wifehood from which it so often differs, is a distinct vocation, and if this story be the protest it seems at our own apparent lack of such mothers and families, the answer lies in the region of each feminine temperament backed and altered as it has had to be by our varying environments.

But certainly *Mother* does reveal the deep chasm which exists between the real homespun mother, like Mrs. Paget with her seven children, and the satin-lined mothers who waddle talkatively amid trained nurses, bridge tables, and a stray Fauntleroyed boy. Margaret, Mrs. Paget's daughter, whose experiences form the thin line of the story, discovers there is a lot of social inconvenience in bringing children into the world, and we are glad such mothers as Mrs. Carr-Boldt limit the supply; it is only when she re-

*Mother. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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turns to her own mother, with a man's love awakening her own instinctive reach for children, does she get her true values and sees it is externals which have been most at fault in the other world. It is a delicate passage, indeed, where she sheds all the verbal fungus about love, marriage and children she has acquired as a rich woman's secretary, and stands naked before her own need. Here Mrs. Norris has touched high-water mark with an intimate understanding of all that is elusive and all that is bold when love speaks. Then Margaret reads a rhythm into what seemed the commonplaceness, the sordidness and care of her mother's life, which had been so repellent to her, and she finds, too, how the joy of motherhood for its own sake is its own compensation, giving a selfish satisfaction to what many would call sacrifice.

And Margaret had sometimes wished, or half formed the wish, that she and Bruce had been the only ones— Good God! that was what women did, then, when they denied the right of life to the distant, unwanted, possible little person! Calmly, constantly, in all placid philosophy and self-justification, they kept from the world—not only the troublesome new baby, with his tears and his illness, his merciless exactions, his endless claim on mind and body and spirit—but perhaps the glowing beauty of a Rebecca, the buoyant indomitable spirit of a Leo, the sturdy charm of a small Robert, whose grip on life, whose energy and ambition were as strong as Margaret's own! Margaret stirred uneasily, frowned in the dark. It seemed perfectly incredible, it seemed perfectly *impossible* that if Mother had had only the two—and how many thousands of women didn't have that!—she, Margaret, a pronounced and separate entity, travelled, ambitious, and to be the wife of one of the world's great men, might not have been lying here in the summer night, rich in love and youth and beauty and her dreams! *George Middleton.*

X

Ameen Rihani's "The Book of Khalid"*

In the Khedivial Library of Cairo was found a modern Arabic manuscript, dedicated to "my Brother Man, my Mother Nature and my Maker God." Its editors wove this manuscript into *The Book of Khalid*. The story is that of a Syrian boy who dreams and dreams while he sails paper boats down the river in Baalbek and who, still dreaming, sails on a boat of steel for the port of New York. He starts life as merchant in a wet cellar, then issues to peddle his goods in the open. But while Khalid's feet tread the pavements his mind adventures into the nebulæ of atheism. From them he emerges to cry: "Atheism is either a fad, a fatuity or a trade." Having hated there the foulness of dishonesty he sees the same stigma on his own profession of peddling. He, like the atheist, is offering things which are not what they pretend to be. He burns his wares and seeks an apprenticeship in a law office. From this career, too, his "impulse of perfectibility" drives him.

Metaphysics and science bloom for him in Bohemia under the culture of a Medium, and the inspiration of a "steatopygous blond," an author, who finally uses him for copy. Tammany makes him political canvasser for the Syrian district, but Khalid preaches "imminent morality" to the Wigwam and is sent to prison for ten days. "If Ponce de Leon," he cries, "sought the Fountain of Youth in the New World, I, Khalid, sought the Fountain of Truth, and both of us have been equally successful." He speaks of us thus as he is on the eve of returning to Syria: "Americans are honest votaries of Mammon, their one and only God." But Khalid prophesies that we shall change our Deity: "In these United States the well-springs of the higher aspirations of the soul shall quench the thirst of every race-traveller. Aye, in this New World the higher Superman shall rise. In him shall be reincarnated the Asiatic spirit of Origination, and the European spirit of Art and the American spirit of Invention. And when you reach that height, O America, you will be far from the majority rule."

Imminent morality fares as badly in Baalbek as in New York. His father, a fervid Jesuit, expels him from home; the Church prevents his marriage to his cousin and excommunicates him. To an American priestess of Babism he turns.

*The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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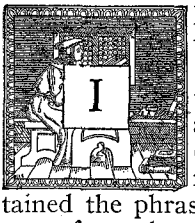
Soul and body of Mrs. Gottfry are his for a time, but his spirit will not walk on earth, nor will she harness her chariot to his star. He dreams of the re-establishment of the Arab Empire. In the public place he preaches the reform of Islam, is mobbed and escapes to the Lybian Desert. Here, with the cousin whom he had hoped to marry and with her boy, in whom he delights, and with the priestess of Babism he dreams of "puissant Orient Nations, rising to glorify the Idea." Once more in his life calamity rudely brushes the web of his joy. The beautiful boy and his mother die. Khalid's tears "flow inwardly through his cracked heart." Then the sands of the desert rise up a curtain before our eyes and Khalid passes beyond them. Perhaps he has gone out to seek his World Temple of which he says: "On the Border-line of the Orient and Occident it is built, on the mountain heights overlooking both. No false gods are worshipped in it. Tarry and refresh thyself, O my Brother."

Khalid is not a student of Western institutions so much as he is an observer of men, a creature of instincts and intuitions. He watches the "plangent currents" of life with faith in the "general moral summation of the experience of mankind," and with distrust of the ballot-box and of democracy. But he has the value and charm of a penetrating mind and a vivid heart and he fitfully illuminates many dark corners in our civilisation. He is a citizen not of the Occident nor of the Orient, but is a poet singing to the universe and to the Superman. His dissertation on flounces, his description of the dawn, and his superb invocation to Nature at the beginning of the Second Book are vocal with a passion for the world on whose breast the United States, Syria and Arabia are but ant-hills. *Helen Johnson Keyes.*

THE CLOTHING OF THOUGHTS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN ONE of the novels of the present month, the author remarks casually of one of the characters, "Worden seldom clothed his thoughts so neatly, and Nona had retained the phrase." Now, the comparison of words to clothing, in which we garb our ideas to suit our fancy, is sufficiently trite; it is one of those current commonplaces that have been worn so smooth by much usage that they are likely to slip by, leaving scarcely any mental impression. Good taste in words, like good taste in dress, is of course a hall mark of refinement. Vocabulary is not synonymous with style in writing, yet no one ever attained style, in the finer, higher sense, who had not a highly developed instinct for the use of the one inevitable right word. To discuss an author's manner of clothing his thoughts is, then, in last analysis, only another way of discussing whether he possesses that intangible, elusive, indefinable quality which we call style.

But if, instead of pushing the inquiry quite so far, we content ourselves with dwelling rather insistently on the imagery of the phrase, asking ourselves in regard to words and phrases, just as we might in regard to the changing fashions of dress, not "What is the best style?" but rather, "What are the styles, the various degrees of correctness or eccentricity now in use?"—if we look at the question in this spirit, then that little phrase, the Clothing of Thoughts, sheds no inconsiderable light upon the merits and shortcomings of a good many authors.

Words, like garments, may be too scant or too full. A thought may be flung out into the world absurdly overdressed, or shivering in sheer nakedness. Some authors seem to take a curious

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pride in clothing their thoughts as thinly as possible, while others are equally extreme in their tendency to over-embroider, to catch the attention by a peacock ostentation of colour and of form. Now, there are clothes of many kinds and many cuts, and what is appropriate for one hour and one occasion may be utterly out of place somewhere else and at a different time; no sane person would take the trouble to dispute a fact so obvious. But that the same thing is equally true of the clothing of thoughts is an axiom not so readily accepted, or if accepted put into practice. There are some novelists whose careful and even manner of writing habitually suggests a frock coat and gloves. There is a perpetual air of gentle courtesy about them that in itself is highly praiseworthy, but at times becomes quite deadly in its monotony. One longs for a chance to say to them, "Slip off your coat, roll up your sleeves and just for once indulge in a good vigorous bit of rough-and-tumble writing,—it will do your mental muscles no end of good!"

Then again there are writers who clothe their thoughts so unobtrusively that you never think of the clothing at all. If the novelist is just a story-teller and nothing else; if all he has to offer is the narrative interest of his tale, with no bigger thought behind it, nothing beyond the thrill and excitement of the passing hour, then the more unobtrusively he dresses his thoughts, the better. If the hero is just severing the last of his prison bars, or the beroine leaping from a window wreathed in flame, what you want to know, with the greatest simplicity and the least possibly delay is, what happens next? Verbal embroidery in such cases is a blunder and an impertinence. But if the author is a serious-minded person, who takes fiction in sober earnest and wants to make his readers think as well as enjoy, then he must clothe his thoughts with the best care and taste at his command, because it is this clothing of words that gives a stamp of personality to a book,—and without personality, you can not make people take you seriously. The first nobody that we meet in the street, out at elbow, unkempt and unwashed, may hold our attention with a graphic tale of harrowing misadventures,—but it takes a man of different stamp to hold us on questions of religion, ethics or sociology.

There is still another point of analogy: clothing serves to conceal as well as to adorn. There are some thoughts that cannot stalk forth brazenly unclad, nor evenly thinly veiled. They need something approaching genius to clothe them so discreetly that they may be presented to the public without open offence. Yet it is true that any thought, no matter how audacious, can be put into words, if only you have that priceless gift of verbal concealment, that trick which cannot be taught, but comes by instinct, of saying unspeakable things in perfectly decorous terms. For it is a curious fact that the Anglo-Saxon public is afraid of words, rather than of ideas. You can say literally anything you please, if only your thoughts wear sufficient clothing.

Here is another odd thing, which a moment's thought will prove to be true, even though we may never have thought of it before. Just as a suit of clothes made in a foreign country always has an unmistakably alien air, so an author born and educated abroad will always clothe his thoughts in a way that strikes us as different, if not eccentric,—quite independently of the question of the correctness of his English. Mr. Joseph Conrad is a good illustration of this. A Slav by birth, of an old Polish family of some distinction, he still retains, in spite of years of wandering and additional years of literary life in England, essentially the Slav attitude of mind, the Slav outlook upon life. He clothes his thoughts, not in incorrect English—on the contrary, he possesses a rather unusual and enviable style,—but in *different* English. One is constantly struck and arrested by some odd turn of phrase, some curiously emphatic coupling of noun and adjective; one stops to ponder, then realises that there is nothing wrong in the matter of the wording,—only it is unusual; you or I might with perfect propriety and verbal nicety have used that identical phrase,—only the fact remains that we never would have done so. The clothing of Mr. Conrad's thoughts is essentially of foreign cut, necessarily and properly so,

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because they are designed to fit thoughts which are also born abroad.

"Under Western Eyes"

The foreign strain has always been apparent in Mr. Conrad's writings, but never more so than in his latest volume, *Under Western Eyes*. And this is only natural, because the chief purpose of the book is to interpret one nationality to another, to reveal and explain the spirit of Russia to Western Europe. The theme of the story, nihilism, anarchy, torture, exile, and all the nameless things that Siberia stands for, stamp the volume as distinctly a new departure on the part of Mr. Conrad. But although the theme is new, the method is unmistakably identical with that of *Heart of Darkness,* of *Lord Jim,* of *Children of the Sea.* It does not make the slightest difference whether he is picturing the toss and tumble of ocean waves, the depths and darkness of an African forest, or the unfathomed impulses and treacheries of human hearts, there is always in Mr. Conrad's writing that same wonderful ability to make us see, that inimitable suggestiveness that shows us a hundred things behind the specific details that he has chosen to mention. *Under Western Eyes* suggests a comparison with *Falk,* in so far as its central theme is the study of a man haunted by remorse; but here the resemblance stops, because *Falk* dealt with an isolated case, a man whose self-loathing springs from his having been a victim of the blind savagery of nature, while in *Under Western Eyes,* the central figure merely represents an extreme case of the sort of individual injustice constantly begotten by existing conditions in a country seething with revolt. This man, Kirylo Razumov, is a quiet, inoffensive person of the student type. He is aware of the social unrest all about him, but takes no part in it. He dreams of a tranquil life as professor in some university, with a world-wide reputation in his own special subject. His one dangerous tendency is that of listening with sphynx-like gravity, when other students in his presence venture to speak boldly of forbidden topics,—in fact, without being aware of it, he gains the reputation of being secretly in sympathy with the revolutionists. Accordingly, when a fellow-student, Victor Haldin, hurls a bomb that kills a high official, he feels that he can find no safer asylum than Razumov's lodging. To Razumov, the discovery of the nihilist hiding in his apartment is a calamity of infinite proportions. It means that his dream of a professorship is at an end, that from this day forward he is branded as a suspicious person. Whatever he does, whether he turns Haldin into the street, or helps him to escape, his part in the transaction will inevitably become known. No matter what he does, it will be interpreted to his disadvantage. And all the while that he is desperately turning over in his mind the various steps he might take to protect himself, Haldin, with a child-like confidence that ought to have shamed him into loyalty, is telling him of his plans for escape and taking for granted that Razumov will help him. Promising to do so, Razumov goes out at nightfall, ostensibly to make arrangements with a certain driver to have a carriage in readiness at an appointed hour,—and perhaps, if the driver had not proved to be helplessly drunk, he might have kept faith and saved his friend. Instead, he suddenly gives way to panic fear, goes to the authorities, denounces Haldin as the one who threw the bomb,—and incidentally seals his own fate, because the unspeakable treachery of his deed, even though it worked to the advantage of the government, fills the authorities with scorn, and brands him as a dangerous person, to be kept eternally under surveillance. The second half of the book is the record of Razumov's subsequent career when, helpless in the hands of the police, he finds himself forced into exile, to become a member of the nihilist colony at Geneva, with peremptory orders to spy upon them and report fully and regularly to the authorities at St. Petersburg. Razumov does this, but he does something more at the same time. Having started upon a life of treachery, he plays the part of a double spy, betraying the plans of the government to the nihilists, at the same time that he betrays them to the police. And all the while he is a man suffering hourly upon a rack, tortured by an overwhelming fear, the fear that his blind impulse

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to confess his treachery, to cry aloud that it was he who betrayed Haldin to his death, will become uncontrollable. And when finally, the thing that he has foreseen comes to pass, and his own words seal his fate, the retribution that overtakes him has a certain fitness that gives to the ending of the book something of the inevitability of Greek tragedy. *Under Western Eyes* will never rank with *Lord Jim* and just one or two other volumes that stand conspicuously as Mr. Conrad's finest achievements. None the less, it is a rather big book and one which no critical estimate of Mr. Conrad's life work could afford to ignore.

"The Beacon"

Mr. Eden Phillpotts finds such personal and unfailing delight in the rugged beauty of the moorlands that he has at times a tendency to over-embroider his narrative with scenic descriptions. And yet these descriptions are in themselves so full of real artistry that we would not willingly spare them, even when they intrude to delay the narrative. *The Beacon* is something of a contrast to Mr. Phillpotts's usual themes, since, although it still deals with Dartmoor folk, and is full of the quaint humour, crude philosophy and odd character drawing that stamp all of his books, its central theme strikes an unwontedly modern note. While not a suffragette novel, it deals with the modern, independent woman, the woman who believes that she has a wider mission than to do the duties of wife and mother, that she should be an inspiration to her husband, and strive to raise him to a higher standard, a bigger and nobler outlook upon life. This is Mr. Phillpotts's theme, and he does not hesitate to make emphatically clear his own disbelief in this modern attitude, and he proceeds to show us, in intimate detail, two modern marriages that begin bright with promise and are wrecked simply because the wives insist uncompromisingly upon remodelling their husbands to suit their own ideas. With one of these marriages, that of the village innkeeper, we need not concern ourselves here. However well done, it is none the less of subordinate interest, part of the background and stage setting of the other marriage, the real central theme of the book. Lizzie Denster is a London barmaid who, tiring of city life, secures a position at the principal tavern in a small Dartmoor village, and promptly wins the hearts of the two most desirable suitors in the neighbourhood. Charles Trevail is nephew of old Abraham Trevail, owner of the quarries, an old miser, hot of temper and foul of tongue, and above all a woman-hater. Reynols Dunning is an older man than young Trevail, a man lacking all the outward refinements of dress and speech, the little courtesies and attentions that appeal to women; but he is a man to be depended on, a rugged, big-souled man whose joy would have been to guard and fight for the woman he loved. Incidentally, he and old Abraham have had a lifelong feud, and the latter has often been heard to vow that sooner or later he will kill his enemy. Between her two suitors Lizzie wavers. Trevail she knows she can control; he is weak, and the fact that he needs some one to uplift him appeals to her. Dunning, on the other hand, she fears because he is masterful; as his wife she would never be able to dominate him. She does not realise, so Mr. Phillpotts tells us parenthetically, that of the two tasks, it is far harder to raise up a weak man than to soften and subdue a masterful one. And because she does not understand this, she makes her first big mistake and marries Trevail. Her second and more serious error is in trying to force Trevail into assuming a courage which he does not possess. Uncle Abraham and she quarrel violently, and once in the heat of passion he strikes her. From this moment, her one set purpose in life is to force her husband to defy his uncle, refuse his help during his life, or his money when he dies, and effect a breach that can never be healed. And because she believes that Charles has failed her in this, that he is first, last and always too big a coward ever to brave his uncle, she leaves him and goes to the house of Dunning, the masterful man, ready to remain with him if he will have her. Then follows swift tragedy. Footsteps are heard approaching. Lizzie, believing that her husband has found her note and followed her, takes refuge in an upper room, and listens anxiously

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to the faint sound of voices below. Then other sounds, then silence. When, after a long period of suspense, she ventures to descend, she finds Dunning alone, stretched upon the floor, with his head crushed in by a blow dealt from behind. The rest of the book deals with the mystery of this murder, suspicion fastening upon Charles, and Lizzie's fixed conviction that the real murderer was Uncle Abraham, and her determination to force his stubborn nature to the point of confession. Eventually the woman attains her object, and saves her husband; but what Mr. Phillpotts makes clear beyond all question, is that even after she has done this, they cannot come together again,—that the union of the masterful woman and the weak husband is fundamentally wrong and no amount of patching up will remedy it.

"The Unofficial Honeymoon"

The Unofficial Honeymoon, by Dolf Wyllarde, is a rather subtle treatment of a daringly unconventional theme. The opening chapters involve certain happenings that are extravagant to the point of absurdity, but we must accept them, for otherwise we have no story. Imagine a passenger steamer making its way somewhere across the South Pacific; suddenly, and without warning, a tidal wave, or waterspout, or something of that sort, sweeps over the ship, picks off two of the passengers, a man and a girl, and deposits them somewhat ungently on a desert island, unnumbered miles away. The man is an English army officer, cosmopolitan in tastes, broad-minded in his views of life. The girl has been brought up in a family of missionaries; her views, like her experiences, are all deadly in their narrowness. Yet, underneath her training is a tempestuous nature, clamouring for self-expression. These two, strangely mismated and yet destined to supplement and complete each other, are flung together, bruised and broken, more dead than alive, destitute of almost everything save a few scanty rags that the sea has spared them. They begin by hating each other; then, as the loneliness and hopelessness of their plight grows upon them, and the fear of madness grips them, they find that their sole protection, their one refuge from despair, is the sound of each other's voice, the touch of hands, the sense of companionship. And from this to the awakening of love is not a long nor a difficult step. And here comes up the central problem. They have never lost hope that sooner or later they may be rescued. But on the other hand, all the years of their lives may be spent on this lonely coral reef. There is no priest to bless their union, no parish registry to legalise it. To him the situation is as simple as that of our first parents. He cannot see why, in the absence of laws, they cannot make a law to themselves. But the girl cannot see the problem through his eyes. Her narrow, austere training, her sensitive conscience, now at war with her newly awakened emotions, torture her with indecision. The whole situation is one which might so easily be made offensive by a crude touch, a blunt phrase. Dolf Wyllarde possesses to an enviable and rare degree the trick of clothing her thoughts in such careful delicacy of phrasing that it is not until afterward that we realise how exceedingly venturesome certain situations have been. In this book, she propounds some rather big and elemental problems, and while she scarcely answers them, still she at least lays bare the inmost tissues of a woman's soul.

"The Blind Who See"

The Blind Who See, by Marie Louise Van Saanen, is a disappointing book. It bears the stamp of careful craftsmanship, and the central situation, although somewhat well worn, offers certain specific details that are not without interest. But taken as a whole it gives the impression of insincerity; or rather, one lays it aside with a feeling that the author did not understand her own creations, and that the people in this story, if left to themselves, would not have acted as they did, but far otherwise. Here, briefly, is the central theme: Sylvus Leete is a blind violinist, who scarcely feels his affliction because his life is so abundantly filled with two great joys, his music and his wife. Nona, the wife, is young, ardent, thirsting for the material pleasures of the world, avid of admiration, unconsciously craving some more virile

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element in her life than Sylvus's gentle, almost reverential worship. And this more virile element she finds in Allen Dietrich's rapid, masterful wooing. It literally sweeps her headlong in the tide of its passion, and Sylvus, pathetic in his blind helplessness, is forgotten. Dietrich bears her off triumphantly to Paris, and what becomes of the poor, lonely violinist, eating his heart out in his New York home, she does not for the time either know or care. The story is told with a certain pleasurable harmony of rhythm, a soft glow of verbal colour, a pervading atmosphere of music, literature and art, —and none the less, it is simply the story of a rather shallow young woman caught in the toils of physical passion and flagrantly breaking her vows and dealing a mortal wound to a husband too fine and too good for her to understand. As for the ending of the story, the wife's discovery that an illicit union founded on mere physical attraction soon loses its glamour, that idealised love such as her husband offered is of a higher and more enduring quality, that he still loves her and needs her more than ever, and that the one compelling, overwhelming emotion left to her is her desire for a reconciliation,—why, it is all very pretty, very sentimental,—and utterly false to life. Nona Leete is the type of woman who would leave her husband, she is the type of woman who would tire of her lover, but she is not the type of woman who would go back. She might take a second lover, or a second husband, but there would be no going back,—and when the author tells us that Nona did go back, it simply shows that the author either failed to picture the sort of woman she had in mind, or else did not fully understand her heroine's character.

"The Man in the Shadow"

The Man in the Shadow, by Richard Washburn Child, is a collection of short stories of rather more than common interest. They are uneven in merit, and one at least, called "Shark," is fantastic to the verge of absurdity; but none the less they are the work of a man whom the student of contemporary fiction cannot afford to ignore. They prove that the author of *Jim Hand* has a wider range of talent than that novel, good though it was, revealed. It is impossible to give to these short stories the space that they deserve. One would like to linger over such a grim contrast of two widely divergent natures as is afforded in "Civilised," showing how differently two women acted under the stress of a crisis, during a feud in the Tennessee mountains, and how civilisation had robbed one of those women, not of the desire of vengeance, but of the will power to effect it; one would like, also, to discuss in some detail the story already mentioned, "Shark," and to point out why, in spite of sheer audacity of theme and phrase, the inclusion of this story, detailing the affection of a female shark for a West Indian negro, the shark's jealousy of a pretty negro girl in whom she sees a rival, and the way in which the man wreaks vengeance on the shark for the girl's death, is an error of judgment. Balzac's "Love in the Desert," the prototype of this sort of story, touches the limit of what is permissible—and even in that story it does not do to pause and read between the lines. But the same theme, with a foul, oil-reeking fish, a scavenger of the sea, for heroine, is unthinkably unclean, and an offence against good taste. By way of contrast, it is pleasant to turn to such a superb bit of work as "Fight." Here is the situation: a country home, remote from doctors and chemists; a man stricken with pneumonia, enfeebled heart action, an eminent specialist, arrived almost too late, the critical hours that follow midnight approaching, and the one indispensable thing, the cylinder of oxygen, sent for by telephone and despatched by special train, not yet come. The specialist has lost hope; for hours he has done his utmost, and he knows that he is beaten. Now he tells the wife that the patient himself has ceased to fight, has refused to take nourishment, and this means that he is lost. "It is always like that," he says. The wife asks if she may go to her husband. The doctor acquiesces, it can make no difference now. But the doctor is mistaken: it does make a difference. Minute by minute, second by second, the wife fights for her husband's life, pouring out her own vitality in an agonised strain to re-

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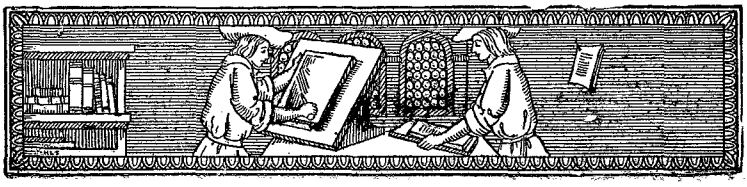
awaken his will to live. Time after time, the spark of life nearly flickers out; but always, just at the last moment, her voice pierces through the thickening fog of unconsciousness and calls him back. And at last, as the day is breaking in the East, a wagon is seen speeding along the highway, bearing the oxygen that holds the key of life. The doctor goes in with the glad news, feels the sick man's pulse and finds it beating evenly. But the wife is lying in a dead faint beside him.

Mothers of Men

Miss Zona Gale is one of those unobtrusive authors whose every volume is an assured delight. *Mothers of Men* takes us once more into the delightful and inimitable atmosphere of Friendship Village, and lets us bask comfortably for an hour or two in that restful back-water of civilisation. At first, this new book awakened a faint anxiety: it looked as though Friendship Village were rousing itself and trying to throw off its settled, sleepy habits that are its chief charm. There is a young and energetic professor of social economics, or something of that sort, who spends much time in the village, trying to arouse and stimulate a civic spirit. He seems to think that while a society for the support and improvement of the village cemetery may be a worthy enterprise, it would be better for all concerned if the ladies of Friendship Village could see their way to do something to help people before they are dead, instead of afterward,—a revolutionary idea that arouses much argument and some hostility. For a while, it looks as though the Friendship Village that we have learned to know and love would soon be swept away before the inroads of modern reform and up-to-date efficiency. But we need not have worried: human inertia is not so speedily overcome; and the net result of the mighty effort at a local renaissance culminates in what is really a reversion to the past,—a Fourth-of-July celebration, that, without quite the old fashioned noise, is still the sort of Fourth of July that our grandfathers knew. The book has a slight undercurrent of continuous narrative, the story of a little boy, deserted by his father, whom the women of Friendship Village adopt and abundantly mother. But this, after all, is a side issue. The real heroine of this book, as of its predecessors, is Friendship Village itself. It is a real and living entity, and if Miss Gale at any time ventures to lay a ruthless hand upon the village and modernise it, she will be inflicting needless pain upon hundreds who love it for its very limitations and deficiencies.

"The Coil of Carne"

The Coil of Carne, by John Oxenham, is a pretty good bit of work, judged in the class to which it belongs. Plots that hinge upon the mixing up of two children, one "of low condition, the other upper crust, a regular patrician," is common enough in fiction and drama, both before the advent of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and since; but it is not every novelist who can carry off this sort of melodrama as successfully as Mr. Oxenham. The date of the story at the outset is in the days preceding the battle of Waterloo, and the heir of the house of Carne, having fled London after killing a comrade in a mad orgy, crossed to France and took service under Napoleon. It was about this time that two sons were born to Carne, one of them by his wife, who gave her life for the child, the other the son of the housekeeper's daughter. In the absence of the father, it was possible for the housekeeper and her daughter to guard the secret of the identity of the two boys, and the mystery as to which was the rightful heir is the turning point of a succession of complications that go to make up *The Coil of Carne,* and to justify its title.



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SOME HOLIDAY JUVENILES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

AGAIN is spread the Christmas table, and again the publishers invite the children, large and small, to a great Christmas party, with new friends to meet and old friends to greet. All life is an adventure of course, but of all adventures a book and a party are the finest. One never knows beforehand what delightful new friends one may make, what loved old friends, lost awhile, one may find again.

To the child-mind a book brings the greatest sense of adventure, it is all so unexpected. The looking forward to a party brings sometimes, as our first sad experience in life, a realisation of the truth that the joys of anticipation are not always fulfilled in the actuality. But a book! it looks so simple, so uninteresting, this little flat box of board filled with paper leaves. And yet what treasures it can hold! Of all the gifts on the child's Christmas table, the book can, if well chosen, bring the greatest pleasure, give the most lasting joy.

With this understanding, perhaps, the great majority of children's books are published in readiness for the Christmas season. At this season we can review the field in dress parade, and judge in what manner that form of literature known as juvenile fiction has kept pace with the moving currents of general literary evolution. But juvenile fiction obeys laws of its own, and moves by the influence of pressure from within and without, influences that do not touch any other form of literary art. At present it seems to be passing through a period of transition, and shows the wavering uncertainty peculiar to such periods.

The great and far-reaching changes in the point of view of the educator toward the child-mind in his care, that the past two decades have brought about, have influenced juvenile fiction. It has lost a certain amiable if naïve cocksureness that it once had, and is groping now in a sincere endeavour to find the point of contact between the wishes and pleasure of the child reader himself, and the wishes of those who are guiding his development. But the successful educator and the true child-lover know that in dealing with the child-mind there must be no uncertainty, no groping about for a point of view. Only they who have fought their way through to a definite philosophy of life can project themselves successfully into another's point of view —particularly into the point of view of the child. The normal child is instinctively and pitilessly logical. Guiding him aright is like driving a spirited horse of unbroken intelligence. The reins may lie easy in a firm hand, if there be the definite purpose that the horse never fails to recognise and obey. It is the tugging here and slackening there, by no law but that of caprice, which bring disaster.

Child educators are learning this and are preaching to the writers of child books: "Help us in our endeavour to develop the child mind by merely guiding its own efforts aright." And a majority of the writers of juvenile fiction are sincerely trying to obey the behest. With the result that in any number of children's books, chosen at random from the Christmas offerings, the present season shows exactly what the past two or three seasons have shown: three distinct types of juvenile literature. Numerical strength is on the side of that type of book which is trying to find out what the educator wants the fiction writer to do to aid him in guiding the child mind while entertaining it. To each side of the broad stream of such books put out each year stand two smaller groups. One is the, happily rapidly diminishing, group of writers who go on doing a thing because it was once successful and do not see the need of change. This group dies out slowly by force of the natural law of supply and demand, but each year still brings a few examples of their work.

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Across the stream, however, stand the Shining Ones, the small but glorious group of those master-minds who do not need to follow changing thought, because they lead it. They have always understood the child-mind, which means that they have always understood the deepest significance of life. They write for the best of their own age, and this, as Schiller tells us, is to write for all time. If each season shows but one such book on the child's Christmas table it is enough to rejoice at. This year brings one supreme delight, and several more worthy to stand near.

But enough of philosophy, our guests are gathering for the Christmas party, and it is time we should go to meet them. They stand patiently waiting our greeting, but they are such a mixed assemblage that we will have to sort them out into little groups and put them under their letters A, B, or C, to wait their turn, like home-coming travellers on the custom docks. Some groups are easily classified—girls' books, boys' books, fairy books, animal books and the like. But the best of all have something of every group, so we must put them in a class by themselves, or rather we cannot put them in any class at all, but must welcome them each by himself, on his own merits.

A man who knew pictures as few are privileged to know them said once, "The final test of a painting, among two or three of equal artistic value, is this—which one would you care to live with?" No better test can be applied to a book either, especially to a book for the child-reader. To be really great, to fulfil its high purpose successfully, such a book must be one the child will want to live with through the changing years. It must be a book that will give him pleasure as a child, and it must give him, if possible, even keener pleasure when he re-reads it to children of his own. During some of the growing years, when the directness of childhood is gone and the poise of maturity has not come, such a book may be neglected. But the treasure-trove is still there, and the time will come when it will delight again, bringing the same joy as at first.

Which leads us directly to a fitting greeting for the best of all the friends thronging to our Christmas party. It is not a new friend quite, but a friend of a year or so back, come to us to stay now, to be part of our family, to live with us in the hidden place where we keep the best of our treasures safe from all invasion. Peter Pan has come to us again, Peter Pan, who was neither all a boy nor all a fairy, but something of both. He comes to us in a book which is neither a boy's book, nor a girl's book, nor a fairy book, nor anything but just a *book* which is a delight for everybody. And now that we meet him in Barrie's charming story, *Peter and Wendy,** we realise that this dainty conceit is too fairy-like to stand the necessary artificiality of the stage, too frail not too be harmed by impersoning in human shape.

The slow unfolding of the tale possible in a book, the myriad delicious details that had to be sacrificed to drama needs, surround our old friends Peter, Wendy, John, Micheal, Nana the faithful nurse, the Lost Boys, the terrible Hook, the fair Tiger Lily and her Redskins, sentimental Smee, with a setting which brings them nearer to us, makes them the more human because no other human personality comes between them and us. What delight to have them in such shape that we can slip them all under the pillow at night and take them out the first thing in the morning for a stolen chat! And so many lovely new things to learn about them. Did we ever know before that Peter's greatest charm, the one which won him the hearts of all women creatures young or old, was that he had all his first teeth? And of Mrs. Darling, who walks through a few scenes in the play, a meaningless lay figure, we hear that she is in reality a lovely lady with a romantic mind and a sweet mocking mouth.

Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East. However many you discover, there is always one more; and her sweet, mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, although there it was, perfectly conspicuous, in the right-hand corner.

*Peter and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Surely such a lady is a friend worth making. And what joy to watch her tidying up her children's minds.

It is the nightly custom of every good mother, after her children are asleep, to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day, . . . lingering humorously over some of the contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight.

During this fascinating process—and much we wish we might quote some more about the things mothers find in their children's minds, Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter. And this is the way we first hear of him too in the book, which is much nicer than having him fly unannounced in through the window. But when he does come, the children fly off with him to the Neverland and have ever so many adventures, some of which we know, and some of which we do not. We didn't know, before the book came to tell us, that Peter was nearly drowned on Mermaids' rock, and that he had already made up his mind to die, as it would be such an awfully big Adventure. But the Never-Bird in her floating nest helped him, ready to sacrifice her own eggs in the doing of it too, until Peter's quick wit gave her Pirate Smee's old hat in place of her nest.

And we see Wendy at home again, waiting each year for Peter to take her away for the Spring House-cleaning, trying hard for his sake not to have growing pains and feeling that she had been untrue to him when she got a prize for general knowledge. But Wendy grows up, after all, marries and has a daughter of her own.

This ought not to be written in ink, but with a golden splash.

Then Peter comes, and sobs and pouts because she has grown up and doesn't know how to comfort him any more. But Peter is the eternal child, gay, innocent and heartless, and he flies off with Wendy's daughter Jane, then in her turn with Jane's daughter Margaret, and so on, while each in her turn has to become a common grown-up who cannot understand him.

It is as impossible to apply the standards and the manner of sober criticism to a book of this kind as it would be for a pedantic mother to attempt to regulate Peter himself by the rules for governing well-behaved little boys. The book and Peter are a joy and a delight, something to take to one's heart and love. In the glow that surrounds them, all the other young friends who have come to our Christmas party pale a little, as they wait modestly in the background. But some of them are worthy of being welcomed heartily, as soon as we can come back to solid earth from our flight to the Neverland with Peter Pan.

Another little boy, a real human boy this time, comes as a welcome new friend. Bobby Orde,* as Stewart Edward White introduces him, is a boy we like to know. He is a snub-nosed, freckle-faced, towsled-headed youngster, the *boyest* sort of a boy; but Bobby has a soul, and we see its first timid awakenings. We see also the symptoms of something that may develop into genius of a sort when Bobby grows up. Now the difference in meeting Bobby in a magazine story now and then, or hearing about all his adventures all at once in a book, is exactly the difference between meeting such a boy occasionally and being annoyed at some mischief of his, or living in the house with him and watching his mischief as a manifestation of character development. Herein lies the great artistry of the book. Bobby's isolated pranks or adventures seem meant merely to entertain, and we feel they must have annoyed his elders greatly. Taken altogether they give us a picture of child character which is rare. And the background of high excellence of writing throughout the book throws out the portrait with the vivid aliveness of a Lenbach painting.

No healthy human boy can fail to enjoy Bobby's adventures. But let the boy who reads the book keep it put away during the unwondering years and take it

*Adventures of Bobby Orde. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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out again when he has a boy of his own. He will enjoy it just as much then, and it will not only entertain but instruct him.

*The Believing Years,** by Edmund L. Pearson, lead to our Christmas party a trio of boys we are glad to welcome. Sam Edwards, whom we imagine as a portly individual with a twinkle in his eye, takes us back to his boyhood days and tells us of his chums, Ed Mason and Jimmy Toppan, and what they did in the old days in the old town. Sam gives utterance to a sentence of maturer philosophy now and then, but as a rule he is a real boy and looks on life through a boy's eyes. There are moments in this little book that remind us of the indescribable charm of Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age,* although story and style are much simpler. But the spirit is there. If among a host of good things we must choose one or two chapters as the best, we might select "A Run on the Bank," which tells of the burying of the coins in the tree; "Up Like a Rocket," a circus adventure; and "While the Evil Days Come not," the history of a famous picnic, as the gems of a necklace of good stones. This too, like *Peter Pan* and *Bobby Orde,* is a book for the boy to read and enjoy, then to put away until he has boys of his own. For then the Believing Years come again in the desire to understand the heart of youth in true comradeship.

*The Believing Years. By Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

(*To be concluded*)

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) $1.35.
4. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Man with the Red Beard. Whitelaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
4. The Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Four Boys in the Yosemite. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. The Likable Chap. Davenport. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Magic of Dress. Gould. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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4. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Sick-a-Bed-Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
2. Dave Porter Series. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Caldwell.) 30 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. If. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Magic Aeroplane. Henderson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Border Boys' Series. Deering. (Hurst & Co.) 50 cents.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.
2. Government by Commission. Woodruff. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Contagion of Character. Hillis. (Revell.) $1.20.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Roger Paulding. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
2. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Six Girls and Betty. Taggart. (Wilde.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
2. The Life of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
3. Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Pecks in Camp. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

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4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Decameron. Bocaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $2.00.
3. The Real Estate Broker's Cyclopedia. Orr. (Stewart & Kidd.) $3.50.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
2. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Rover Boys' Series. Stratemeyer. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Pinocchio. Dole. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Men on Horseback. Weitbec. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieaux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Queen of the City of Mirth. Sabin. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boat Club Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Other Rhymes for Little Children. Seegmiller. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.
3. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Bob Dashaway. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. History of England. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Putnam.) 65 cents.
4. The Other Wise Man. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Old Virginia Gentleman. Bagby. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Wilde. (Brentano.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Ralph Osborne, Midshipman. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) $2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) 1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

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JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) $2.25.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Highwayman. Rawlence. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Man in the Brown Derby. Hastings. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Astronomy for All. Burgel. (Cassell.) $3.00.
3. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) $2.00.
4. Modern Advertising. Calkins and Holden. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Captain Cartwright. Townsend. (Dana Estes Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Grandpa's Little Girls' Series. Curtis. (Penn.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Literary Taste and How to Form It. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Essential Elements of Business Character. Stockwell. (Revell.) 60 cents.
2. Scientific Mental Healing. Bruce. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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3. A Motor Tour through France and England. Yardley. (Pott.) $1.50.
4. The Life of Bret Harte. Merwin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Thee Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts. Seaton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.00.
2. Brain Power for Business Men. Call. (Little, Brown.) 75 cents.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls Club. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

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5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
2. Gypsy Smith's Autobiography. Smith. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Thais. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Firebrands. Martin and Davis. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Speeches, Lectures and Writings of Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Complete Poems. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Child's Book of Verses. Smith. (Duffield.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live On Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Some Aspects of Thackeray. Melville. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Nibbles Poppelty Poppett. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 75 cents.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Helen Grant's Harvest Year. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	260
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	221
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page) $1.35	196
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	132
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25	112
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40	100

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